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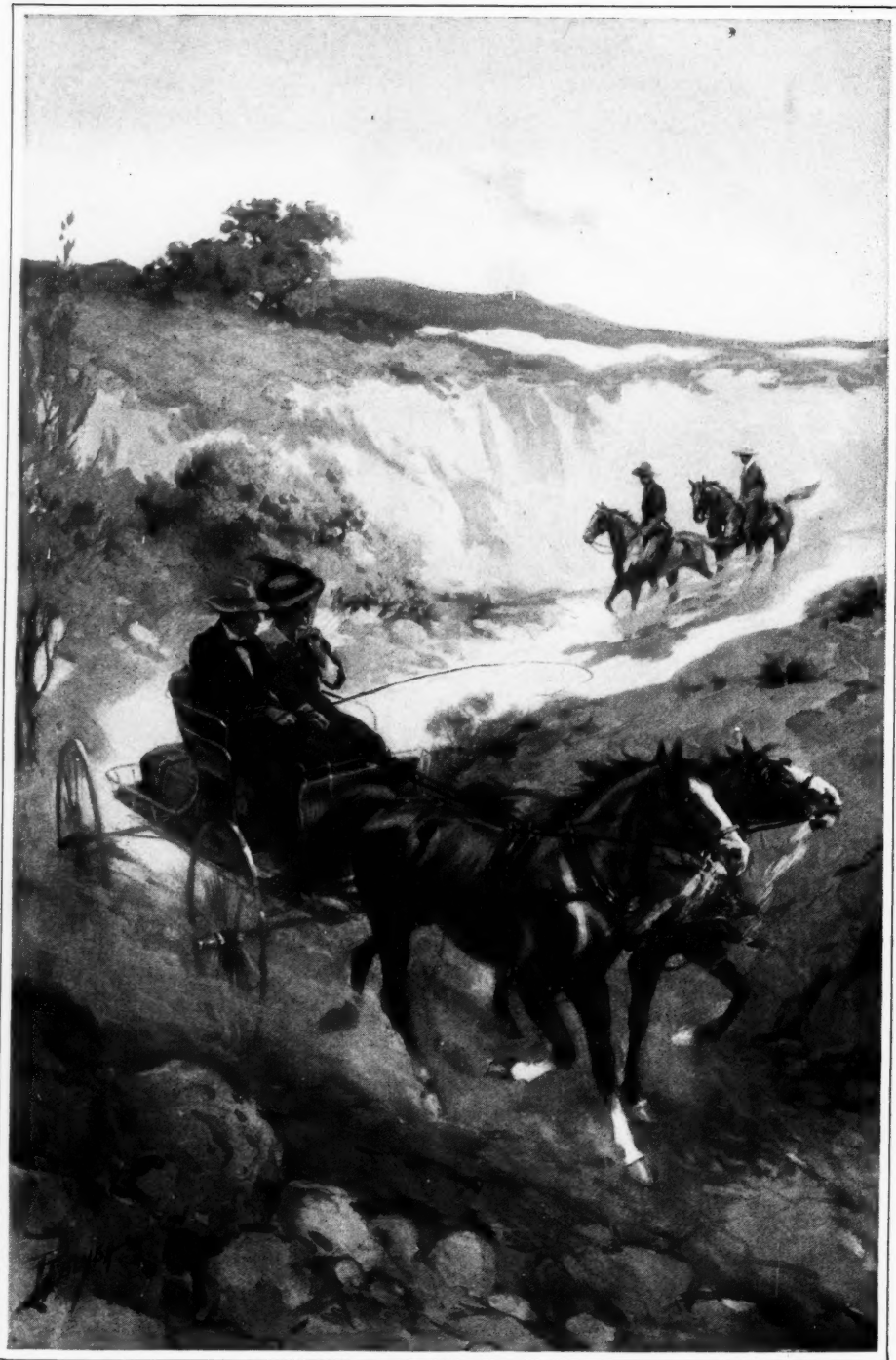
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[See story "A Technical Error," by O. Henry, page 637]

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XLII.

February, 1910

Number V

JULIA WARD HOWE AND HER TALENTED FAMILY

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ON the ninetieth anniversary of her birth—May 27, 1909—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe received her relatives and more intimate friends in the front drawing-room of her house, 241

Beacon Street, Boston. She sat in a low armchair with her back to the window, and was dressed in creamy white. On her head was the picturesque and becoming Norman cap which she has worn for



MRS. DAVID PRESCOTT HALL (FLORENCE MARION HOWE), SECOND
AND ELDEST SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF JULIA WARD HOWE

From a photograph by Langhorne, Plainfield, New Jersey

many years, ever since she first saw this style of head-gear among the peasant women in France. She had an appropriate remark for all those who came to do her homage, like the queen that she is. Her wit radiated and scintillated. How can some men declare that women lack wit or a sense of humor? Mrs. Howe is a living refutation of such a base slander!

It was a never-forgettable privilege to be among those whom she received on that memorable day. When, somewhat wearied by her long exchange of repartees and amenities, she was prevailed upon to retire for a rest before the family dinner, and we saw her slowly mounting to the regions above in the electric "lift" which she manages as skilfully as the Wrights manage their aeroplane, it reminded one of the celestial rapture of Elijah. On whom would her mantle fall?

She has certainly been fortunate in seeing it fall, during her lifetime, on her own children.

The distribution of talent or genius, through inheritance from generation to generation, seems to be clearly exemplified in her family. It is traceable in a golden thread, as it were, for more than a hundred years. Philosophers are not wholly at one on the question of heredity; they cannot explain the sudden apparition of brilliant qualities in isolated instances, nor will they allow that the wide dissemination of distinct characteristics through many branches of the same *gens* is anything more than the result of imitation. Music made the Bachs a regular mountain range of genius from the middle of the seventeenth century down to our own day. The Jukes are the standing example of other tendencies allowed to run riot.

The epithet "beautiful" seems to be inherited in Mrs. Howe's family. It was applied to her great-grandmother, Catherine Ray, to whom Franklin, a connoisseur in such matters, wrote occasional letters. It was applied to Mrs. Howe's mother, Julia Rush Cutler, who wrote charming verse, a specimen of which may be found preserved in Griswold's monumental and pious compilation of the "Female Poets of America." Her poems were religious in character, and not different from what the fashion of her day demanded. One, still extant, was ad-

dressed to her daughter Julia. She was a grandniece of General Francis Marion, who was called "the Swamp Fox" during the Revolutionary War, and who, as his name would suggest, was of Huguenot descent. Mrs. Samuel Ward, though she left six children, was only twenty-eight when she died. She never saw the fine furniture which her husband had bought to adorn their home in old New York.

Mrs. Howe herself—as early pictures, supported by repute, bear witness—well deserved to be called beautiful, and even now she has the beauty of well-preserved old age. Beauty and the charm which is called "loveliness" were transmitted to her daughters. It is not invidious to recall the sweetness of expression which always attracted every one to gaze with delight at the face of the late Mrs. Anagnos. Many people will also remember what a radiant apparition Maud Howe, now Mrs. John W. Elliott, was when she first began to appear at the meetings of the Town and Country Club, at Newport, a third of a century ago. Her face is perpetuated by Mr. Elliott in the painting on the ceiling of the anteroom to the lecture-hall at the Boston Public Library, where, with possibly a slyly ironical prophecy of what is to come should the suffragettes win their contention, in a picture representing "The Triumph of Progress," the only man depicted is Father Time, riding in his chariot, with a company of athletic and graceful young women guiding the horses.

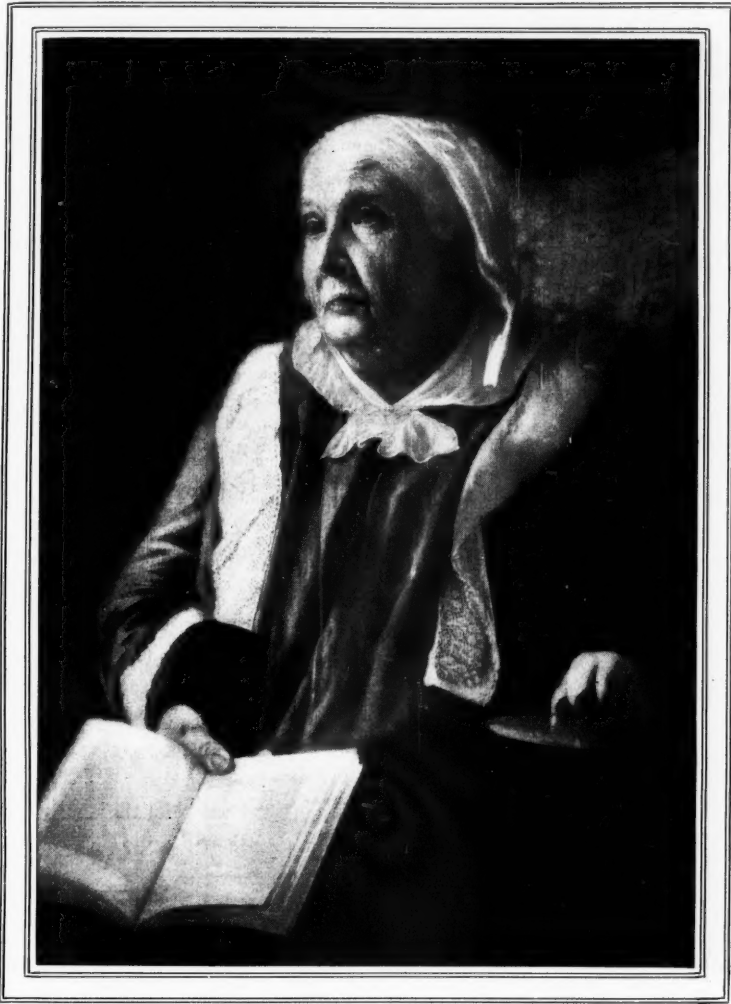
A LINE OF SAMUEL WARDS

Mrs. Howe's great-grandfather was Governor Samuel Ward, of Rhode Island, who did his part in preparing for the Revolutionary War by refusing to enforce the Stamp Act. He was an active member of the first and second Continental Congresses. Her grandfather, another Samuel Ward, married a daughter of Governor Green of Rhode Island. From this doubly gubernatorial descent, perhaps, comes Mrs. Howe's marked gift for public affairs.

In her "Reminiscences" she gives interesting glimpses of the refined and intellectual life that went on in her father's house in New York. The third Samuel Ward was a wealthy banker, a man of high attainments and cultivation, and he

saw to it that his children had the best education that then offered. On the basis of the wide range of studies which she pursued as a schoolgirl was founded that universality of culture which has made of her the very best type of cosmopolitan.

as the representative of America. He speaks of her appearance at a gathering of Frenchwomen, where, on being introduced by the chairman as "Meesees Ouardow," she addressed the assembly with a perfect Parisian accent. Others, too,



JULIA WARD HOWE—A RECENT PAINTING BY HER SON-IN-LAW, JOHN W. ELLIOTT, WHICH QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY DESCRIBED AS "A PORTRAIT OF OLD AGE AS IT OUGHT TO BE"

Colonel Higginson remarks, in one of his autobiographical sketches, that Mrs. Howe's unusual facility in the French language would have made her a far more suitable delegate than himself to a literary congress which he attended in Paris

have admired her linguistic gifts, which include complete command of Italian—she is president of the Circolo Italiano in Boston—and of modern Greek.

The marriage of her sister to Thomas Crawford—sculptor of the "Genius of

America," which crowns the Capitol at Washington—and his long residence in Italy, gave her unusual opportunities of learning Italian. The romantic connection of her husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, with the revolutionary movement in Greece, would explain her special interest in modern Hellenic studies. Perhaps, however, it is necessary to say nothing more than that Mrs. Howe is a typical representative of Bostonian culture—though twenty years' residence in New York during the most impressionable period of her life saved her from the somewhat cold and rigid formalism sometimes associated with that mold of being.

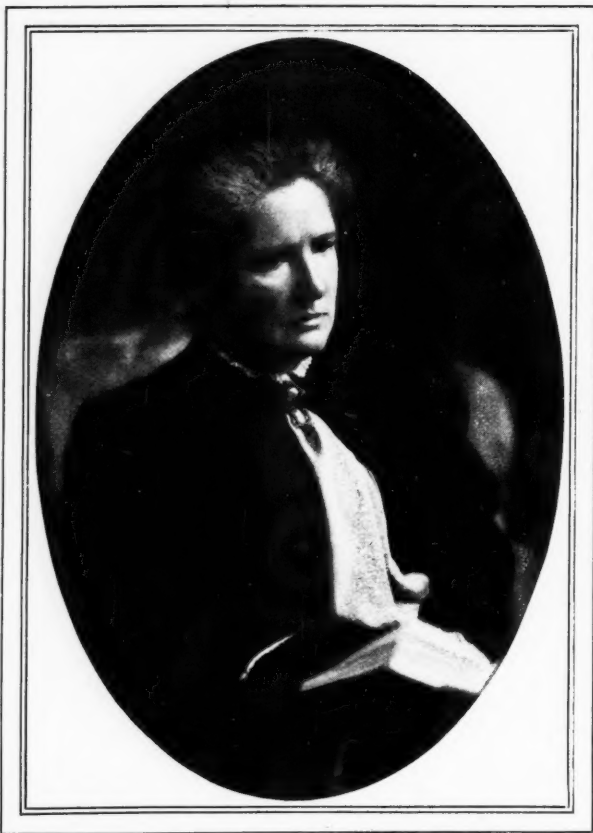
Mrs. Howe bears the honorary degrees of doctor of laws and doctor of letters. Could she have dreamed of such a distinction when she was a girl of seventeen,

writing her translations from Lamartine, reviewing Dwight's versions of Goethe and Schiller, and publishing her first volume of poems? Her frequent appearance in the pulpits of metropolitan churches would seem to qualify her for the degree of doctor of divinity. The world knows her as a poet, an essayist, a dramatist, and a biographer. A year or two ago she published a little collection of her own musical compositions. There are very few subjects that she has not touched and ornamented.

Mrs. Howe's eldest brother, Samuel Ward, was a famous figure in the social and political annals of New York and Washington. Her bachelor uncle, John Ward, was one of the old-time worthies of Wall Street. Her cousin, Dr. Samuel Ward Francis, was the real inventor of the typewriter. Her nephew, Francis Marion Crawford, was the celebrated novelist, and the historian of Rome, Venice, and Sicily. The two daughters of Thomas Crawford have also made their mark in literature, the Baroness von Rabe having published some clever stories, and her sister, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, being well known for her books on Japan.

THE HUSBAND OF JULIA WARD HOWE

Mrs. Howe was married to Samuel Gridley Howe in April, 1843. He was forty-two; she was twenty-four. On his father's side, Dr. Howe was of good New England stock, but could claim no illustrious ancestry. Where did he get that fervor and passion for liberty which sent him, a young physician of twenty-three, to take part in the great struggles of the Greeks against the Turks; to plunge into



MRS. HENRY RICHARDS (LAURA E. HOWE), THIRD DAUGHTER OF
JULIA WARD HOWE

From a photograph by Reynolds, Gardiner, Maine

the perils of the Polish insurrection of 1831, and to take such a prominent part in the antislavery movement, to say nothing of his philanthropic efforts in behalf of the blind? On his mother's side his ancestry harked back to Jeremy Gridley, who was attorney-general of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and to Richard Gridley, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and who constructed the fortifications on Bunker Hill. Of course, the actual influence of transmitted qualities is always more or less a matter of speculation, but here is a line of descent that will be significant to those interested in the study of heredity.

Coming now to Mrs. Howe's immediate family, we find her children and grandchildren displaying remarkable abilities in both literature and art. Her only living son, Henry Marion Howe, born in 1848, is professor of metallurgy in Columbia University, and has won great distinction in his special line. He is as well-known in Europe as in America. He has received the Bessemer gold medal, the *ordon bleu* of metallurgists, and many other important medals and awards. He is a chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur and a knight of the Russian order of St. Stanislas. He is an honorary member of the Russian Imperial Technical Society, a distinction which he shares with only one of his countrymen, Mr. Edison; of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale of France, which has thus honored only one other living American, Elihu Thomson; of the British Institution of Mining and Metallurgy, and of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences.

MRS. HOWE'S FOUR DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Howe's eldest daughter, Julia Romana, married a brilliant Greek, Michael Anagnos, who succeeded Dr. Howe as director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Mrs. Howe has always said that Mrs. Anagnos had more literary ability than any of the others. She wrote sweet and spontaneous verse. Several of her poems have found their way into anthologies and into the hearts of the people. Hers was a remarkably sympathetic nature, and her loss in the prime of her powers—for she died in 1886—was widely mourned.

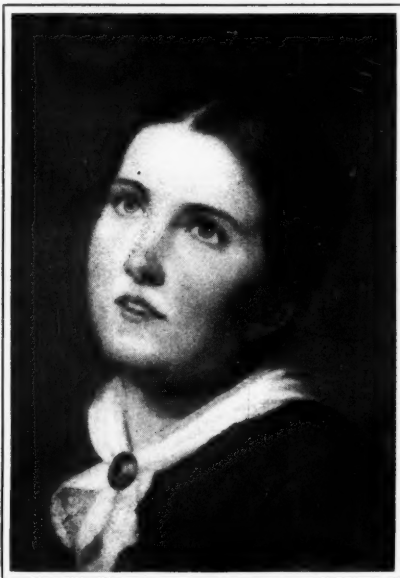
In a touching paragraph referring to

this "lost Pleiad," her sister, Mrs. Elliott, says:

Worthy of both parents, a true philanthropist, she devoted herself to the blind, and her last words were to her husband:

"Take care of the little blind children."

Out of these dying words to Anagnos



THE LATE MRS. MICHAEL ANAGNOS (JULIA ROMANA HOWE), ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JULIA WARD HOWE

From a photograph by Conly, Boston

sprang the whole great plant we are all so proud of as the Kindergarten of the Blind, in Jamaica Plain. She planted seeds, like my father, and they have lived and borne fruit. She wrote much lovely verse. A great deal of it was lost, but we have one volume, "Stray Chords," and a little book called "Questor Philosophiæ." She was the most guileless human being I ever saw. Her expression was truly seraphic.

Mrs. Howe's second daughter, Florence Marion Howe, now Mrs. David Prescott Hall, is known as an author and lecturer. She has compiled such useful volumes as "Social Customs" and "The Handbook of Hospitality for Town and Country." She has also written successfully for children, her "Flossy's Playdays" having its individual place in the domain of literature for the young. She helped her sister, Mrs. Elliott, in pre-

paring the volume that gives an account of Laura Bridgman, "Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil." She has traveled widely as a lecturer, her topics being generally on manners and customs, though they also include biographical and geographical lectures, such as "Personal Reminiscences of Distinguished People" and "Gothic Cathedrals of France."

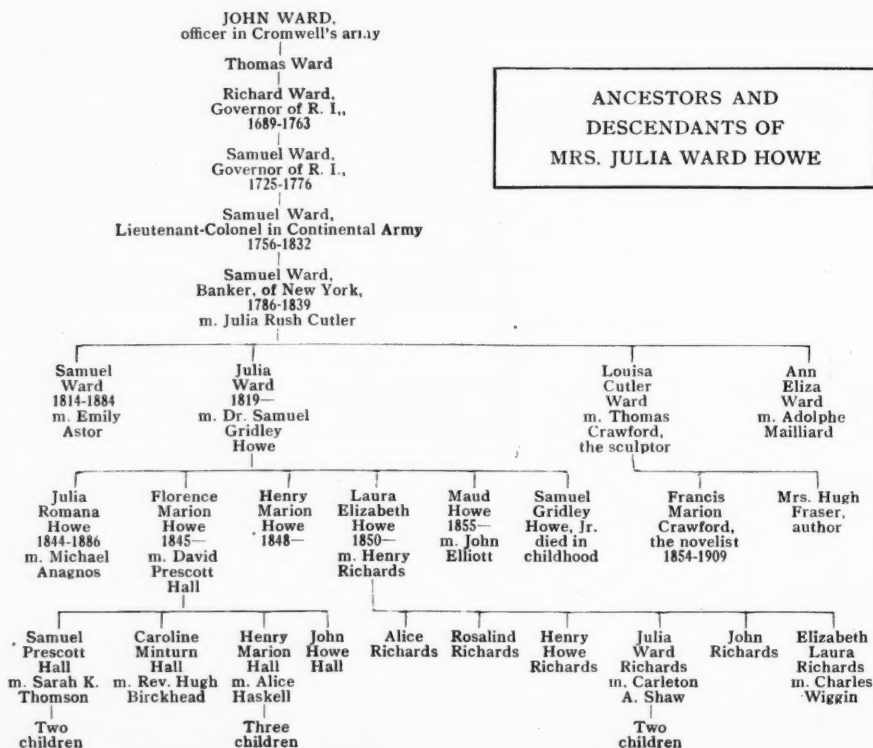
MRS. HOWE'S GRANDCHILDREN

Mrs. Hall's eldest son, Samuel Prescott Hall, was graduated *cum laude* at Harvard in 1893. He is an architect, and lives in Philadelphia. His brother, Henry Marion Hall, graduated at Harvard in 1899, and received the degree of A.M. from Columbia in 1909. He is a teacher by profession, and is now in the department of English at the High School of Commerce in New York. He has also lectured and written poetry, and has published, with notes, a series of letters written to his great-uncle, Samuel Ward, by Longfellow. His little daughter, Julia Ward Howe Hall, is the eld-

est of Mrs. Howe's great-grandchildren. She is six years old, and I am told that she began to make verses when she was only four.

The third son, John Howe Hall, graduated at Harvard in 1903, having completed the four-year course in three years, standing at the head of his division of his class, and having won three important scholarships. After two years of post-graduate study, he became connected with a steel factory in New Jersey, where he is now engaged in metallurgical work. He is regarded as a young man of great promise in his profession.

Mrs. Hall's only daughter, Caroline Minturn Hall, now Mrs. Hugh Birkhead, has won real distinction as a painter. She studied for seven years in Paris under Thaulow, Ménard, and other masters, and has been a frequent exhibitor at the Champ de Mars Salon. She has also sent pictures—notably "A Wooded Vale," which was hung on the line at the Salon—to the National Academy in New York, and she has given special exhibi-



tions of her work—"one-man shows," as they are commonly called—in New York, Newport, and elsewhere. In Paris she was treasurer and secretary of the Woman's Art Association. She was married last year to the rector of St. George's Church, one of the great working parishes of New York.

One of Mrs. Howe's ten grandchildren once remarked to me:

"We may not—and the newspapers are rather fond of rubbing it in—equal our distinguished parents and grandparents, but so far there does not appear to be either an imbecile or a degenerate in the lot of us. Now that is saying a good deal!"

The name of Laura E. Richards, the third daughter of Julia Ward Howe, is known and loved by thousands who have read her books. Of these, "Captain January" has perhaps been the most widely circulated, though several others have had almost equal success. Most of them have their scenes laid on the romantic coast of Maine, or along the banks of the Kennebec River—where Mrs. Richards lives in the old town of Gardiner.

Mrs. Richards's second daughter, Rosalind Richards, is following in her mother's footsteps as a writer. Her first two books—"The Nursery Fire" and "Two Children in the Woods"—have won high praise. Another daughter, Julia Ward Richards, now Mrs. Carleton Shaw, has had similar success with her pencil. She has made a specialty of designing book-covers, and in this way her work has been pleasantly associated with that of her mother. Still another daughter, Alice Richards, and a son, Henry Howe Richards, are teachers, the latter being a master in the famous school at Groton.

MRS. HOWE'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

As I have grouped the children and grandchildren of "the old chieftainess," as Mrs. Howe is sometimes called even by her own family, it only remains to speak of her youngest daughter, Maud Howe, now Mrs. John W. Elliott. Mrs. Elliott began her literary career early, her first work being a novel. Of late years she has lived in Italy with her husband, a well-known painter, and has written on social life in Rome and other European cities.



MRS. JOHN W. ELLIOTT (MAUD HOWE), YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF JULIA WARD HOWE
From a photograph by Smith, Newport

One of Mr. Elliott's most recent canvases is a portrait of Mrs. Howe, which took the Roman critics by storm last winter. It was reproduced in the *Nuova Antologia*, and is presented as a half-tone engraving with this article, on page 615. Queen Margherita saw it in the painter's studio, and though to her it was only a portrait of Mr. Elliott's wife's mother, she said of it:

"That is a portrait not merely of a beautiful old woman, but of old age as it ought to be. It is worthy of going into any collection of pictures in the world."

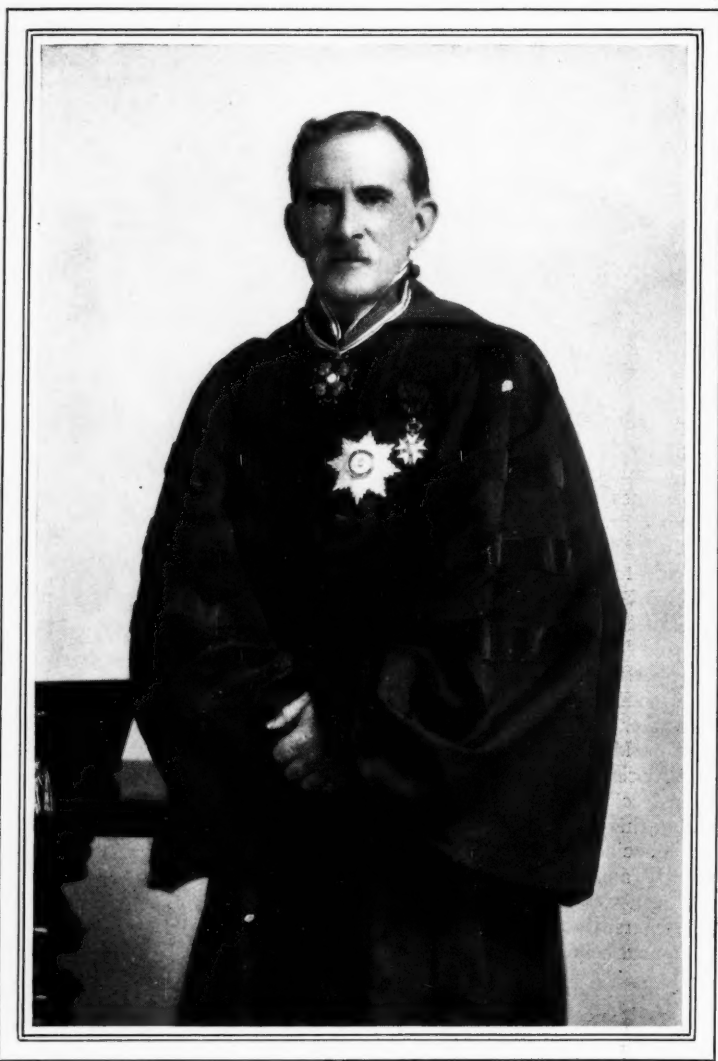
High praise, indeed—not because spoken by a queen, but as the judgment of one who has loved art and devoted herself to its cause all her life.

Standing on the serene height of her ninety years, and looking back with undimmed memory over an eventful life; surveying the wonderful advance made by her sex, partly brought about by her unwearying efforts for its emancipation

from the trammels of prejudice and convention; surrounded by her children and grandchildren, so many of whom have followed her example and won distinc-

either in ancestry, in personal achievement, or in her remarkably successful progeny.

The simplicity and natural modesty of



HENRY MARION HOWE, ONLY SURVIVING SON OF MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE—
MR. HOWE IS A DISTINGUISHED METALLURGIST, AND PROFESSOR OF
METALLURGY IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

From a photograph by Pach, New York

tion by individual labors in art and literature—surely, with all this, Mrs. Howe might have good cause for self-felicitation. But no one conversing with her would suspect any accession of pride,

her character have never been impaired by the praises lavished upon her. Such has been the saving grace of her wit, which may truly be called "Attic salt," and which is one of her greatest charms.

THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN GREAT BRITAIN—ITS ISSUES AND ITS MEANING

BY T. P. O'CONNOR

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT (NATIONALIST) FOR THE SCOTLAND DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL

NOBODY who was present is likely to forget that memorable night when David Lloyd George proposed his budget. It was his first budget, and there was immense curiosity as to how far he would be able to rise to the great situation.

He had done extremely good work as president of the Board of Trade—work of a kind that had not been expected of him. Up to his entrance into official life, he had been known simply as a very daring and almost reckless agitator. A Celt of Celts, a Welshman of Welshmen, he had first risen to public notice by leading a local popular revolt against the bigotry of a village Anglican clergyman. He was the outspoken and even rancorous spokesman of the extreme Nonconformist section, which is consumed with hatred for the established church. He had crossed swords even with the great Gladstone in a fight over a small question of church discipline, and had rejected equally the thunders and the smiles of that mighty personage.

Then came the Boer War, when a series of tragic and shameful disasters lowered the prestige of England all over the world, and on the other hand roused that grim bulldog tenacity which Englishmen always reveal when they are in a tight place. Lloyd George went to the bitter end, not merely against the open hostility of the Tory party, but against the terrors of his own comrades, alarmed at the prospect of fighting against what appeared to be the united national sentiment, and in favor of a foe at once feared and despised. Over and over again Lloyd

George went to meetings where his life was in real peril. Never did he hesitate, even in the blackest hour of the struggle, to deride the British generals and to applaud the Boer resistance. For a while he was the most hated man in England.

It was naturally assumed that such a firebrand would find himself entirely out of place in the serious responsibilities of office. But Lloyd George had another side to his character, which was speedily revealed when his chance came. His department—the Board of Trade—had for some decades been in the hands of supine men, content to live from hand to mouth, and to allow British trade to go its own way. Lloyd George began immediately to do things. He compelled foreign manufacturers to allow England to share the benefits of their patents, with the result that several American and German manufacturers have erected factories on British soil. His greatest achievement was to prevent a disastrous strike that threatened the railway world. For some weeks everybody was affrighted by the prospect of a struggle in which commerce and travel would be paralyzed, and millions of money would be lost forever. Lloyd George brought the two parties together, scolded, cajoled, negotiated, until one day England awoke to find that the nightmare was over, and that masters and men had agreed to a peace honorable to both.

Then came the death of Campbell-Bannerman, the prime minister, the promotion of Asquith to the premiership, and thereby the rise of Lloyd George to the office that Asquith had left vacant.

But the Board of Trade is a small office compared with the guardianship of the finances of the empire, and success in the minor post did not necessarily mean success in the greater.

THE PROBLEM THAT LLOYD GEORGE FACED

Moreover, it was a moment when the finances of England required a master hand. Old-age pensions had been created by Lloyd George's predecessor, but it was Lloyd George who had to foot the bill. As is so often the case with optimistic drafts on the future, the estimate of cost was far too low, and the sum actually needed proved to be about thirty-five million dollars.

There came another and a still more unexpected increase in the demand for money for the navy. The ridiculous scare created with regard to Germany swept throughout England like a prairie-fire, with the result that the feverish building of more Dreadnoughts became a necessity for any party that did not care to be overwhelmed by public wrath. This compelled Lloyd George—one of the most resolute enemies of war and of warlike expenditure—to provide for the construction first of four, then of eight new Dreadnoughts, each costing ten million dollars.

The final result was that he had to face a deficit of not less than eighty million dollars; and it was clear that some new method of taxation must be found in order to fill up this yawning void.

Such was the task that confronted a man who, up to a short time before, had been simply a provincial lawyer in small practise; who had never earned more than five thousand dollars a year, and who had spent what time he could spare from his work in vehement platform oratory. There were people who doubted if Lloyd George had ever seen as much as ten thousand dollars in his life. It was asked whether he could add up a simple sum—this man who had to conjure millions out of the vasty deep. The story of his supposed ignorance of the ordinary rules of arithmetic was assiduously spread and widely believed. Only a few weeks ago, it was repeated to me as coming from a great international financier who usually lives in New York. As a matter of fact, Lloyd George is an

unusually good arithmetician—indeed, a magician with figures.

It is not strange, therefore, that when he stood up to propose his first budget, the crowded audience in the House of Commons was almost dizzy with something of the same feeling as that of a crowd which sees a man swinging from a window-sill three hundred feet above the pavement, and momentarily expects him to fall.

Lloyd George's first step was an easy one. He provided for fifteen million dollars of the deficit by partially arresting the redemption of the national debt. But he still had sixty-five millions to find.

There are in England to-day two different schemes for the raising of taxation. The Conservative party desires to establish in England the American system of raising revenue by a tariff, and incidentally of "protecting" English industries thereby. The Liberal party is to a man in favor of free trade in the most absolute form, and against a tariff in any shape. What Lloyd George had to do, then, was to justify the Liberal free-trade doctrine, and to prove that additional taxation could be raised without resorting to a tariff. In other words, the budget became a battle-ground between the free-traders and the protectionists. This is one of the factors which have helped to lend such ferocity to the struggle.

TAXING LIQUOR, WEALTH, AND LAND

The first place to which Lloyd George looked for additional taxation was the liquor-trade. The liquor-traffic has been for nearly two generations a bone of bitter contention in English politics. The Liberal party, consisting largely of the same sections of society and the same tendencies of opinion and thought that make up the Prohibition party in America, has long made war upon the liquor-sellers, seeking in every way to diminish their number and to drive them as speedily as possible out of existence. The Conservatives, on the other hand, have been their ardent defenders. As a result, it may be said that every man in the liquor-trade is against the Liberals, and that every Liberal is against the liquor-trade.

The feeling between the liquor-trade and the Liberal party was aggravated two years ago, when the Liberal ministry

brought in a measure the effect of which would have been to compel the extinction of a large number of liquor-saloons. That bill, after a stormy passage through the House of Commons, was finally rejected by the House of Lords. The Liberals then realized that they could effect nothing by legislation against the liquor-traffic, and accordingly they looked about for some other method of approaching the question. The budget immediately suggested itself as the proper method of doing so.

It is a well-known maxim of the British constitution—accepted universally and by the spokesmen of all parties up to a few months ago—that the budget belongs to the House of Commons, and that the House of Lords cannot lay hand upon it. A considerable increase of the license duty might well be described as taxation; as taxation, it could take its place in a budget; and taking its place in a budget, it then became a part of that sacred instrument against which the disapproval of the liquor-trade and of the House of Lords might beat in vain. This was another great factor which has contributed to bring about the present struggle.

The second object which Lloyd George attacked in the budget was the wealth of the very rich. For the first time, he instituted a super-tax—that is to say, an income tax which should become high in proportion to the amount of the income. A man with an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year was to pay the ordinary tax like everybody else; but when his income went beyond that figure, he had to pay a higher percentage.

There was also a large increase on the duties payable on property after death, so that in cases where there were several deaths in rapid sequence, the succession duties might become an impossible and ruinous burden upon an estate. Fortunately, such cases are rare. This feature of the budget has been much resented, but curiously enough, it has not attracted the same attention or excited the same animosity as other provisions. Indeed, Mr. Balfour, the Conservative leader, almost went the length of declaring that he would resort to the same form of taxation if he was ever called into office and had to propose a budget.

The third portion of the budget is, in point of revenue, the least important in

the whole instrument, but it is the one around which the battle has mainly raged, and which, next to the liquor clauses, accounts for the Lords' rejection of the bill. This consists of the land clauses.

The land clauses are mainly two. The first is a tax of one halfpenny in the pound—or one cent in each five dollars—on undeveloped land. This applies to land outside towns which is "held up"—that is to say, which is kept from coming into the market for building purposes in the expectation of a rise in the price. The tax, small as it is, was not expected to bring in more than fifty thousand pounds—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—in the first year.

TAXING THE "UNEARNED INCREMENT"

The second land tax was the one which created the most opposition. It meant the entrance into taxation of a great, far-reaching, and novel principle of taxation—the principle known as the tax on the unearned increment. Here both sides saw the parting of the ways between two great schools of economic thought.

The Conservatives held that land was being treated differently from all other forms of property. They argued that there was more or less unearned increment on everything in the world; that, for example, the lord advocate for Scotland—one of the most eloquent and energetic apostles of the taxation of the unearned increment—earned a bigger income in Edinburgh than he could earn in his native Highlands; and that this appreciation of his income was the unearned increment bestowed upon it by the enterprise and the growth which have made Edinburgh a populous and wealthy center. They declared that the admission of this principle was socialism, Henry-Georgism, and the opening of the flood-gates to doctrines of communism and anarchy.

Further, it was objected that landed property, especially in or near towns, almost as often depreciates in value as it appreciates. As there was no provision for compensating for depreciation, why should there be a fine for appreciation? For the first time in English history, it was charged, the sacredness of property was assailed; and this pernicious invasion of property was bound to produce worse and wider results.

The arguments in favor of the taxation of the unearned increment are known. They have been advocated in every country; they have already been acted upon in some countries. In Germany, for instance, several great cities exact this tax, devoting its proceeds to municipal improvements. With the general arguments, however, it is unnecessary for me to deal here; it will be sufficient if I mention cases which are especially English, and which therefore figure most largely in the English controversy.

I cannot do better than quote on this point from the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, who are now the foremost and most eloquent champions of the land tax. These were the examples given by Mr. Lloyd George in the famous speech he delivered at Limehouse on the 30th of last July:

Some Essex marsh land just east of London, which used to be rented at two or three pounds an acre, had been realizing in the last few years from two thousand to eight thousands pounds an acre. While that land had been ripening, the landlord was only paying rates as on agricultural land, and half the rates on such land were paid by the country. In future, landlords would have to pay a halfpenny in the pound on the basis of the real value. And, by means of the increment tax, if land went up in the future by hundreds and thousands an acre, the community would get twenty per cent of that increment.

At Golders Green—the terminus of the Hampstead "tube" railway—a plot of land had been sold a few years ago for one hundred and sixty pounds, and now it had realized twenty-one hundred pounds.

The Duke of Northumberland had charged the county council, when a little land was wanted for a school, nine hundred pounds an acre, though he had only been paying rates on the basis of about thirty shillings an acre.

THE FAMOUS GORRINGE CASE

But the case which Mr. Lloyd George put in the forefront, and which excited the most attention, was the famous Gorringer case. The name of Frederick Gorringer is a household word in London, occupying something of the place of Wanamaker or Macy in Philadelphia and New York. Beginning as a small dry-goods man in a small shop in Buckingham Palace Road, he had made his store one of the most popular in London; had added

premises to premises until he occupied something like half a block; and had died, not long ago, a man of considerable wealth.

When Mr. Gorringer started business he had to take his shop on lease. It is one of the peculiarities—as many people think, one of the vices—of the land system in London that it is so difficult to obtain a freehold. The leasehold system is almost universal in the more prosperous quarters of the city; and under the leasehold system the landlord has the right, at the end of the lease, to take possession, without any compensation, of whatever value the leasehold may have added to the land. If the leaseholder has built a new house, the house goes to the landlord. If he has spent thousands on improving an old house, the improvements go to the landlord. If he desires to renew his lease, and the value of the property has been increased meantime by the community's growth in population or wealth, he has to pay such addition to his rental as the landlord demands.

Here, again, the advocates of perfect freedom of contract maintain that such conditions are approved by a wise state; that complete elasticity of business, and rigidity of contract, are the best incentive to industry and ambition and the best security for property. The advocates of the tax on the unearned increment, on the other hand, demand that this increment in value, being mainly due to the growth of the community, should pay toll to the community.

When Mr. Gorringer's lease fell in, he had to pay a "fine" of fifty thousand pounds—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—for its renewal. Moreover, his rent was raised, and he had to invest a large sum in new buildings. It was pointed out that the Duke of Westminster—the ground landlord—had not been the immediate landlord of Mr. Gorringer when he entered on business; that there was a middleman, who had obtained much more out of the land than had fallen to the duke; and that the addition to the rental was not a large one. But the fact remained that Mr. Gorringer's enterprise and capital, and the added value these things gave to the premises, had resulted in a charge of fifty thousand pounds and an increase of his rent. In other words,

Mr. Gorringe had to pay for the added value which he himself had given to his premises.

FROM A SPEECH BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

The most interesting case brought forward by Winston Churchill is that of the Manchester Ship Canal. I give a considerable extract from one of Mr. Churchill's speeches, partly because it offers a good specimen of the style of one of the most effective platform speakers of to-day, and partly because it presents, at the same time, the case for free trade against protection, as now championed by the Liberal party in England:

You could not find a better object-lesson either for the defense of free trade or for the justification of land reform than the Manchester Ship Canal. What is the Manchester Ship Canal? It is a channel to enable foreign goods to be imported cheaply into this country. It is a tube to bring "dumping" into the very heart of our national life. And you have built it; you have built this canal yourselves; you have built it at great cost; you have dragged the Trojan horse within your own walls. But more: you have thrived upon it. You have actually got fat in the process of committing this extraordinary folly. The Manchester Ship Canal has been an enormous stimulus to the trade and prosperity of Manchester and of Lancashire, as a whole.

And what kind of fools are those who come to us and say that when we have spent so much money to build the canal to make foreign goods cheap in the Manchester market, we should spend more money on custom-house officers and custom-house buildings in order to make them dear again? The arguments are not only against reason and logic—they are against nature.

Now let the Manchester Ship Canal tell its tale about the land. It has got a story to tell which is just as simple and just as pregnant as its story about free trade. When it was resolved to build the canal, the first thing that they had to do was to buy land. Before the resolution to build the canal was taken, the land on which the canal flows was, in the main, agricultural land, paying rates on an assessment from thirty shillings to two pounds an acre. I am told that four thousand four hundred and ninety-five acres of land purchased fell within that description, out of something under five thousand. Immediately after the decision, the four thousand four hundred and ninety-five acres were sold for seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand pounds sterling, or an aver-

age of one hundred and seventy-two pounds an acre—that is to say, five, six, seven times the agricultural value of the land and the value on which it had been rated for public purposes.

Now what had the landowner done for the community; what enterprise had he shown, what service had he rendered; what capital had he risked in order that he should gain this enormous multiplication of the value of his property? I will tell you in one word what he had done. Can you guess it? Nothing!

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SOIL

Such, then, is the case as presented by the protagonists of the Liberal ministry for the tax on unearned increment. Behind this question lies the larger question of the distribution of the land; and behind the distribution of the land stands the other great conflict between what the French call *la grande* and *la petite culture*—the ownership and cultivation of the soil by the large proprietor or by the small proprietor.

In England, the system of large estates still prevails. In Ireland, as most people know, the peasant proprietor has triumphed after seven centuries of struggle. Three hundred thousand families to-day cultivate and own the soil which, less than thirty years ago, was the absolute property of the landlords; and under the Birrell Land Bill, recently passed into law, two hundred thousand more will be in the same position within the next ten or fifteen years.

In France, the struggle for *la petite culture* was fought with all the savage violence of the Reign of Terror. In Germany, it was precipitated—and ended, on the whole, in favor of the peasant—by the Napoleonic invasion, and by the reorganization of the country which that necessitated. In Ireland, it has been waged through long periods of blood and famine, and of millions driven into exile. In England, it is still going on; and the budget of Mr. Lloyd George is one of the milestones on the way.

The conflict aroused by this budget possesses, therefore, an importance which does not end with the shores of England or with the fortunes of English parties. It is a conflict in which the whole world is interested; in which all mankind are akin.

MAKING COPY OUT OF FATHER

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

AUTHOR OF "OUR PIANIST," "THE CONFESSION OF A SUBURBANITE," ETC.

"NO, I don't think Dickens had any right to use his father as the model for *Micawber*."

"But suppose he hadn't, what would have become of the immortal *Micawber*?"

"Oh, I'm glad we have *Micawber*. I'm only stating as my opinion that it was bad taste in Dickens to make fun of the man who—"

"Who didn't do very much for him, after all."

Ellery, who had begun the conversation, was not yet turned thirty, and a man of business. He was too young to have come under the personal influence of the living Dickens, and he was a man whose respect for his parents was almost Chinese. Mason, the other speaker, was well on in the forties. He had been brought up on Dickens, and felt, perhaps, that the king could do no wrong.

The two were chatting after dinner in a quiet little club that Dickens would have liked. A cannon coal fire on the hearth gave forth English odors.

"Take the case of my own father, Ellery," Mason went on. "He was quite a Dickensy character, and if I were a writer I should not hesitate to put him down in black and white, just as Barrie portrayed his mother—"

"Yes, and shocking bad taste it was, although, of course, Barrie was moved by very different motives from those that actuated Dickens."

"My father," continued Mason, "loved my mother more than most men love their wives, and she adored him, perhaps as a mother does her son; but the day that did not bring its appropriate bickering was no day at all for either of them."

"Is that so?" said Ellery, interested at once and anxious to hear more. This was something human and at first hand,

and for such things he had a relish. "I never met your father. He died before I came East; but I saw your mother several times, and a very kindly, humorous lady she was."

"You never said a truer thing, Ellery, but it was that very humor that was the rock on which they were always splitting. Her humor was not even recognized as humor by my father, who was a very intense man; but the quality irritated him just the same, although he didn't know what it was. Mother was always mocking at his foibles. He would sit at table and stand it just as long as he could. Dear me, how well I remember it! It used to amuse me, child though I was, but it always sent sister Emma off crying. She was intense, like father. He'd stand mother's sarcasms up to a certain point, and then he would grow red in the face and up past his bald spot—dear father!—and, throwing down his fork, if he was at table, or his paper or book, if he was reading, he would say:

"'There's no use, Martha; we were never made for each other, and I am going to relieve you from further torture.'"

"'What, again, *Mr. Mantalini*?' mother would say; and that always made him angrier than before, because if there was a character in Dickens that he detested it was *Mr. Mantalini*. He didn't look a bit like that much-abused husband, but I really do think that they must have had a common ancestor."

"He would throw down whatever he had in his hand, and, going over to mother, he would say in a very grave and earnest tone, which was meant to be awe-inspiring, and which always started the tears in Emma's eyes at the same moment that it brought my smiles to the surface:

"'I forgive you, Martha, my dear."

When I am gone, I hope you will try to think of some of the little things I did for the family. They were not much'—here his voice would break—'but I meant them for the best, as God is my witness.'

"Here he would lean over and kiss mother, who invariably wiped it off with her handkerchief and told him to behave himself and cultivate his sense of humor.

"That would be the finishing-stroke. Without a word he would come around and kiss me, and then he would kiss Emma, who would throw her arms around his neck and burst out sobbing and beg him not to leave her.

"He would detach her arms from his neck, and with a long-drawn sigh he would go up-stairs to his room. Then, in a few minutes, he would look in and say:

"'Good-by. You may never hear from me again in this world!'

"Poor father! I think he meant every word, at the time, but it was so funny to mother and me. Then the outer door would close, and we could hear his carefully measured tread on the front stoop. Emma would run to her room, sobbing violently, and mother would say to me, with a sigh:

"'I do wish your father wasn't such a baby. I suppose he'll wait in the cold around the corner for the next half-hour, in hopes that I will come and look for him. I sha'n't sit up for him, no matter how long he chooses to play his heroics. Come, sonnkins, it's time you went to bed. Try to cultivate your sense of humor, my dear, so that you won't subject your wife to so many harrowing leave-takings!'

"But it did wear on mother, in spite of her seeing the humor of it."

"And when would your father come back?"

"Oh, by ten o'clock at the latest. He would come in noiselessly, and if mother was in bed he would go up-stairs, and we could hear him saying:

"'Martha, I felt that it would be cowardly for me to leave you with the children growing up and dependent on me. Perhaps I was to blame. At any rate, I forgive you.'

"Then mother would kiss him and tell him she hoped he would grow up some

day; and that would be the end of that episode.

"But perhaps, in a week's time, there would be some more pertinent observations on the part of mother, directed at father's very patent characteristics, and he would sit silently watching the clock for exactly five minutes. Then, if she had not stopped poking fun at the dear, solemn old man—he was twenty years older than she—he would put back a tempting morsel of food on his plate, and, getting up, would say:

"'My dear, I've felt that I could not stand this sort of thing forever, and I am going—going away. Perhaps God may call me hence before I return, and then you may realize, my dear Martha, that you were unjust to me. Good-by, my little ones. Take good care of mother. You may never see father again.'

"Strenuous sobbing from Emma at this point, an interchange of glances between mother and myself, and then father would leave the room. In a few minutes we would hear the front door close, and Emma would leave her dessert untasted, while I ate her share and wondered who it was who first invented mock heroics. I loved my father very much, particularly when alone with him, but I always felt that mother had the superior intellect, and she certainly had my respect, although I do think she ought not to have baited father before us children.

"The last time that father ever left us—" A smile overspread Mason's features. "Dear me, I don't know but that it is unfilial to talk this way about a dear good man. Ellery, I assure you, that my father and I never passed ten angry words. I knew enough to hold my tongue. He really seemed more fond of me than he was of Emma, who was so much like him.

"The last time he left us was in early summer. He had done something foolish in a business way that had brought forth wittily expressed but unpalatable truths from mother; and at last he threw down his hand—they were playing bezique—and said:

"'Martha, I am sorry to have to say it, but life is no longer worth the living. If you doubt my business judgment, I am clearly a failure, and I must leave

my dear ones and go out into the world, I know not where.'

"Father's language was always a bit theatrical when he was in these moods.

"Mother only laughed and said:

"Go on, dear. Don't be a goose. I think you've stopped playing because I was beating. Pick up your cards.'

"But he had risen to his feet, and this time he was angry as well as grieved. He made no attempt to kiss mother, but walked quickly out of the room, saying as he went:

"I shall sail for Europe in the morning by a Cunarder. I will settle a certain sum on you, but I shall never see you again. I cannot stand your tongue, Martha. It is vitriolic. It is—it is diabolic!'

"Then he went up-stairs, packed his valise, and left without bidding any of us good-by.

"We were living in New York at the time; and when midnight came, with my father still absent, mother supposed he had gone to his club and met some friend. But she could not go to sleep. There were so many things that might happen to him. She told me, years afterward, that as she lay in bed with the morning light coming in at the windows, and no sign of father, she made a vow that she would never again allow her sarcastic tongue to wound his feelings.

"She was up early, and as soon as she was dressed she went to a neighbor who had one of those new things, a telephone, and called up the club. She was told that father had passed the night there, but had left for the Cunard steamer half an hour before.

"She and I were not very long in getting over to the pier in a carriage, mother feeling that this time it was serious. We arrived at the pier just as the steamer was warping out into the stream. Mother hoped we might meet father coming back with the crowd that had gone to see friends off, but he was not there, and so we found a place where we could see the steamer."

"And was your father there? No," said Ellery.

"Yes, father *was* there, and was evidently looking for mother. He stood at the rail, looking more solemn than ever, and for the first time in my life I felt

that perhaps mother had been hard on him. There he was, all alone, going across the ocean, driven from home by what mother had said. We were both very solemn. Mother tried to attract his attention, but he never once looked to where we were, although it was evident he was seeking us.

"We returned sadly to the house. Mother said that probably he would come back with the pilot, and be with us by lunch-time; but lunch passed without him, and in the afternoon we found out that he had not come back with the pilot.

"Later it turned out that he had meant to come back with the pilot, but when the ship was left in the captain's charge he was in the saloon, writing a long letter of forgiveness to mother, which he meant to post in New York before returning to the house.

"Mother suffered the pangs of remorse for the next ten or twelve days. There was no such thing as a wireless message at that time, and until he reached the other side she did not know but he was drowned. But in course of time she received a cable message:

Bring the children, and come on next steamer. Got carried away inadvertently. Am a changed man. The sea trip is glorious.

"And did you go?"

"We surely did. Mother never did anything with so much gusto; and as for Emma and myself, we were in the seventh heaven of delight. We took the next steamer, and when we reached Queenstown there was father, the picture of health, and looking jollier than he ever had looked before.

"We spent a week in Ireland, and then went back on the same steamer. It was father's last departure. After that, if he showed signs of leaving, mother had only to say, 'I suffered too much the other time,' and he would calm down at once. But her tongue was less sharp. Now, just fancy what Dickens would have done with old *pater* if he had happened to be *his* father."

"You forget," said Ellery. "You are not going to receive any money for telling me this, while Dickens would turn him into 'copy.'"



ROUNDING UP THE PABLO HERD OF BISON, ON THE FLATHEAD INDIAN RESERVATION
IN MONTANA

THE LAST GREAT BUFFALO-HUNT

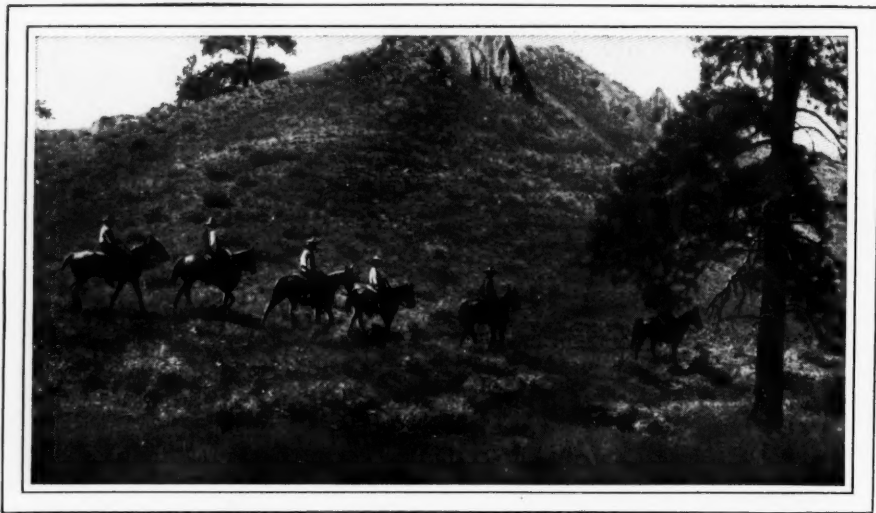
BY CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY M. O. HAMMOND

BY virtue of the shrewd public spirit of the Canadian government, and through the United States government's failure to seize a proffered opportunity, a splendid herd of seven hundred and thirty bison, the last wild survivors of the species, is now the property of the Dominion. The United States government might have kept these magnificent animals on American soil, where sentiment demanded that they should remain. But they are gone now, and the only consolation left to those patriotic citizens who mourn their loss is that the Canadians had to earn their buffalo before they got them.

In order to move the monarchs of the prairie from Montana, where they were

bred, to uttermost Alberta, it was necessary to ship them by rail. Before they could be shipped they had to be rounded up, of course, and corralled. Yet "round-up" and "corral" are not precisely the words to use in this connection, for they are associated with the driving of domestic cattle, whose spirit has been broken by ages of submission to man's dominion. Besides, they fail to convey any conception of the two years of desperate endeavor by the flower of Montana's cowboys, and of the heroic resistance offered by those true Americans, the buffalo. It was more like a war of extermination, in which many a brave bison died fighting with his last breath, and in which the survivors suf-



COWBOYS ON THE TRAIL TO THE BUFFALO PASTURES IN THE BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS

ferred what to them was worse than death—removal from their native pastures.

To whatever it may be likened, this last great series of buffalo-hunts was an event which has no parallel in history, and which is not likely to be repeated.

THE PABLO HERD OF BISON

I must begin at the beginning of the story. In 1884, Michel Pablo, of Missoula, Montana, and a neighbor, C. A. Allard, bought thirteen young buffalo from a Pend d'Oreille Indian, the progeny of four calves which the Indian had captured a few years before. Nine years later, Pablo and Allard added to their growing herd twenty-six head purchased from Buffalo Jones. Upon Allard's death, soon after, Pablo became sole owner.

The buffalo were allowed to run wild in the Bitter Root Mountains, on the Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana. Pablo's only care was to protect them from hunters and to prevent them from straying. He sold a few head occasionally, but looked to the future for a profit on his investment.

In 1906, it was announced that the Flathead Reservation was to be thrown open to settlement. As this meant that he was to be deprived of his range, Pablo realized that he must dispose of his buffalo. He hurried to Washington with a proposal to sell the entire herd to the gov-

ernment. President Roosevelt approved the idea; but Congress declined to make the necessary appropriation, and that was the end of the matter.

Hearing of this turn of affairs, Alexander Ayotte, Canadian commissioner of immigration, suggested to Howard Douglas, commissioner of Dominion parks, that here was a chance to obtain some highly desirable stock for Canada's national parks. The matter was laid before the minister of the interior, Frank Oliver; Parliament promptly granted money for the purchase, and Douglas was instructed to take the first train for Montana and buy the buffalo. A contract was closed for the entire herd at two hundred dollars a head, and Douglas paid ten thousand dollars down to bind the bargain. Pablo thought he had three hundred of the animals, but as he wasn't sure about it, he would only sign a contract to deliver two hundred and fifty head or the entire herd, whatever the number might be.

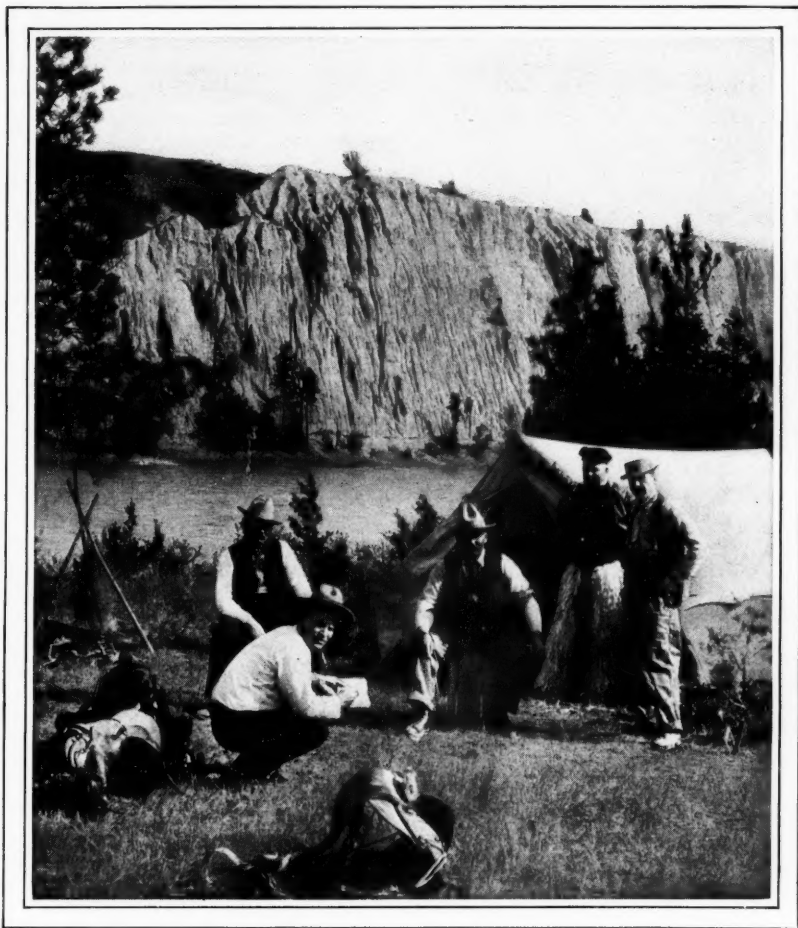
THE GREAT ROUND-UP BEGINS

One day early in May, 1907, Commissioner Douglas appeared at Missoula to claim his herd of buffalo. He was attended by a retinue of enthusiastic Canadian newspaper correspondents and other loyal subjects of King Edward, who had invited themselves up to see the fun. These volunteer spectators imagined that all

there was to do was to go and get the buffalo. Literally speaking, this was true; but if they had dreamed how much was involved in the getting, they would have prepared for a longer stay than any of them contemplated.

The first round-up was the easiest of

his cowboys managed to get two hundred buffalo into a corral at Ravalli, Montana. The corral was enclosed by a fence nine feet high, made of two-inch planks spiked to posts set eight feet apart. It was a good fence, but the buffalo did not treat it with much respect. One old bull, who



THE CAMP OF COMMISSIONER DOUGLAS AND HIS ASSISTANTS DURING THE FIRST ROUND-UP OF THE PABLO HERD OF BISON

the series of five great hunts, though this does not imply that it was a simple task. Pablo, who knew the country and thought he knew the buffalo, managed it, with the aid of twenty cowboys.

It did not take long to disclose the fact that the herd was very much larger than its owner had supposed. By two weeks of hard riding from dawn to dark, Pablo and

chanced to take exception to the conduct of a cowboy on the other side of it, charged through the fence as if it had not been there. Another, to show his contempt for such a flimsy affair, inserted his horns under a plank, and, ripping it off with a single toss of his head, threw it over his back and a dozen feet to the rear. Still another made a swipe at a panel of fence,

and cut such an extraordinary gash with one horn that Commissioner Douglas measured it at the first opportunity. It was an inch and three-quarters deep and three feet eight inches long.

Clearly, such animals as these could not be shipped loose in an ordinary stock-car; so it was arranged to drop a rope around the neck of each buffalo as it passed up the loading-chute, and to lash the animal securely to the car as soon as it could be got inside. Arrangements being completed, the loading began; or, rather, the attempt at loading began. All the Canadians, the entire population of Ravalli, and all the railroad men who happened to be in town at the time, gathered to see the performance.

TROUBLESOME FREIGHT TO LOAD

After nearly an hour of hard work by the full force of cowboys, a bull was finally headed up the chute. At the right instant, a man dropped a noose over the animal's neck. At the touch of the rope, the bull made a spring which landed him in the car; but, quick as a flash, on finding himself in a trap, he whirled about and came out again.

There was the usual stock-yards arrangement of two heavy gates about eight feet long, made of two-inch planks bolted together, which were swung out on either side to make a passage from the corral across the loading-platform to the car. As he came out, the bull caught the left-hand gate on his horns, tore it from its hinges, and started diagonally across the platform to jump back among his fellows in the corral, instead of going down the chute.

Commissioner Douglas, Commissioner Ayotte, and Mr. McMullen, the live-stock agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, had chosen a position on the top of the fence beside that particular gate as a sort of stage-box from which to see everything that happened. They were almost touching the gate when the bull ripped it loose and prepared to spring toward them, with the timbers hanging on his horns. There was no time to climb out of the charging animal's way. They could not do anything but just let themselves drop into the corral, nine feet below.

The three men hit the ground in a heap, right among the buffalo, while the bull,

still carrying the gate on his horns, leaped over them. All were stunned momentarily by the fall, and McMullen broke an arm. The men spectators yelled, the women screamed, and the uproar so disconcerted the buffalo that none had the presence of mind to seize the opportunity of goring their helpless enemies, who were quickly rescued. All three were firmly convinced that the yelling alone saved their lives.

After McMullen had been cared for, and the excitement had subsided, the spectators once more took their places, and the attempt at loading was renewed. No one wanted a seat on the fence this time, but the car-roof was well filled. Commissioner Ayotte, a dignified Canadian Frenchman, still eager to see, but more cautious, stationed himself on the opposite side of the car from the corral, and peered through the cracks.

Thirty minutes of strenuous endeavor induced another bull to venture into the chute. Like the first, the instant he felt the rope touch his neck, he sprang forward as if shot out of a gun. The cowboys had learned wisdom now, so a turn had been taken around a post, and a dozen men held the loose end, determined to keep the bull inside the car if they ever got him there. Before they could take up the slack, however, the bull made a leap at the farther side of the car, went through it as if it were made of paper, and hung there with half his body outside. But for the rope, he would have gone clear through.

When he saw the bull coming straight at him, Mr. Ayotte started to step back, but he was not quick enough to escape altogether. He received enough of the force of the concussion to make him stagger. The bull had struck the car with such terrific violence that he nearly knocked it off the trucks. All the spectators on the roof were thrown down, and some fell off the car. One, a half-breed Indian, landed fairly on Ayotte's head as the half-stunned commissioner tottered backward.

The damaged car was removed, another was put in its place, and the task was resumed. The next bull that went up the chute charged through the car, striking against its side with such violence that he broke his neck and fell dead.

It took an hour and thirty minutes to get the first buffalo—a fine young bull—

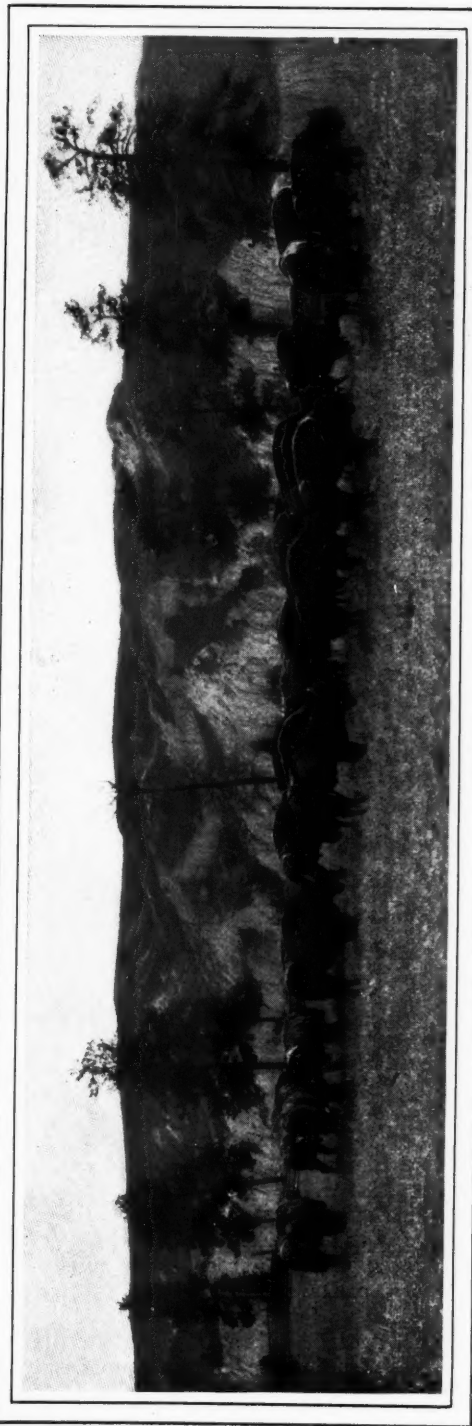
housed in a car and safely anchored with a rope passed around his neck and secured to uprights on each side. But the other end of the bull was still free, and he proceeded to get it into action without delay. There was a dark - brown flash as a heavy heel swung back, and a crash as a plank was ripped off the side of the car. *Crack, crack, crack* went those heels, like the reports from a machine-gun, sending a shower of splinters on each side until nothing worth mentioning was left within reach.

As soon as it could be done, the bull was taken out of the car into which he had been forced with so much labor. Ultimately he was secured in another car, with two-inch planks lashed inside, so that he could not get room to swing his heels. In this way every buffalo had to be secured. Eight big bulls, or ten cows with calves, were all that could be put into a car, and it required from half an hour to an hour and a half to load each buffalo.

A REBEL TO THE DEATH

One magnificent bull, the monarch of the herd, twenty-five years old, was resolved not to go to Canada. He was finally driven into the chute, and a rope was placed around his neck; but he was so powerful that not enough men could get hold of the rope to drag him into the car. Every trick that the ingenuity of the cowboys could suggest was tried. His heels were tickled, and tin cans were jangled behind him, with the idea that he would kick and be thrown off his balance, so that he might be jerked forward a few inches; but he scorned such puerile devices.

Finally he lay down in the chute and refused to get up. Finding that he meant to resist to the death, the cowboys left



PART OF THE PABLO HERD, INCLUDING BULLS, COWS, AND CALVES, IN THE CORRAL AT RAVALLI, MONTANA



ON THE PEND D'OREILLE RANGE—CUTTING OUT AN ISOLATED BUFFALO WHICH SOUGHT REFUGE AMONG THE CATTLE

him lying there overnight, in the hope that he might think better of it by morning; but in the morning he was dead. As there were no signs of physical injury to be found, the cowboys unanimously agreed that the indignities to which he had been subjected had broken the old monarch's heart.

Altogether, a month of hard work was required to get the first shipment of one hundred and ninety-nine head started for Canada. A second shipment of two hundred and four head was made in September of the same year, at an expenditure of six weeks' toil and trouble, enlivened by quite as many spectacular incidents as had marked the first round-up.

THE CORRAL ON THE PEND D'OREILLE

It was then found that about three hundred buffalo still remained on the range. Elaborate plans were laid to finish shipping these in the autumn of 1908. Pablo himself selected a horseshoe bend in the Pend d'Oreille River in which to corral the buffalo, where escape would be impossible. The river at this point was five hundred and twenty feet wide and nineteen feet deep. Encircling the bend on the opposite side of the stream was a perpendicular clay bank, nowhere less than fifty feet high, apparently impossible for any four-footed creature to climb.

By building a fence across the neck of the bend, a corral of several acres was made. The fence was to be buffalo-proof. It was built of logs eight inches in diameter at the small end, laid one above an-

other, making a solid wall nine feet high. This wall was strengthened on each side with posts six feet apart, with their ends set four feet in the ground, and their tops lashed together with wire.

Opposite the corral was a coulee which led down the slope from the buffalo range to the river. Wing fences were built along the sides of the coulee for twelve miles on one side and seven miles on the other. The fences were wide apart at their outer ends, drawing together like a funnel at the river, across which booms of logs were stretched, so that the buffalo could not swim around the corral and escape. All this required an immense amount of labor, but Pablo wanted to have a pen that could be counted on to hold his buffalo.

After six weeks of hard work, the entire bunch of more than three hundred head was finally encircled and headed toward the corral. Two-thirds of them broke away and escaped before they could be cooped up between the wing fences. The rest headed down the coulee, swam the river, and entered the enclosure. At four o'clock one afternoon there were one hundred and fourteen buffalo in the corral. To secure them, it was only necessary to swing a boom down the river in deep water, so they could not swim back to the coulee. Pablo and his weary men slept the sleep of triumph that night.

Next morning there was not a buffalo in the corral. All of them had swum the river to the perpendicular clay bank and made a trail diagonally up its face, cutting down the clay with their forefeet a

little at a time, taking many a tumble into the water in the process, until at last they had as neat a twelve-per-cent grade to the top as any engineer could have built.

THE FOURTH SWEEP OF THE RANGE

It was too late in the season to make any further attempts at shipping that year, so the discomfited cowboys rode home with nothing but a herd of worn-out, broken-down horses to show for their six weeks' toil. In the following spring, however, Charles Allard, a son of Pablo's old partner, a splendid horseman and one of the best cowboys in the West, offered to "sweep the range" for a matter of two thousand dollars. A bargain was made on that basis, and on May 9, 1909, he started out with a band of picked men.

For three days the gang rode the range, cautiously driving small bunches of buffalo together, taking special pains not to stampede them. As they were driven in the opposite direction to that which they had taken in previous round-ups, the buffalo went readily enough. At the end of the three days, a herd of three hundred and forty had been assembled within an area of five square miles.

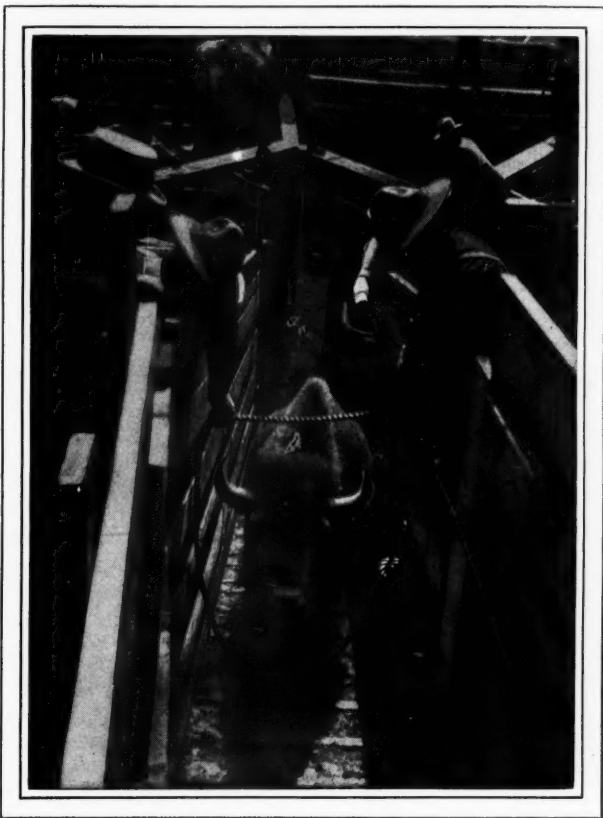
Next day it was planned to turn them and begin the sixty-mile drive toward Ravalli. According to a carefully arranged scheme, the cowboys closed in on all sides, at a certain hour, to start the turning movement toward a big draw leading down the mountain-side to the Pend d'Oreille River. It was fearful riding over extremely rough country. Horse after horse dropped exhausted, but the re-

muda was kept close up, and the men were remounted with but little delay.

One at a time, by twos, threes, and half-dozens, the buffalo bolted and escaped, so that by nightfall only one hundred and three were driven into a corral twenty miles from Ravalli. All the horses were used up, and the men were equally exhausted, so there was no choice but to rest; and during the night, the buffalo, which were not even winded, escaped.

Hope of driving these "outlaws," as they were called, to the railroad was now abandoned. Instead, it was planned to drive them in small parties into a corral thirty-six miles from Ravalli, and to haul them, one at a time, in cage-wagons to the station.

Another start was promptly made, with an outfit of forty-eight horses and eighteen men, the best cowboys in Montana.



DRIVING A BULL BUFFALO UP THE CHUTE TO A WAITING BOX CAR, AND ROPING HIM IN ORDER TO TIE HIM IN THE CAR

After two weeks' riding, reenforcements of ten men and fifty horses were procured. Every day, Sundays included, the heart-breaking task proceeded, the men often starting out at four o'clock in the morning, and not getting back to camp until night. Every day men were thrown, bruised, and battered. Pablo's favorite horse broke a leg; another wrenched its

mal's neck, while others would dangle tin cans or bags behind it, to tease it into kicking, and so throw it off its balance. In this way, if the men on the rope were quick enough and pulled all together, they might gain half a yard or so before the buffalo could get its feet down again.

One Sunday afternoon, John and Joe Decker were riding close together, trying



BUFFALO SWIMMING ACROSS THE PEND D'OREILLE RIVER

back so that it had to be killed, and still others were done for in various ways. For continuous, grilling work, it was a round-up without a parallel in the history of the range. Yet many a day the gang returned without a hoof. The most successful day's work brought in twenty head.

Loading into the wagons was quite as difficult as loading into cars, but the men now had the advantage of experience. The eight wagons were placed end to end, and opened up into a single long passage. Once a buffalo was started, it would make a dash for the farther end, and men stationed on the last wagon would drop a gate behind it. The animal was then securely tied.

The process, however, was rarely so simple as this. More often the buffalo had to be dragged into the wagons by main strength. Twenty or twenty-five men would heave on the rope around the ani-

mal's neck, while others would dangle tin cans or bags behind it, to tease it into kicking, and so throw it off its balance. In this way, if the men on the rope were quick enough and pulled all together, they might gain half a yard or so before the buffalo could get its feet down again. One Sunday afternoon, John and Joe Decker were riding close together, trying

to drive a bull, when the animal whirled and charged. John was so near that he could not get out of the way. Seeing this, Joe tried to draw his revolver to shoot the bull, but fumbled, and lost the chance. The bull sank both horns in the side of John's horse, and, lifting it clear of the ground, carried both steed and rider a hundred yards at full run before throwing them to the ground. Fortunately for Decker, he fell clear of the horse, and near enough to the fence to escape, while the bull stopped to gore the dead animal. The round-up that began on May 9 ended on June 30, with one hundred and thirty buffalo still at large. The casualties were five horses gored to death and twenty-five buffalo killed. No men were killed or seriously injured; but when the cowboys finally limped into Ravalli, they were said to be "the worst used-up outfit that ever took part in a round-up."

A TECHNICAL ERROR

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE BEST-SELLER," "THE HIGHER PRAGMATISM," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY CHARLES M. RELYEA

I NEVER cared especially for feuds, believing them to be even more overrated products of our country than grapefruit, scrapple, or honeymoons. Nevertheless, if I may be allowed, I will tell you of an Indian Territory feud of which I was press-agent, camp-follower, and inaccessory during the fact.

I was on a visit to Sam Durkee's ranch, where I had a great time falling off unmanicured ponies and waving my bare hand at the lower jaws of wolves about two miles away. Sam was a hardened person of about twenty-five, with a reputation for going home in the dark with perfect equanimity, though often with reluctance.

Over in the Creek Nation was a family bearing the name of Tatum. I was told that the Durkees and Tatums had been feuding for years. Several of each family had bitten the grass, and it was expected that more Nebuchadnezzars would follow. A younger generation of each family was growing up, and the grass was keeping pace with them. But I gathered that they had fought fairly; that they had not lain in corn-fields and aimed at the division of their enemies' suspenders in the back—partly, perhaps, because there were no corn-fields, and nobody wore more than one suspender. Nor had any woman or child of either house ever been harmed. In those days—and you will find it so yet—their women were safe.

Sam Durkee had a girl. (If it were an all-fiction magazine that I expect to sell this story to, I should say, "Mr. Durkee rejoiced in a fiancée.") Her name was Ella Baynes. They appeared to be devoted to each other, and to have

perfect confidence in each other, as all couples do who are and have or aren't and haven't. She was tolerably pretty, with a heavy mass of brown hair that helped her along. He introduced me to her, which seemed not to lessen her preference for him; so I reasoned that they were surely soul-mates.

Miss Baynes lived in Kingfisher, twenty miles from the ranch. Sam lived on a gallop between the two places.

One day there came to Kingfisher a courageous young man, rather small, with smooth face and regular features. He made many inquiries about the business of the town, and especially of the inhabitants cognominally. He said he was from Muscogee, and he looked it, with his yellow shoes and crocheted four-in-hand. I met him once when I rode in for the mail. He said his name was Beverly Travers, which seemed rather improbable.

There were active times on the ranch, just then, and Sam was too busy to go to town often. As an incompetent and generally worthless guest, it devolved upon me to ride in for little things such as post-cards, barrels of flour, baking-powder, smoking-tobacco, and—letters from Ella.

One day, when I was messenger for half a gross of cigarette-papers and a couple of wagon-tires, I saw the alleged Beverly Travers in a yellow-wheeled buggy with Ella Baynes, driving about town as ostentatiously as the black, waxy mud would permit. I knew that this information would bring no balm of Gilead to Sam's soul, so I refrained from including it in the news of the city that I re-tailed on my return. But on the next

afternoon an elongated ex-cowboy of the name of Simmons, an old-time pal of Sam's, who kept a feed-store in Kingfisher, rode out to the ranch and rolled and burned many cigarettes before he would talk. When he did make oration, his words were these:

"Say, Sam, there's been a description of a galoot miscallin' himself Bevel-edged Travels impairing the atmospheric air of Kingfisher for the past two weeks. You know who he was? He was not otherwise than Ben Tatum, from the Creek Nation, son of old Gopher Tatum that your Uncle Newt shot last February. You know what he done this morning? He killed your brother Lester—shot him in the co't-house yard."

I wondered if Sam had heard. He pulled a twig from a mesquite-bush, chewed it gravely, and said:

"He did, did he? He killed Lester?"

"The same," said Simmons. "And he did more. He run away with your girl, the same as to say Miss Ella Baynes. I thought you might like to know, so I rode out to impart the information."

"I am much obliged, Jim," said Sam, taking the chewed twig from his mouth. "Yes, I'm glad you rode out. Yes, I'm right glad."

"Well, I'll be ridin' back, I reckon. That boy I left in the feed-store don't know hay from oats. He shot Lester in the back."

"Shot him in the back?"

"Yes, while he was hitchin' his hoss."

"I'm much obliged, Jim."

"I kind of thought you'd like to know as soon as you could."

"Come in and have some coffee before you ride back, Jim?"

"Why, no, I reckon not; I must get back to the store."

"And you say—"

"Yes, Sam. Everybody seen 'em drive away together in a buckboard, with a big bundle, like clothes, tied up in the back of it. He was drivin' the team he brought over with him from Muscogee. They'll be hard to overtake right away."

"And which—"

"I was goin' on to tell you. They left on the Guthrie road; but there's no tellin' which forks they'll take—you know that."

"All right, Jim; much obliged."

"You're welcome, Sam."

Simmons rolled a cigarette and stabbed his pony with both heels. Twenty yards away he reined up and called back:

"You don't want no—assistance, as you might say?"

"Not any, thanks."

"I didn't think you would. Well, so long!"

II

SAM took out and opened a bone-handled pocket-knife and scraped a dried piece of mud from his left boot. I thought at first he was going to swear a vendetta on the blade of it, or recite "The Gipsy's Curse." The few feuds I had ever seen or read about usually opened that way. This one seemed to be presented with a new treatment. Thus offered on the stage, it would have been hissed off, and one of Belasco's thrilling melodramas demanded instead.

"I wonder," said Sam, with a profoundly thoughtful expression, "if the cook has any cold beans left over?"

He called Wash, the negro cook, and finding that he had some, ordered him to heat up the pot and make some strong coffee. Then we went into Sam's private room, where he slept, and kept his armory, dogs, and the saddles of his favorite mounts. He took three or four six-shooters out of a bookcase and began to look them over, whistling "The Cowboy's Lament" abstractedly. Afterward he ordered the two best horses on the ranch saddled and tied to the hitching-post.

Now, in the feud business, in all sections of the country, I have observed that in one particular there is a delicate but strict etiquette belonging. You must not mention the word or refer to the subject in the presence of a feudist. It would be more reprehensible than commenting upon the mole on the chin of your rich aunt. I found, later on, that there is another unwritten rule, but I think that belongs solely to the West.

It yet lacked two hours to supper-time; but in twenty minutes Sam and I were plunging deep into the reheated beans, hot coffee, and cold beef.

"Nothing like a good meal before a long ride," said Sam. "Eat hearty."

I had a sudden suspicion.

"Why did you have two horses saddled?" I asked.

"One, two—one, two," said Sam. "You can count, can't you?"

His mathematics carried with it a momentary qualm and a lesson. The thought had not occurred to him that the thought could possibly occur to me not to ride at his side on that red road to revenge and justice. It was the higher calculus. I was booked for the trail. I began to eat more beans.

In an hour we set forth at a steady gallop eastward. Our horses were Kentucky bred, strengthened by the mesquite-grass of the West. Ben Tatum's steeds may have been swifter, and he had a good lead; but if he had heard the punctual thuds of the hoofs of those trailers of ours born in the heart of feudland, he might have felt that retribution was creeping up on the hoof-prints of his dapper nags.

I knew that Ben Tatum's card to play was flight—flight until he came within the safer territory of his own henchmen and supporters. He knew that the man pursuing him would follow the trail to any end where it might lead.

During the ride Sam talked of the prospect for rain, of the price of beef, and of the musical glasses. You would have thought he had never had a brother or a sweetheart or an enemy on earth. There are some subjects too big even for the words in the "Unabridged." Knowing this phase of the feud code, but not having practised it sufficiently, I overdid the thing by telling some slightly funny anecdotes. Sam laughed at exactly the right place—laughed with his mouth. When I caught sight of his mouth, I wished I had been blessed with enough sense of humor to have suppressed those anecdotes.

Our first sight of them we had in Guthrie. Tired and hungry, we stumbled, unwashed, into a little yellow-pine hotel and sat at a table. In the opposite corner we saw the fugitives. They were bent upon their meal, but looked around at times uneasily.

The girl was dressed in brown—one of these smooth, half-shiny, silky-looking affairs with lace collar and cuffs, and what I believe they call an accor-

dion-plaited skirt. She wore a thick brown veil down to her nose, and a broad-brimmed straw hat with some kind of feathers adorning it. The man wore plain, dark clothes, and his hair was trimmed very short. He was such a man as you might see anywhere.

There they were—the murderer and the woman he had stolen. There we were—the rightful avenger, according to the code, and the supernumerary who writes these words.

For one time, at least, in the heart of the supernumerary there rose the killing instinct. For one moment he joined the force of combatants—orally.

"What are you waiting for, Sam?" I said in a whisper. "Let him have it now!"

Sam gave a melancholy sigh.

"You don't understand; but *he* does," he said. "*He* knows. Mr. Tenderfoot, there's a rule out here among white men in the Nation that you can't shoot a man when he's with a woman. I never knew it to be broke yet. You *can't* do it. You've got to get him in a gang of men or by himself. That's why. He knows it, too. We all know. So, that's Mr. Ben Tatum! One of the 'pretty men!' I'll cut him out of the herd before they leave the hotel, and regulate his account!"

After supper the flying pair disappeared quickly. Although Sam haunted lobby and stairway and halls half the night, in some mysterious way the fugitives eluded him; and in the morning the veiled lady in the brown dress with the accordion-plaited skirt and the dapper young man with the close-clipped hair, and the buckboard with the prancing nags, were gone.

III

It is a monotonous story, that of the ride; so it shall be curtailed. Once again we overtook them on a road. We were about fifty yards behind. They turned in the buckboard and looked at us; then drove on without whipping up their horses. Their safety no longer lay in speed. Ben Tatum knew. He knew that the only rock of safety left to him was the code. There is no doubt that had he been alone, the matter would have been settled quickly with Sam Durkee in

the usual way; but he had something at his side that kept still the trigger-finger of both. It seemed likely that he was no coward.

So, you may perceive that woman, on occasions, may postpone instead of precipitating conflict between man and man. But not willingly or consciously. She is oblivious of codes.

Five miles farther, we came upon the future great Western city of Chandler. The horses of pursuers and pursued were starved and weary. There was one hotel that offered danger to man and entertainment to beast; so the four of us met again in the dining-room at the ringing of a bell so resonant and large that it had cracked the welkin long ago. The dining-room was not as large as the one at Guthrie.

Just as we were eating apple pie—how Ben Davises and tragedy impinge upon each other!—I noticed Sam looking with keen intentness at our quarry where they were seated at a table across the room. The girl still wore the brown

dress with lace collar and cuffs, and the veil drawn down to her nose. The man bent over his plate, with his close-cropped head held low.

"There's a code," I heard Sam say, either to me or to himself, "that won't let you shoot a man in the company of a woman; but, by thunder, there ain't one to keep you from killing a woman in the company of a man!"

And, quicker than my mind could follow his argument, he whipped a Colt's automatic from under his left arm and pumped six bullets into the body that the brown dress covered—the brown dress with the lace collar and cuffs and the accordion-plaited skirt.

The young person in the dark sack suit, from whose head and from whose life a woman's glory had been clipped, laid her head on her arms stretched upon the table; while people came running to raise Ben Tatum from the floor in his feminine masquerade that had given Sam the opportunity to set aside, technically, the obligations of the code.

THE HEART'S DESIRE

Give me, O Fate, some one to love,
And one to love me in return;
To win this blessing saints above
For old-time earthly haunts might yearn.

Oh, for the touch of gentle hands,
The spell of accents sweet and low!
One cannot crush the heart's demands;
Nature will not be cheated so!

Man's bosom ever seeks its mate;
No soul that lives can live alone;
Unloved, the king in kingliest state
But banquets on a crust and bone.

The dream I dream may be in vain,
Mine idol be with earth alloyed,
But shield me from this deadening pain
Of seeing faith and trust destroyed!

The disenchantments learned from truth
Fall blotting life's unsullied page;
Better sweet follies born of youth
Than bitter wisdom bought of age!

Reft of its plumage sinks the dove,
Reft of its dewdrops droops the fern;
Give me, O Fate, some one to love,
And one to love me in return!

Walter Malone

THE UNWISDOM OF WORRY

A WIDELY PREVALENT MODERN DISEASE—ITS CAUSES
AND ITS REMEDIES

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

AUTHOR OF "STUDIES IN HUMAN AND COMPARATIVE PATHOLOGY," ETC.

IT is a matter of official record that care killed a cat. And if the habit of excessive introspective reflection could work this dire and fatal havoc upon a feline's elastic and easy-going temperament and ninefold lease of life, what could it not do to a mere one-lived "human"?

As Oscar Wilde cynically remarked: "Nothing survives being thought of too much"—not even, alas, the thinker! When we begin to carry our troubles to bed with us at night, and think about them instead of going to sleep, then we want to look out for squalls. We have crossed the dead-line between wholesome and necessary "taking thought for the morrow" and the worry that kills.

A certain amount of thought is healthful, exhilarating, and the very secret of success; but there is also a form of mental exercise which we dignify by the name of thinking, which simply goes round and round in a senseless circle, like a squirrel in a cage, or a herd of Texas long-horns "milling" in a storm-panic, which gets nowhere and simply grinds the nerves of the thinker to rags and ribbons. It does no good to any one, neither the thinker nor the thought of; yet we don't seem to be able to stop it. In fact, we are often proud of our achievements in this sort of self-punishment.

This is another danger-signal. Whenever we reach a point where we can't let go, where a particular subject, like *Banquo's* ghost, "will not down," or where we just can't stop thinking about things, then we have lost what the physiologists call our power of inhibition. We

may be sure that we are beginning to do our work to bad advantage, driving our intelligence with the maximum of friction and the minimum of speed, and that a "hot box" or breakdown of some sort is looming up ahead of us. So long as we are masters of our work, we do it well; when it masters us, we do it badly—and it's pretty sure to do us badly sooner or later!

But there is a reason for everything—even for such an unreasonable thing as worry. "As the bird by wandering and the swallow by flying, so the curse, causeless, shall not come." People do not worry out of sheer perversity or "pure cussedness." There is a cause somewhere for even this most irrational and wasteful of mental habits. Our dispositions, perverse and deceitful above all things as we have been taught to regard them, are a good deal like horses. They will not jib, or balk, or shy, or run away unless they have been ill-treated, or frightened, or overworked, or are diseased; though, if they have once started the habit, they may keep it up without adequate cause.

If we "humans" would treat our bodies as well and as considerately as a farmer does his horses, with regular hours for meals, with which no stress of work is allowed to interfere; regular sleep, regular grooming, and plenty of all three, we should hear little of worry and sleeplessness and neurasthenia, and get just as much real work done.

A few unfortunates there are, both men and horses, who are born with "shipwreck" nervous systems, and these furnish the worst illustrations of

causeless worry, of persistent gloomy forebodings, or, with a slightly deeper degree of defect, of shiftlessness, perversity, and even crime. Though I would whisper it with bated breath, in New England, worry and overconscientiousness, at one end of the scale, and idleness and shiftlessness at the other, are usually symptoms of disease or of congenital defect. They should be treated with sympathy and medicine, both of mind and of body, instead of scolding and reprobation, let alone punishment.

Worry, in fact, is oftener a symptom of trouble than a cause. A perfectly healthy human animal, well fed, well rested, and worked within his strength, will not worry. It is only the disordered liver that "predicts damnation." A perfectly healthy man does not know he has such a thing as a digestion. A dyspeptic does not know that he has anything else.

THE NORMAL LIFE IS HAPPY

Life, as a whole, is composed of at least nine parts of happiness and sunshine to one of suffering and gloom. The healthy mind sees it in its normal proportions. When the ten per cent of discomfort begins to bulk larger in our consciousness than the ninety per cent of comfort, it is a sign of disease, as well as a fruitful cause of more disease.

Don't scold yourself for worrying unnecessarily, or for wanting to cross bridges before you come to them, but look sharply about to find where you are ill-treating that faithful, devoted slave of yours, your body. You will usually find that you have given him good ground for revolt and for causing your imagination to play jaundiced tricks with you, by overwork, by under-feeding, by lack of sleep, and, not the least frequently by lack of play, that literal *re-creation*, without an abundance of which no life can be kept sound and sweet.

We are not quite so sure as we once were of the color of sin, but we do know something about the chemistry of worry. For it is, at bottom, not simply a bad mental habit—though this has much to do with keeping it up—nor of sheer perversity, nor even a matter of the nervous

system, but a question of the chemical composition of the blood; and, indeed, of half the tissues of the body. There was a shrewd substratum of truth in the ancient quip that whether life is worth living or not depends on the liver. The question of whether a thing which can be done only once shall be thought of but once, or reflected upon in advance sixteen times with foreboding, and thirty-two times afterward with regret or misgiving, is largely determined by the extent to which the liver and lungs have failed to clear the blood of its fatigue poisons.

TWO REMEDIES—REST AND CHANGE

Fatigue is now known to be produced not by absolute exhaustion, but by the presence in the blood of more or less definite poisonous chemical products of the activities of our muscles and nerves. Worry is the result of a dilute chronic fatigue. It may even be chemically defined as the psychic reaction of somatic saturation with paralactic acid and monosodic phosphate. The important practical bearing of this is that in order to restore a fatigued muscle it is not necessary to build up anew its exhausted strength—to recharge its battery, as it were—but simply to wash its fatigue-poisons out of it.

Let a frog's muscle, for instance, be stimulated to the point of apparent exhaustion; then simply flushing out its blood-channels with salt and water, through its tiny artery, will start it contracting again briskly. Similarly with the brain that is suffering from nerve-fatigue or worry. It is not necessary completely to rebuild and restore its energy, but simply to flush the fatigue-poisons out of it. For this there are two great agencies—rest and change of work!

Sometimes we are tired out all over, and then the only remedy is rest, preferably in the form of

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care.

But more commonly our nervous system does not go to pieces all at once like the "One-Hoss Shay," but in streaks and in sections. Fatigue is generally a local issue—like the tariff.

Often, when we worry, we are not tired at all in the greater part of our brain and of our body, but simply sick and weary in some distant and insignificant corner of our mind, from doing some monotonous little thing over and over and over again, until we are ready to shriek. Sometimes it is making balances come right; sometimes it is writing "your esteemed order received"; sometimes it is planning meals or washing dishes. Whatever it is, it is the deadly monotony of it, and the prospect of its going on to all eternity, which is racking your nerves to the shrieking point. Whatever it may be, stop it! Stop it, just to show that you can, and to discover that the world will still keep on going round without it.

Worry is waste. As a matter of physiological bookkeeping, it means that instead of simply spending upon an action the exact amount of mental energy which is necessary to do that action properly, and then forgetting it, you are pouring out from three to five times this necessary minimum. Your excessive labor will have no useful effect whatever. On the contrary, it is certain to produce perplexity and confusion, making you do the thing aimed at worse instead of better. As Shakespeare puts it in regard to a similar emotion:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Instead of being prudent and commendable, worry is the most extravagant and expensive habit in the world. It usually means either that you are trying to get twenty horse-power work out of a twelve horse-power machine, or that you are rasping and grinding some wretched little weak spot of a bearing or cog into a resistance which is throwing the whole machine out of gear. The inevitable result is the same in both cases—a breakdown, either sudden and fatal, which is rarest and most merciful, or, more commonly, a gradual chronic decay, a growing old before your time. Work keeps us alive. Worry ages and kills.

Every one will admit, even the worrier himself, that it is unwise to worry. The remedy would appear to be childishly simple—just stop it! But there's the rub; you try it and find that you can't. Like *Mr. Atkins*, in Kipling's ballad,

You may be never so firmly convinced that "it never did no good to me—but I can't stop it if I tried."

It is practically useless to try to stop worrying by an effort of the will—you must remove the cause! If your jaundiced and bile-loaded blood floods your retina, making the sky appear green, and the faces of your friends a sickly yellow, it is little use assuring yourself that the heavens are blue, and the faces of your children rosy and fresh. To you they are green and livid, and will remain so until the bile is out of your system.

THE LIMIT OF A MAN'S WORKING POWER

Of the two great causes of worry, it is hard to say which is the more potent. The most pitiful, and the most difficult to deal with, is the attempt to get more horse-power out of your engine than it was built to develop. Many good people cling to the delusion that a man can accomplish almost anything that he wills to, providing that he wills hard and persistently enough. Perhaps he can, in the sense that he is not likely to will for the seventieth time unless at least one of the previous sixty-nine efforts has yielded him some measure of success. The intensity and endurance of a man's determination are, roughly, in proportion to the results he is getting.

In the main, it has been proven a thousand times that the vast majority of men and women—like engines, or horses—have certain limits of achievement, or endurance, beyond which they cannot be pushed, except for temporary spurts, without disaster. But what we will accept for the mass and the average, we flatly decline to apply to ourselves. We are eager to believe with Professor James that there may be somewhere, on some undiscovered peak of Olympus, "higher levels of energy," which may be tapped if we strain ourselves to the utmost limits of endurance, and then a little beyond. If such levels or reservoirs exist, they are as yet uncharted, and their existence entirely unsuspected by science.

But leaving this question out of court entirely, the important practical fact remains, that, *whatever our individual possibilities, we are not getting the best out of them by overdriving ourselves.*

Purely commercial bodies that handle a large number of horses, such as transportation and express companies, discovered years ago that, just as a matter of cold cash, and profit and loss, it pays not merely to feed horses well and give them plenty of rest, but to work them well under their full strength. In that way eight or ten years' service can be got out of a team that would otherwise break down and be sold to the pedler in five or six years.

Similarly, manufacturing companies, especially those who have regard for a steady product of uniform quality, and sustaining a high reputation in the market, have found that it pays in actual dividends not merely to provide for the proper housing and sanitation of their workers, and to pay them good wages, but to shorten their hours of work and provide gardens, parks, theaters, playgrounds, and clubs for their proper recreation and healthful amusement.

Therefore, if you find that you are overdriving yourself, that you are taking your work home with you, that you can't get your mind off it, that you begin to doubt your ability to get through with it, pull yourself together and take stock! If the work in its entirety is too much for you, try to change to some other field of activity better adapted to your powers, or get back to the soil. If you're a misfit, a round peg in a square hole, don't be too proud to recognize your mistake. A change, and work that fits your hand, may make all the difference between constant friction and ultimate failure, on the one hand, and ever-increasing efficiency and success on the other.

THE WASTEFULNESS OF OVERWORK

If, as will oftener be the case, you have got into a bad or wasteful way of doing your work, think over the situation. Get a short vacation, if you can, to change the taste in your mouth, no matter where you go; then plan your day so as to get plenty of time for your meals and digestion afterward, and plenty of sleep. Observe your holidays as holidays, as religiously as you do your work-days; let nothing interfere with your play and your hours in the country.

In short, plan to put and keep your-

self in condition to do the largest amount of work of which you are capable, in the shortest practicable time. The beauty of this method of work is that your capacity, instead of diminishing under it, is steadily increasing, and your task becomes easier for you instead of harder, not merely up to forty years of age, but up to sixty or sixty-five.

If, on the other hand, as much oftener happens, your worry is a sign not of "all-over" weariness, but of local or partial fatigue, then the remedy is easier. There was a world of wisdom in *Mulvaney's* remark to the raw recruit:

"An' remimber, me son, a soljer on the marrch is no betther than his feet."

The breakdown of a single cog in our body mechanism, from deadly and relentless overstrain, will throw the entire machine out of gear just as completely as a broken piston. In most lives it is the deadly monotony, the everlasting daily doing of little things, that wears and kills, rather than overrush or overstrain.

We often speak of worry and of insanity as if they were modern diseases, utterly forgetful of the fact that two-thirds of the superstitions of earlier times and of lower religions were pure products of worry and baseless fear; and that to-day farmers' wives among women, and day-laborers among men, contribute the highest percentage of their numbers to the wards of our insane asylums.

It is really appalling, when we come to consider it broadly—the narrowness, the monotony, the everlasting repetition of average workaday life; the prospect of performing the same petty duties day after day, month after month, year after year, with nothing to end it short of the great sleep. Variety is not merely the spice of life, but its salt, the very essence of its continuance. Intelligent recreation, interests outside of the daily grind, changes of scene—these are not merely luxuries, they are necessities of life.

Not only will no child grow up healthy without play, but no grown-up will remain so without it. If one section of your powers has become self-

poisoned and narcotized from overwork, and another paralyzed from utter lack of use, what wonder that you are half dead, and begin to worry about the probable demise of the other half! Kill two birds with one stone by giving the unused side of you a romp and a chance to keep alive, while at the same time you are flushing the fatigue-poisons, which make all the handwritings on the wall spell disaster; out of the overused side of you.

A PLEA FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

I think that few men adequately realize the deadly monotony and endless trivial repetition of much of the life of their wives and sisters and daughters. They themselves have their business interests, their daily contact with all sorts and conditions of men, their trips to purchase goods and raw material, to visit customers, to attend their national and State associations. The town or section of the city in which they live has been selected as the best or most available place for the prosecution of their business, but it may be anything but ideal as a place to make a home, or to find congenial society and healthful companionships and surroundings for their wives and children.

The average American man is devotedly kind and even generous to his wife and family, but he often fails to understand how a home, which to him is a delightful place to rest and refresh himself for the real struggle of life outside, may become a place of deadly monotony to be tied up in all day long by an unceasing round of duties; the net result and highest achievement of years of unceasing work being simply to keep the household fed, the clothes mended

and clean, and the carpets and curtains respectable.

Particularly is this the case in families where the brood has been reared and the children successfully started for themselves in life. The man's business and work still occupy and interest him. He is still making plans for the future and enjoying the successes of the past. His wife, on the other hand, is apt to feel, after the strain of motherhood and the responsibilities of the training of the family are over, that the keenest of her life-interests has, for a time at least, gone out. The routine of household existence begins to pall upon her; she begins to worry, to brood, to lose her appetite, to develop symptoms of illness, real or imaginary.

She needs a chance to get out of the harness for a few months; to see something of the great world outside of her own, to get a fresh grip on life, which will enable her to transfer to the world at large the interests and the care which have been concentrated upon her children. Whenever your wife begins to worry, buy the tickets and tell her to pack up for a trip to the great city, to the country, to Europe, to the South, to the opera season, to some art exhibition or convention—any of these is better than a sanatorium, and may save months of drugging and dosing at home.

The best and only cure for worry is to live an active, interested, vigorous, cheerful life, with plenty of interests outside of your daily work and in other people as well as yourself and with full recognition of the gospel of play. Keep up your interests, your work, and your hobbies, and you will seldom worry, and will never realize that you're old—until you're dead.

A SONG

DREAMS make my winter brief;
And all the summer long
I am the comrade of the leaf,
Whose life is filled with song.

For him let music be
A choir of birds above;
And evermore for me
The lyric voice of love!

Frank Dempster Sherman

AN UNWELCOME HIT

BY CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "THE GRIP OF THE STAGE," "TWO FAMOUS
OTHELLOS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS



"SHE HAVE ZE EYE VER' QUICK—VIVACE—AND ZE TOES TURN OUT!"

OUR season was waning rapidly, when we heard with joy that it was to be lengthened by a two weeks' engagement of the famous Ravel & Martinetti Troupe of Pantomimists. Straightway a buzz of excitement broke out among the elders. The old man, the first old woman, the white-haired orchestra-leader—all recalled memories, exchanged anecdotes of the original Ravel troupe, and talked of their tremendous vogue in New York in the old days. They smiled doubtfully when told by the manager that the performances of to-day were the facsimiles of the originals. not a bit of

business altered, nothing added; and that the Brazilian ape part was played by young Paul Ravel in the self-same hide and tail, with every leap and trick and scratch perfectly reproduced.

It was further told that the entire company was related by blood or marriage, or both; and with lowered voice one described how a young woman who was Ravel by blood, but not by law, had, when the careless father died, been straightway adopted by another male of the family, that she might bear the name they held so precious. It appeared that she was now their *première danseuse*.

Hearing all this praise and comment, I was devoured with curiosity as to the meaning of the word "pantomime." I was just past my fourteenth birthday, and had had a year's experience of theatrical life. I had been "peasants, and citizens, and virgins of the sun"; I had danced and sung, led the shouts of the supers, and played one-speech parts—but I knew not pantomime.

Taking aside the oldest ballet-girl, who boasted of having seen Broadway's whole length, I put her to the test, and learned that she "guessed a pantomime was a play where all the people waved their hands and waggled their heads, and made believe they were deaf and dumb." Not greatly enlightened by this "guess," I watched eagerly for the coming of the famous foreigners.

I expected to see them arrive in gorgeous raiment, showing every outward sign of triumphant success; but one morning there filed upon the stage the sorriest, saddest little group of people, many of them yellow as saffron, their black eyes dull and glazed, and most of them in deep mourning. Our manager's welcoming smile faded at sight of these sad, unresponsive faces. As he clasped the hand of big, burly Philip Martinetti, he stammered:

"W-why, what's wrong? Where are the others—Antoine, Marie, all?"

The answer was a single word:

"Panama!"

Paul, the man-monkey of the show, now came on the stage, and as he spoke fairly good English the manager welcomed him right heartily. Then, seeing how emptily Ravel's garments hung about him, how yellow and unwholesome the young fellow's color, he demanded:

"What does this mean, Paul? What ails every one? Did you meet with bad luck in South America?"

Paul shrugged, smiled grimly, and answered:

"We do worse—we meet yell' fever in Panama. He leave us this!" He touched the shriveled skin of Philip's wrist and his own throat; then, crushing up a handful of a woman's black crape veil, he added: "And this—all rest he keep in Panama. A-a-ah, that yell' fever, he cruel hard master! He take the young—the best!"

Old Jerome Ravel, with hawk eyes, hawk nose, and gray, bristling hair, approached the speakers.

"Don't ask for his girl-wife," Paul whispered to the manager. "We left her in Panama, too!"

Within ten minutes the women, in tights, slippers, well-worn dancing-skirts, and dressing-sacks, with still, sad faces, and holding by screw-eyes in the framework of the wings, were hard at work at side and toe practise. Later, they tried their dances with the orchestra. They were so short-handed—so their stage-director made sad admission—that even by much doubling of the parts they could not quite fill out the cast without the manager's help. Could he—would he—lend some one for the village doctor, in that night's play?

The manager glanced over his people and shook his head.

"They know nothing of pantomime. Your scene would be spoiled."

"Oh, eet is very small part—any one who can sing a tune or dance a quadrille can pantomime to good marked-time music. I will teach him myself. Eef he's bad, I shall not make complaint—only we are so thinned out by—by—"

"All right, then," interrupted the manager. "I'll go on for the doctor, and do the best I can."

At once I had been seized by a girlish admiration for the *première danseuse*, whom they called Désirée, and who was the beauty of the company. Though but little beyond her teens, she was already widowed. Her still, white face, her great tragic eyes gleaming from the gloom of her dense black hair, reminded one of the silvery twinkling of the first faint star, showing in the high darkness of the evening sky. I followed her every movement through the rehearsal, but she neither smiled nor complained, neither spoke nor rested. So far as conscious existence went, she was in Panama with her dead ballet-master husband, rather than in this place of desolation for her.

In the following night's performance she won the immediate favor of a full house, and proved herself an artistic, graceful, and highly trained dancer. A rose-pink japonica glowed low in her dark hair. She was giving that famous and difficult dance, the "Tarantula," and her

red lips were drawn wide across the white dazzle of her even little teeth, in a smile strangely fixed and unwavering—a smile

know zat. To dance ees always to smile—always!"

"Yes, I know that, but a smile like that deceives no one. It hurts, I tell you! It suggests a death-mask!"

"A-ah, *oui!*" Paul's finger impressively tapped the manager's breast. "Zat ees it—always they have danced together, she and ze man she love—dance like ze sun and ze water in ze fountain—until he die in Panama. Since dat time she dance wis ze dead—you un'erstan'? To dance ees to smile; but eef you dance wis ze dead, dat smile come cold, grow stiff—you un'erstan'?"



HE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN AROUSING HER INTEREST WITH THE SONOROUS NOTES OF A TROMBONE

that never touched the eye to softness, or lit a twinkle in its dark depths. It was uncanny, masklike.

Standing behind the manager and Paul Ravel, in the first entrance, watching for the effect of the dance, I heard a distinct groan. The manager's hand was tight clenched on the prompt-shelf, as he exclaimed, apparently to himself:

"Oh, stop it! Stop it!" Then, turning to Paul, he added: "Why doesn't she let it go by the board—that fixed smile? It hurts—it will ruin the effect!"

Paul lifted his shoulders to his ears. "To dance ees to smile—you, von actor,

With a groan the manager turned and went to his dressing-room. With tear-filled eyes I watched the flashing, whirling, bounding figure of the woman who

danced nightly with her dead, accepting as her guerdon not the hearty applause of the house, but the privilege of retiring to a dark entrance and ceasing to smile for a few moments.

Again, at change of bill, the stage-director appealed for aid. Could he borrow a girl to help out the boat dance? It always made such a hit, they could not afford to cut it out.

"You have a ballet—*n'est-ce pas, monsieur?*" he said insinuatingly.

"Not in your sense," the manager replied. "They are clever, bright, useful girls, but are only what you would call *figurantes*. Not one is a trained dancer. If I remember rightly, that is a difficult dance?"

"But we will show her," urged the unlucky foreigner. "Ees it that I may look at your *demoiselles* of the theater here? That leetle girl that watch all ze time from ze wing—ees she of the ballet, perhaps?"

She was—for I was she. After we had, by order, twice walked across the stage in single file and in great wonderment, the stage-director drew me out of the line, and over to the prompt-table, saying:

"This one—*oui!* She have ze eye ver' quick—*vivace*—and ze toes turn out!"

When I learned what was wanted of me, I turned eyes of such terror on our manager that he answered me with:

"Try it, child! You have taken some stiff chances before this, and you've never blundered. They're in such trouble—try to help them out."

Quick tears sprang to my eyes, and dumbly I allowed myself to be led aside and put through a sorry sort of examination. I placed my feet in first position, then pranced forward and retreated in the two dancing steps much favored for bringing down a long line of ballet to the footlights, ready for breaking into posturing groups.

"But you can waltz, mees?"

The stage-director did not wait for my reply, but flung an arm about me and, fiendishly hissing a tune between his teeth, first swayed me about slowly, then reversed, exclaiming:

"*Maintenant presse le mouvement—plus vite—encore plus vite! Bien—très bien!*"

He whirled me through a wild waltz

measure. Then, stopping suddenly, he flung out his hands, crying:

"The ears—she have ears and ze feet of ze best—now, *nous verrons!*"

Pushing me back against the flat, he proceeded to tell me the story and meaning of the dance of the sailors and their lasses. My sole comforting thought was that its character of jollity and merriment, laughingly kept up, would do much to hide deficiencies, even errors in steps.

Then the people came on, and, after once walking through the figures, the dance was tried to the music of the violin. Every one was kindly watchful for me, one giving me a guiding word, another a restraining touch, and a whispered "*Pas si vite!*" The stage-director pranced about, marking time; and as each formation was safely passed through he threw out his arms, exclaiming in enthusiasm:

"*C'était délicieux—ver' fine! Encore, s'il vous plaît!*"

We repeated it several times, and that night the curtain fell to rise again and again. I heard his joyful boast to the manager:

"Have I not say all shall come well?"

All the rest of the week, believing that the worst had happened, I helped out the dance, and then stood at wondering gaze during the rest of the performance. I grew to understand the enthusiasm of my elders when they declared true pantomime to be the very highest form of dramatic art, seeing how it requires every accomplishment, every talent, every power known to the actor—save only the voice. Eternal vigilance, unending practise, are the price paid for a perfectly controlled body. The pantomimist needs strength, grace, agility, intelligence, emotion, expression, and the power to speak plainly with the eyes, features, shoulders, arms, legs, feet, and hands—the tongue alone being silent.

In the third act I saw a man telling in gesture of the death of a child. He depicted its age, its beauty, its joy—then its slow wasting away, its sickness and delirium. For a moment he stood motionless, breathless, while our hearts grew cold with dread. Then he drew a trembling hand down his face, literally wiping out its life in passing, leaving closed eyes, sunken cheeks, and fallen mouth. The child was dead!

I raised my eyes to see the carpenters and scene-shifters winking back their tears; and as the artist, with bent shoulders and dragging feet, made slow exit with the little body—that moment of strained silence, which is the actor's crown of triumph preceding a burst of applause, told plainly that eyes out there in front were tear-filled as well.

On Friday the second week's advertisement appeared. Some prominent citizens, it appeared, had requested a performance of an old-time favorite pantomime; and such a request being held as a compliment, the manager had to comply—though warned that the cast was longer than that of any other play in their repertory.

It was in this performance that big Philip Martinetti gave his famous serenade, through which he stood mooning up at his lady's balcony, and, after playing solos on six different instruments, he finally succeeded in arousing her interest with the sonorous notes of a trombone. He was an excellent musician, as well as a very droll comedian, and the serenade was a great go.

Almost every one was asked to double characters, and four *demoiselles* of our ballet were borrowed. Four helpless, feminine creatures, with dry mouths and stricken eyes, were lined up against the flat, while the Ravel stage-director told us the story of the scene in which we were to appear—providing we didn't die of fright beforehand.

"Now, ladies, here lives ze belle of ze place—more farther is ze village. Eet is a fête-day—ze birsday, as you call him. You all come on wiz ze boys, and you skip across ze bridge—ver' gay, ver' light." He paused—he glared. "Ees it that you can skip?"

Solemnly I acknowledged that I could skip. A more humane look came back to his face.

"Ver' gute, but be light—ver' light! Nevair be soggy—nevair! No man, no woman shall be soggy—zat is ze death and ze quick damnation of ze pantomime, to be soggy! *Eh bien*, you skip across ze bridge—ze hat tie under ze chin—leetle flower-basket on left arm. You come down—you see *la belle demoiselle*. You make wonder at her beauty—you put hand to heart, make ze compliment—you touch lip, throw kiss for congrat—then bow

ver' low—smile, all ze time smile. Then you wait for her to give ze joyful steps and make her t'anks. Then come big chord from orchestra, and quick you make motion to say: '*We*'—touch ze breast—'will go *there*'—you point to ze hill off stage, left—to peek, peek, some flowers'—make show to drop flowers in basket on arm—'for you!' Then you turn—spread out hands—bow to her—then waltz—*là-là!*" And, catching the seams of his trouser-legs between finger and thumb, he waltzed off, left, saying: "And that ees all, *mam'selles!*"

And that was more than enough, for we stood there, four expressionless faces and four bodies that were in truth soggy. In a hopeless monotone I repeated:

"We skip across the bridge—we come down—compliment, congratulate—bow—wait for joyful steps—then '*We* will go *there* to pick, pick, pick some flowers for you'—then waltz off—*là-là!*"

That wretched man was pleased that I could so quickly repeat his directing words. He nodded, and said:

"You have it, *mam'selle, c'est celà!*"

Now, please remember that later on.

Poor soul, how he labored over us, singly and by fours! The excitable old Jerome often sprang in the air and cracked his heels together for very rage, and tore at his hair with both hands; but the stage-director strove hard for patience, for he could see that we were all really anxious to oblige him.

"*Non, non!* Mees, touch ze heart for compliment light—oh, so light! Ze tip of finger—so! Make ze wrist curve—make ze half-circle sweep of arm—so! Slap not ze hand like shingle! Now, mees, ze kiss—*non, non!* Do not heave it like ze ball—toss it light—ver' light, like ze petal of flower. Keep ze eye bright—smile, and don't be soggy at ze feet!"

By the time one girl was beginning to understand, he took on the other three, with the result of finding that meanwhile the first had forgotten all he had taught her. The next morning he cast me in their faces:

"This young mees nevair forget—she shall lead you—watch from her, and do like!"

My very heart went faint within me at this extra responsibility. While we had



"WE WILL GO THERE TO PEEK, PEEK, PEEK SOME FLOWERS FOR YOU!"

another rehearsal to music, our teacher beat the time, calling out warningly:

"Don't be soggy! 'We will go *there*, to peek, peek, peek some flowers for you!'"

Then he coquettishly caught up his trouser-legs and waltzed off with us.

All day long I curved my wrists, waved my arms, and skipped and smiled until my ears were crowded. At strange and unholy hours of the night I crept guiltily from my bed and muttered:

"We will go *there*, to peek, peek, peek some flowers for you!"

Then I would smile and point off and bow. Oh, it was a hideous experience!

The dreaded night came at last. Our individual names were actually printed on the programs, but we were beyond the reach of that comfort, and the unwonted compliment was a wasted one. The house was full; the first act had left the public warmed, amused, alert. Our scene occurred early in the second act. We un-

seemingly stared through glassy eyes, and stood soggily waiting at the end of the bridge. Big Philip was watching opposite, so was the bristly old man, while the stage-director pranced up and down, smiling, blinking, nodding, in a hypocritical pretense of perfect confidence in his pupils.

The overture was played, and the curtain rolled heavily up on a greeting to the rising sun, by *la belle* on this her fête-day. Then the music changed, and to quickened time on came the villagers—lads and lasses skipping across the long bridge, accompanied by a trampling suggestive of draft-horses, proving positively that some were soggy.

Terrified, I flew down the stage to *la belle*. It was easy to smile clear across one's face at sight of her beauty. I led safely the heart compliment, tossed the kiss of "congrat," made the low bow, and held myself by sheer force to wait for the joyful steps. Such mincing, twinkling

little steps they were! Then she sent her breath between her teeth in a little warning hiss—Annie was starting her pantomime too soon, not waiting for the strong chord that was our cue.

I tweaked her skirt, heard the chord, flung my hand to my breast, and then—oh, power supreme!—then, from the midst of that perfect silence of pantomime, rose my high-pitched voice, clear and distinct:

"We will go *there*, to peek, peek, peek some flowers for you! *Là-là!*"

Lightly, smilingly, I waltzed off the stage, through laughter running from ripple to roar, from gale to tempest.

Old Jerome Ravel clenched his fists and cried:

"Let me keel!—Oh, *vite, vite!* It ees that I shall keel her!"

Philip Martinetti hugged himself and roared in the entrance, while in front people threw themselves back and forth. The waltz ceased; the leader bowed his face on the music-desk and rolled helplessly. Then the cry was heard:

"Ring down!"

Philip had to appear at last, at the first entrance, his face aquiver with mirth. He pushed his shoulders up to his ears, helplessly spread out upturned palms, bowed, and retired—signaling the leader to play. But applause forbade the resumption of work, and Philip was puzzled as he again went before them. Then *la belle* called to him in French, and he turned and came straight to me, where leaning against the

staircase, with both fists clenched hard against my mouth, I strove to keep back the cries that rose in my throat.

"Come!" he said.

Flinging a great arm about me, he carried me to the stage, and lowered me to my feet as a mother would handle a small child. Shall I ever forget the roaring laugh that greeted us, as I swiftly turned within his circling arm to hide my burning face, while my shoulders shook convulsively. The laughing applause continued, and I heard Philip speak to me, but did not understand. Then he said sharply:

"*Vite*, make turn round!"

Trained to obedience, I lifted my heavy head and turned my drowned eyes to the audience. They evidently had thought me laughing all the time, and my shamed, grieved face caused them a sudden shock, for the laughter ceased instantly, and for an awkward moment we stood in silence. Then she came forward—*la belle*, the beautiful Désirée—and, embracing me, threw out a pleading hand to the audience. It was the best pantomime of the night. You would certainly have thought so, had you heard the applause and cheers that followed.

I stepped forward and made a boyish bow, and then was seized by Philip. Shouting, "*The waltz—là-là!*" he whirled me off the stage, in fiendish imitation of my own blundering exit.

Can you wonder that my name is unknown in the annals of pantomime?

THE CLERMONT OF THE SKIES

UPON the broad historic stream
That Henry Hudson stemmed,
The night lets fall her sable veil
With stars superbly gemmed;
And, navigating seas of cloud
Like billows rolling by,
A shining silver ship, behold
The half-moon in the sky!

A distant humming fills the air
And thrills the roving breeze;
And lo, a strange, gigantic shape
Comes soaring o'er the trees;
It sends a beam of dazzling light
Before it as it flies;
It is an aeroplane in flight—
The Clermont of the skies!

Minna Irving

THE SMALL-TOWN FELLOW

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN BALL OF THE ARGONAUTS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

HENRY C. PILKINS sat on the front porch, and twisted his near-Panama in his hands. Now that the time had come for him to speak, he realized that it was not going to be easy, for Henry C. Pilkins had a kind heart. He knew that what he must say to Jennie Purcell would cause her deep and perhaps permanent grief. At last he found his voice.

"Jennie, I'm going away from this place!"

He did not look at her. Intuition told him that she might bear it better if he did not look at her. He felt rather than saw her take hold of the arms of the old rocking-chair, and he thought he detected a sudden catch in her voice, which started him to talking again—blundering along to cover an awkward pause.



"CIRCLETOWN'S ONLY A WHISTLING-STATION, AND—I CAN'T STAY HERE"

"Circletown is only a small place, you know, Jennie. It's all right, and a good little town, but it's only a whistling-station, and—I can't stay here. There's no future in a small town. Why, you can see that yourself—"

"But you're coming back?"

Miss Purcell's tone inferred that there could be no question about it. Mr. Pilkins caught a note of entreaty. That was the worst of this girl business. A fellow couldn't walk out with a nice girl without setting the gossips to talking. That was the small town of it!

Henry had been very attentive to Jennie Purcell for almost a year. During that time he had been more than careful not to say anything that could be construed into a declaration of serious intent. He had laid strong stress on the beauty of friendship between a young man and a young woman.

"Where are you going, Henry?" she asked, after vainly waiting for him to answer the first question.

"I'm going," said Mr. Pilkins, "to the only town where a smart fellow has a chance. Me for New York! Half the smart men in that town are from the middle West. Wise men don't come West any more; they go East and get the money."

"New York!" said Miss Purcell, as it might have been Kamchatka.

Then there was a long pause, while Mr. Pilkins tortured his hat and thought of something that would be comforting and non-committal. Miss Purcell sat very still and fumbled the silver locket which he had given her on her birthday.

"Anyway," said she at last, "Cleveland's nearer!"

"Huh!" said Henry. "Cleveland's only a village to the big town. If you're going to do a thing, do it right! I'm going to New York because that's where everybody says I belong."

"I never said so," said Miss Purcell quietly.

"But don't you think I ought to have a chance?" asked Mr. Pilkins earnestly. "I might stay here all my life, and what would I have? A house over on B Street, with green blinds, and calla lilies in the garden, and a stone dog on the front steps. Now, in New York—" And Mr. Pilkins held on this subject for ten minutes.

"But you're coming back?" repeated Miss Purcell.

"Sure!" said Henry heartily. "When I've landed over there, I'll come back for a visit."

Already he saw a picture of himself alighting from the accommodation train, frock-coated, silk-hatted, and kid-gloved. And there would be a cane—of course, there would be a cane with a gold head. Jim Green, the fresh station-agent who thought pretty well of Jennie Purcell—Jim would say:

"Why, hel-lo! It can't be Henry! It is! Well, well! You look just like ready money!"

When he went away, Henry held Miss Purcell's hand long enough to decide that it would not be wise to kiss her. His cold judgment triumphed over his warm, sympathetic nature. She might have clung to him and cried. Experience told him that. Henry had seen them cry before, and he believed that on the whole Miss Purcell stood the shock rather well.

The night before Henry left Circletown, his friends gave him a banquet—they called it "staking him to the eats"—in the empty room over Archie's All-Night Restaurant. Jim Green, who acted as toastmaster, laid two fingers of his right hand on the table and made a neat little speech, at the end of which he presented Mr. Pilkins with an elegant rolled gold watch-fob—a bulldog's head with large red eyes—the gift of his Circletown friends.

Henry choked as he listened. He felt very sorry for his friends, for they would be small-town fellows all their lives. He would find them here when he came back. Then they sang "Auld Lang Syne," and Henry talked for ten minutes, completely reversing Horace Greeley's famous advice to the young men.

II

WHEN Henry C. Pilkins arrived in New York, he sought out a seventeen-story Broadway hotel, for he knew that a man might as well be dead as live on a side street. He remembered having seen the name of this hotel in the magazines. It advertised every comfort at "reasonable rates." Henry's interview with the clerk was a painful memory.

"A good room, please," said Henry—

rather impressively, he thought. "I expect to stay some time."

Now, almost any right-minded hotel-clerk would have found that last remark an opening to pleasant conversation. "That so? Glad to have you with us;" or, "We'll take good care of you, sir."

"I guess," stammered Henry, "I'll use the regular bath-room. There is one in the house, isn't there?"

"Forty-seven of 'em," said the clerk. "Front!"

Henry went to his room, rather chilled by his first taste of big-town hospitality.



"PILK, OLE HOSS, HOW ARE YOU?"

But this hotel-clerk said never a word. His eye fell on the name and lingered just long enough to take in the "Cleveland, Ohio," which followed it. Henry had made up his mind not to register from Circletown.

"Bath?" said the clerk abruptly.

The suddenness of the question was disconcerting. Mr. Pilkins opened his mouth, but no words came out of it.

"Dollar a day extra," said the clerk shortly, interpreting the symptoms.

That afternoon he took a walk on Fifth Avenue. He passed the Waldorf without more than a glance, and continued toward Madison Square. He ached for one long, satisfying look at the Metropolitan Tower, but he knew that if he did he would be marked as a stranger in town; so he strangled his impulse to follow the great white column upward to its blazing pinnacle. The Flatiron Building won from him no more than a passing glance. Any one observing him would have said:

"Here is a New Yorker of the New Yorkers. He has seen everything!"

Late that night Henry C. Pilkins stole down Broadway, and in the shadow of a friendly doorway looked his fill on the Metropolitan Tower. It was an imposing sight by moonlight, and Circletown seemed very far away as Henry walked slowly back to his hotel. On the way, overcome by a sudden rush of pity for the small town from which he came, he bought a dozen souvenir post-cards and mailed them to his friends. He sent the one of the Metropolitan Tower to Jennie Purcell, drawing a ring around the tiny figure of a man in the foreground.

The next morning—Henry did not eat breakfast in the hotel, for it hurt him to think of paying ninety cents for beef-steak—he sat in the lobby for two hours, waiting for some friendly soul to come up and speak to him. Now, a man may sit in the lobby of a New York hotel for forty years, waiting for some one to speak to him. As he sat there, Henry reflected that he had come thus far without any definite plan of campaign. It was a large city, and he wondered where to attack it.

Toward noon he stepped out and had some cards printed. He had seen a place where it was done while you waited—one hundred cards, with a card-case, for seventy-five cents. Henry waited and received one hundred oblong pasteboards on which was printed, in bold text, "H. Clay Pilkins," and, in the lower left-hand corner, "New York City."

The cards gave Henry new ideas, new confidence. He stepped into a real-estate office and presented his card to the man at the desk—a dapper, nervous little man who wore glasses. Henry stated that he wished to gain some knowledge of the real-estate business, but as he talked the words froze on his lips. His eyes had followed his card, and he saw the man at the desk run his thumb-nail over the scarcely dry ink.

Henry stuttered a bit and withdrew. When he got to his room, he dropped the cards in the bottom of his trunk.

III

DURING the first month, H. Clay Pilkins, as he now called himself, had reason to regret his failure to provide himself with a proper plan of campaign. He

continued to live at the Broadway hotel and to eat at cheap restaurants, for he was a firm believer in what is known as "the front."

At the end of two months, he had something to show for his money. He had formed the acquaintance of one bell-boy, whose name was Simmons. It was a comfort to find some one who was always willing to listen to him, and Henry appreciated Simmons immensely.

About a week after he had told his full story to Simmons, a young man, wearing a red bow tie and yellow shoes, entered the lobby, and, advancing on Pilkins, who was idly watching the passing crowd, exclaimed:

"Pilk, ole hoss, how are you?"

Henry was so glad to hear the old salutation again that he jumped to his feet and wrung the stranger's hand warmly. Then he found himself wondering where he had seen him before.

"That's right!" said the young man sorrowfully. "Might as well say that you've forgotten me. I never forgot *you!*"

Henry managed to stammer that he had a treacherous memory—a kind lie, invented in the hope of putting the visitor entirely at his ease. This precaution, however, did not seem necessary.

"I used to be with Glubbins & Spink, ready-made clothes," said the young man cheerfully. "I visited Circletown twice, four years ago. Met you only for a minute. Well, what are you doing over here? I always said Ohio would be too slow for that boy!"

Henry remarked that he was in New York looking for an opening.

"Well, this is the town," replied the stranger, who said his name was Jones. "I wasted a lot of time on the road before I fell in here, but things are pretty soft now. No more making whistling-stations and sleeping in rummy hotels! I've got a good thing."

Pilkins believes to this day that he wormed this information out of the young man.

"I'll tell you about it," said Jones at last. "I'm commissioner for Charlie Powell."

"Commissioner?" repeated Henry in a dazed way.

"Sure," said Jones. "Charlie Powell



"THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO, MY BOY, IS TO GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM"

—you've heard of him—he owns a lot of horses."

"Oh!" said Henry Pilkins. "The race-track!"

"Surest thing you know," said Jones easily. "Powell's in with everything that comes off, and I'm with him. That gives me the inside. When I'm making his bets, it's easy to place a few dollars of my own. It isn't really gambling, because it's a sure thing. I'm about seven thousand to the good this season already. How's the old town out there? Used to be a pretty sporty little village, if I remember right."

"See here," said Pilkins suddenly, "what's the matter with me getting in on some of this easy money? I've got a bank-roll that isn't working!"

IV

LESS than a week later, Mr. Charles Powell, fresh from his bath, rubbed his rather puffy eyes and stared at a note which a bell-boy handed him. It was a

trifle early for visitors, but it was Mr. Powell's boast that he never overlooked a trick.

"Show him up!" said he.

He listened quietly to the recital.

"Humph!" said he, at the end of the bald narrative. "And you fell for that? I don't need to tell you, do I, that I never heard of this man Jones in my life? Where are you from?"

Overcome, Henry C. Pilkins spoke the truth.

"Ah, ha!" said Mr. Powell, nodding his head. "You're one of those wise small-town guys! They're always trying to get something for nothing, and they fall for stuff that was old before race-horses were invented. The best thing you can do, my boy, is to go back where you came from. You ain't fast enough for the company over here. Good morning!"

Stunned, crushed, utterly crestfallen, Henry C. Pilkins reached the street.

"A small-town guy!" he thought.



"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? AIN'T ANYBODY TOLD YOU?"

At the same time the interesting Jones was dividing a slender roll of bills with Simmons, the bell-boy, and oddly enough he was saying the same thing:

"He was only a fresh hick from the country—one of them small-town fellows with a short roll. I thought, from the way he talked, that he was there with a couple of thousand at least, but he only had a hundred and twenty bucks."

"A piker!" said Simmons with great contempt.

Pilkins, kicking viciously at the autumn leaves on the sidewalk, was arriving at the same conclusion. His healthy conceit, suddenly stricken, was dying in agonies. He remembered Circletown. It will be recalled that the prodigal thought of his father's house after his money was spent. Pilkins had just seven dollars and forty cents in the wide, wide world, and he owed forty dollars at the hotel. It would not do to go back there.

A sudden resolution sent him down a side street and into a small shop. The

window was filled with musical instruments, revolvers, field-glasses, and jewelry—all the things which a man sacrifices when the pinch comes.

"How much?" asked Henry, pulling out his watch.

"Eight dollars," said the man. "I wouldn't give my father a cent more."

V

THE train was nearing Circletown. In the smoker sat a young man with his soft hat pulled well down over his eyes. The familiar landscape brought no joy to him, and he was not smoking, because tobacco and an empty stomach do not always agree. The young man remembered that Jennie Purcell could fry a chicken in a way to linger in the memory; and after that he remembered that he had not done well in failing to write to the young lady.

After all, there were no friends like the old friends. Jennie would be surprised to see him. He could imagine the light in her eyes as he walked through the

gate. Jennie had rather fine eyes, he remembered.

It was almost dinner-time. The young man felt for his watch, sighed, and allowed his stomach to tell him that it was close to Circletown's evening meal-time.

Ten minutes after the train stopped, he rang the bell at the Purcell home.

"Land o' Goshen!" said a voice. "If it ain't Henry Pilkins!"

"Yes," said the young man, "I've come

home. Can I—I'd like to see Jennie—Miss Purcell."

The elderly woman hesitated.

"Haven't you heard?" she asked. "Ain't anybody told you?"

"Told me what?" asked Henry. "Has anything happened?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Purcell, "but it's going to happen at the church at eight o'clock. Jennie's going to be married to Jim Green to-night."

A FIGHT FOR LIFE*

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE IN
THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

JACK HOWLAND, a young American engineer, has been sent into the northern wilds of Canada, with orders to take charge of the building of the Hudson Bay Railroad. On his way to the scene of operations, at Prince Albert, a frontier settlement on the Saskatchewan, a strange and dangerous adventure befalls him. In a restaurant he meets a beautiful young girl, who is apparently a deaf mute, and who asks him—by writing her words—for assistance. She leads him out of the little town, along the trail to the north; and there, in the snowy woods, he is suddenly attacked by an unknown enemy. Stunned by a heavy blow, he is only saved by the timely aid of Jean Croisset, a half-breed Cree, who takes him back to the hotel in Prince Albert.

While recovering, Howland asks the half-breed for an explanation of this mysterious affair, but Croisset refuses to give him anything more than obscure hints of danger that awaits him if he goes to his post on the new railroad. The young American, however, does not dream of turning back, and next day starts northward for the Wekusko camp, where he is to take charge of the construction work. Reaching the Wekusko, he is installed in a cabin near the camp, with a Cree Indian, named Jackpine, for his attendant. During his first night there he has an unexpected visitor—the girl of his adventure at Prince Albert, who no longer feigns inability to speak, and who tells him that her name is Mélisse. She implores him to return to the south, but he refuses, and declares that he loves her. She promises to meet him on the following night, and again warns him that he is in great danger. The warning is verified, for next day he narrowly escapes death in a "coyote," or blast of rock. He meets Mélisse at the appointed time, and while talking to the girl in the darkness of the forest he is attacked and overpowered. A helpless prisoner, he is bound upon a sledge, and, with Croisset as driver, is carried off into the wilderness.

After a time, Croisset releases him and lets him run before the sledge, on his word of honor that he will not attempt to escape. In the evening, in the early moonlight, they are descending a great ridge that commands a wide prospect to the north.

XIV

HALF-WAY down the ridge, a low word from Croisset stopped the engineer. Jean had toggled his team with a stout length of babiche on the

mountain-top, and he was looking back when Howland turned toward him. The sharp edge of that part of the mountain from which they were descending stood out in a clear-cut line against the sky, and on this edge the six dogs of the team sat

* This story began in the November (1909) number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

upon their haunches, silent and motionless, like strangely carved gargoyles set there to guard the limitless plains below.

Howland took his pipe from his mouth as he watched the staring interest of Croisset. From the man he looked up again at the dogs. There was something in their sphinx-like attitude, in the moveless reaching out of their muzzles into the wonderful, starlit mystery of the still night, that filled him with an indefinable sense of awe. Then there came to his ears the sound which had stopped Croisset—a low, melancholy whine which seemed to have neither beginning nor end, but which was borne in upon his senses as if it were a part of the soft movement of the air he breathed—a note of infinite sadness which held him startled and without movement.

Just as he thought that the thing had died away, the wailing came again, swelling higher and higher, until at last there rose over him a single long howl that chilled the blood to his very marrow. It was like the wolf-howl of the night when he first looked upon the wilderness—and yet unlike it. In the other sound, it had been the cry of the savage, of hunger, of the unending desolation of life, that had thrilled him; in this one, it was death.

He stood shivering as Croisset came down to him, his thin face shining white in the starlight.

"*M's'eur*, our dogs howl like that only when some one is dead or about to die," he whispered. "It was Woonga who gave the cry. He has lived for eleven years, and I have never known him to fail." There was an uneasy gleam in his eyes. "I must tie your hands, *m's'eur*."

"But I have given you my word, Jean—"

"Your hands, *m's'eur*! There is already death below us in the plain, or it is to come very soon. I must tie your hands!"

Howland thrust his wrists behind him, and about them Jean twisted a *thong* of *babiche*.

"I believe I understand," he spoke softly, listening again for the chilling wail from the mountain-top. "You are afraid that I will kill you."

"It is a warning, *m's'eur*. You might try. But I should probably kill you. As it is"—he shrugged his shoulders as

he led the way down the ridge—"as it is, there is small chance of Jean Croisset answering the call!"

"May those saints of yours preserve me, Jean, but this is all very cheerful!" grunted Howland, half laughing in spite of himself. "Now that I'm tied up again, who is there to die—but myself?"

"That is a hard question, *m's'eur*," replied the half-breed, with grim seriousness. "Perhaps it is your turn. I half believe that it is."

Out of the grim loneliness at the foot of the mountain there loomed a shadow which at first Howland took to be a huge mass of rock. A few steps farther, and he saw that it was a building. Croisset gripped him firmly by the arm.

"Stay here," he commanded. "I will return soon."

For a quarter of an hour Howland waited. Twice in that interval the dog howled above him. He was glad when Croisset appeared out of the gloom.

"It is as I thought, *m's'eur*. There is death down here. Come with me!"

The shadow of the big building shrouded them as they drew nearer. Howland could make out that it was constructed of massive logs, and that there seemed to be neither door nor window on the side they were approaching. And yet, when Jean hesitated for an instant before a blotch of gloom that was deeper than the rest, he knew that they had come to an entrance.

Croisset advanced softly, sniffing the air suspiciously with his thin nostrils, and listening, with Howland so close to him that their shoulders touched. From the mountain there came again the mournful death-song of old Woonga, and Jean shivered. Howland stared into the gloom, and still staring he followed Croisset—entered—and disappeared into it.

About them were the stillness and the damp smell of desertion. There was no visible sign of life, no breathing, no movement but their own, and yet Howland could feel the half-breed's hand clutch him nervously by the arm as they went step by step into the black and silent mystery of the place.

Soon there came a fumbling of Croisset's hand at a latch, and they passed through a second door. Then Jean struck a match.

Half a dozen steps away was a table,

and on the table stood a lamp. Croisset lighted it, and with a low laugh faced the engineer. They were in a low, dungeon-like chamber, without a window, and with but the one door through which they had entered. The table, two chairs, a stove, and a bunk built against one of the log walls were all that Howland could see.

But it was not the barrenness of his new prison that brought his eyes in staring inquiry to Croisset. It was the look in his companion's face, the yellow pallor of fear—of horror—that had taken possession of it. He closed and bolted the door, and then sat down beside the table, his thin face peering up through the sickly lamp-glow at the engineer.

"*M's'cur*, it would be hard for you to guess where we are."

Howland waited.

"If you had lived in this country long, *m's'cur*, you would have heard of the *Maison de la Mort Rouge*—the House of the Red Death, as you would call it. That is where we are—in the dungeon-room. It is a Hudson Bay post, abandoned almost since I can remember. When I was a child, the smallpox plague came this way and killed all the people. Nineteen years ago the red plague came again, and not one lived through it in this *Maison de la Mort Rouge*. Since then it has been left to the weasels and the owls. It is shunned by every living soul between the Athabasca and the Bay. That is why you are safe here."

"Good Heavens!" breathed Howland. "Safe from what?"

"From those who wish to kill you, *m's'cur*. You would not go into the south—so *la belle Mélisse* has compelled you to go into the north. *Comprenez-vous?*"

For a moment Howland sat as if stunned.

"Do you understand, *m's'cur?*" persisted Croisset, smiling.

"I—I think I do," replied Howland.

"You mean that *Mélisse*—"

Jean took the words from him.

"I mean that you would have died last night, *m's'cur*, had it not been for *Mélisse*. You escaped from the coyote, but you would not have escaped from the other. That is all I can tell you. But you will be safe here. Those who seek your life will soon believe that you are dead, and then we will let you go back. Is

that not a kind fate for one who deserves to be cut into bits and fed to the ravens?"

"You will tell me nothing more, Jean?"

"Nothing—except that while I should like to kill you, I have sympathy for you. That, perhaps, is because I once lived in the south. For six years I was with the company in Montreal, where I went to school."

He rose to his feet, tying the flap of his caribou-skin coat about his throat. Then he unbolted and opened the door. Faintly there came to them, as if from a great distance, the wailing grief of *Woonga*, the dog.

"You said there was death here," whispered Howland, leaning close to his shoulder.

"There is one who has lived here since the last plague," replied Croisset under his breath. "He lost his wife and children, and it drove him mad. That is why we came down so quietly. He lived in a little cabin out there on the edge of the clearing, and when I went to it to-night there was a sapling over the house, with a flag at the end of it. When the plague comes to us, we hang out a red flag as a warning to others. That is one of our laws. The flag is blown to tatters by the winds. He is dead!"

Howland shuddered.

"Of the smallpox?"

"Yes."

For a few moments they stood in silence. Then Croisset added:

"You will remain here, *m's'cur*, until I return."

He went out, closing and barring the door from the other side, and Howland seated himself again in the chair beside the table. Fifteen minutes later the half-breed returned, bearing with him a good-sized pack and a two-gallon jug.

"There is wood back of the stove, *m's'cur*. Here are food and water for a week, and furs for your bed. Now I will cut those thongs about your wrists."

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave me here alone—in this prison?" cried Howland.

"Is it not better than a grave, *m's'cur?* I will be back at the end of a week."

The door was partly open, and for the last time there came to Howland's ears the mourning howl of the old dog on the

mountain-top. Almost threateningly he gripped Croisset's arm.

"Jean—if you don't come back—what will happen?"

He heard the half-breed chuckling.

"You will die, *m's'eur*, comfortably, and taking your own time at it, which is much better than dying over a case of dynamite. But I will come back, *m's'eur*. Good-by!"

Again the door was closed and bolted, and the sound of Croisset's footsteps quickly died away beyond the log walls. Many minutes passed before Howland thought of his pipe, or of a fire; then, shivering, he went to seek the fuel which Jean had told him was behind the stove.

The old stove was soon roaring with the fire which he built, and as the soothing fumes of his pipe impregnated the damp air of the room he began to experience a sensation of comfort which was in strange contrast to the exciting happenings of the past few days. At last he was alone, with nothing to do for a week but eat, sleep, and smoke. He had plenty of tobacco, and an inspection of the pack showed that Croisset had left him well stocked with food.

Tilted back in a chair, with his feet on the table, he absorbed the cheerful heat from the stove, sent up clouds of smoke, and wondered if the half-breed had already started back into the south. What would Macdonald say when Jackpine came in with the report that he had slipped to his death in the waterfall? Probably his first move would be to send the most powerful team on the Wekusko in pursuit of Gregson and Thorne. The two senior engineers would be compelled to return, and then—

Howland laughed aloud and began pacing back and forth across the rotted floor of his prison as he pictured the consternation of the two seniors. Then a flush burned in his face, and his eyes glowed, as he thought of Mélisse. In spite of himself, she had rescued him from his enemies, and he blessed Croisset for having told him the meaning of this flight into the north. Once again she had betrayed him, but this time it was to save his life, and his heart leaped in joyous faith at this proof of her love for him. He believed that he understood the whole

scheme now. Even his enemies would think him dead. They would leave the Wekusko, and after a time, when it was safe for him to return, his freedom would be given him.

With the passing of the hours, gloomier thoughts shadowed these anticipations. In some mysterious way Mélisse was closely associated with those who sought his life, and if they disappeared she would disappear with them. He was convinced of that. And then—could he find her again? Would she go into the south—to civilization—or deeper into the untraveled wildernesses of the north?

In answer to his question there flashed through his mind the words of Jean Croisset:

"*M's'eur*, I know of a hundred men between Athabasca and the Bay who would kill you for what you have said!"

Yes, she would go into the north. Somewhere in that vast desolation of which Jean had spoken he would find her, even though he spent half of his life in the search!

XV

It was past midnight when Howland spread out the furs and undressed for bed. He opened the stove door, and from the bunk he watched the faint flickerings of the dying firelight on the log walls. As slumber closed his eyes, he was conscious of a sound—the faint, hungerful, wailing cry to which he had listened that first night near Prince Albert. It was a wolf, and drowsily he wondered how he could hear the cry through the thick log walls of his prison.

The answer came to him the moment he opened his eyes, hours later. A bit of pale sunlight was falling into the room, and he saw that it entered through a narrow aperture close up to the ceiling. After he had prepared his breakfast he dragged the table under this aperture, and by standing on it was enabled to peer through.

A hundred yards away was the black edge of the spruce and balsam forest. Between him and the forest, half smothered in the deep snow, was a cabin, and he shuddered as he saw floating over it the little red signal of death of which Croisset had told him the night before.

With the breaking of this day the hours

seemed of interminable length. For a time Howland amused himself by searching every corner and crevice of his prison room, but he found nothing of interest beyond what he had already discovered. He examined the door which Croisset had barred, and gave up all hope of escape in that direction. He could barely thrust his arm through the aperture that opened out on the plague-stricken cabin.

For the first time since the stirring beginning of his adventures at Prince Albert, a sickening sense of his own impotence began to weigh on the young engineer. He was a prisoner—penned up in a desolate room in the heart of a wilderness; and he, Jack Howland, a man who had always taken pride in his physical prowess, had allowed one man to place him there! His blood began to boil as he thought of it.

Now, as he had time and silence in which to look back on what had happened, he was enraged at the pictures which flashed one after another before him. He had allowed himself to be used as nothing more than a pawn in a strange and mysterious game. It was not through his own efforts that he had been saved in the fight on the Saskatchewan trail. Blindly he had walked into the trap at the coyote. Still more blindly he had allowed himself to be led into the ambush at the Wekusko camp. And more like a child than a man he had submitted himself to Jean Croisset!

He stamped back and forth across the room, smoking viciously, and his face grew red with the thoughts that were stirring venom within him. He placed no weight on circumstances; in these moments he found no excuse for himself. In no situation had he displayed the white feather, at no time had he felt a thrill of fear. His courage and recklessness had terrified Mélisse, had astonished Croisset. And yet—what had he done?

From the beginning—from the moment he first placed his foot in the Chinese café—his enemies had held the whip-hand. He had been compelled to play a passive part. Up to the point of the ambush on the Wekusko trail he might have found some vindication for himself. But this experience with Jean Croisset—it was enough to madden him, now that he was alone, to think about it. Why had not *he*

taken advantage of Jean, as Jackpine and the Frenchman had taken advantage of him?

He saw now what he might have done. Somewhere, not very far back, the sledge carrying Mélisse and Jackpine had turned into the unknown. They two were alone. Why had not he made Croisset a prisoner, instead of allowing himself to be caged up like a weakling? He swore aloud as there dawned on him a realization of the opportunity he had lost. At the point of a gun he could have forced Croisset to overtake the other sledge. He could have surprised Jackpine, as they had surprised him on the trail. And then? He smiled, but there was no humor in the smile. He at least would have held the whip-hand. And what would Mélisse have done?

He asked himself question after question, answering them quickly and decisively in the same breath. Mélisse loved him. He would have staked his life on that. His blood leaped as he felt again the thrill of her kisses when she had come to him as he lay bound and gagged beside the trail. She had taken his head in her arms, and through the grief of her face he had seen shining the love that had glorified it for all time for him.

She loved him! And he had let her slip away from him, had weakly surrendered himself at a moment when everything that he had dreamed of might have been within his grasp. With Jackpine and Croisset in his power—

He went no farther. Was it too late to do these things now? Croisset would return. Howland thought, with growing satisfaction, that his actions had disarmed the Frenchman of suspicion. He believed that it would be easy to overcome Croisset, to force him to follow in the trail of Mélisse and Jackpine. And that trail? It would probably lead to the very stronghold of his enemies. But what of that?

He loaded his pipe again, puffing out clouds of smoke until the room was thick with it. That trail would take him to Mélisse—wherever she was. Heretofore his assailants had come to him; now he would go to them. With Croisset in his power, and with none of his enemies aware of his presence, everything would be in his favor.

He laughed aloud as a sudden thrilling

thought flashed into his mind. As a last resort he would use Jean as a decoy. He foresaw how easy it would be to bring Mélisse to him—to see Croisset. His own presence would be like the dropping of a bomb at her feet. In that moment, when she saw what he was risking for her, and realized that he was determined to possess her, would she not surrender to the pleading of his love?

If not he would carry out his other idea—that which had brought the joyous laugh to his lips. All was fair in war and love, and theirs was a game of love. Because of her love for him, Mélisse had kidnaped him from his post of duty, had sent him a prisoner to this death-house in the wilderness. Love had exculpated her. That same love would exculpate him. He would make her a prisoner, and Jean should drive them back to the Wekusko. Mélisse herself had set the pace, and he would follow it. And what woman, if she loved a man, would not surrender after this?

In their sledge trip he would have her to himself, for not only an hour or two, but for days. Surely in that time he could win! There would be pursuit, perhaps; he might have to fight—but he was willing, and a trifle anxious, to fight.

Going to bed that night, he dreamed of things that were to happen. A second day, a third night, and a third day came. With each hour grew his anxiety for Jean's return. At times he was almost feverish to have the affair over. He was confident of the outcome, and yet he did not fail to take the Frenchman's true measurement. He knew that Jean was like live wire and steel, as agile as a cat, more than a match with himself in open fight, despite his own superior weight and size.

He devised a dozen schemes for Jean's undoing. One was to leap on him while he was eating; another to spring on him and choke him into partial insensibility as he knelt beside his pack or fed the fire; a third to strike a blow from behind that would render him powerless. But there was something in this last that was repugnant to him. He remembered that Jean had saved his life, that in no instance had the Frenchman given him physical pain. Howland would watch for an opportunity, and take advantage

of Croisset as Croisset had taken advantage of him, but he would not hurt him seriously. It should be as fair a struggle as Jean had offered him, and with the handicap in his favor the best man would win.

On the morning of the fourth day, Howland was awakened by a sound that came through the aperture in the wall. It was the sharp, yelping bark of a dog, followed an instant later by the sharper crack of a whip, and a familiar voice.

Jean Croisset had returned!

With a single leap the prisoner was out of his bunk. Half dressed, he darted to the door and crouched there, the muscles of his arms tightening, his body tense with the gathering forces within him.

The spur of the moment had driven him to quick decision. His opportunity should come when Jean Croisset passed through that door!

XVI

BEYOND the door Howland heard Jean pause. There followed a few moments of silence, as if the other were listening for sound within. Then there came a fumbling at the bar, and the door swung inward.

"*Bon jour, m'sieur,*" called Jean's cheerful voice as he stepped inside. "Is it possible you are not up, with all this dog-barking and—"

His eyes had gone to the empty bunk. Despite his cheerful greeting, Howland saw that the Frenchman's face was haggard and pale. He observed no further than that, but flung his whole weight on the unprepared Croisset, and together they crashed to the floor.

There was scarce a struggle, and Jean lay still. He was flat on his back, his arms pinioned to his sides. Bringing himself astride the Frenchman's body, so that each knee imprisoned an arm, Howland coolly began looping the babiche thongs that he had snatched from the table as he sprang to the door. Suddenly, behind Howland's back, Jean's legs shot upward. In a quick, choking clutch of steel-like muscle they gripped about the engineer's neck like powerful arms, and in another instant he was twisted backward with a force that sent him half neck-broken to the opposite wall.

He staggered to his feet, dazed for a

moment. Jean Croisset stood in the middle of the floor, his caribou-skin coat thrown off, his hands clenched, his eyes blackening with a dangerous fire. As quickly as it had come, the fire died away, and, as he advanced slowly, his shoulders hunched over, his white teeth gleamed in a smile.

Howland smiled back, and advanced to meet him. There was no humor, no friendliness, in the smiles. Both had seen that flash of teeth and deadly scintillation of eyes at other times; both knew what it meant.

"I believe that I will kill you, *m's'eur*," said Jean softly. There was no excitement, no tremble of passion, in his voice. "I have been thinking that I ought to kill you. I had almost made up my mind to kill you when I came back to this Maison de la Mort Rouge. It is the justice of God that I kill you!"

The two men circled like beasts in a pit, Howland in the attitude of a boxer, Jean with his shoulders bent, his arms slightly curved at his side, the toes of his moccasined feet bearing his weight. Suddenly, with the quickness of a cat, the Frenchman launched himself at the other's throat.

In a flash Howland stepped a little to one side, and shot out a crashing blow that caught Jean on the side of the head and sent him flat on his back. Half-stunned, Croisset came to his feet. It was the first time that he had ever come into contact with science. He was puzzled. His head rang, and for a few moments he was dizzy. He darted in again, in his old, quick, catlike way, and received another blow that dazed him. This time he held his feet.

"I am sure now that I am going to kill you, *m's'eur*," he said as coolly as before.

There was something terribly calm and decisive in his voice. He was not excited. He was not afraid. His fingers did not go near the weapons in his belt.

Slowly the smile faded from Howland's lips as Jean circled about him. He had never fought a man of this kind; never had he looked on the appalling confidence that was in his antagonist's eyes. From those eyes he found himself slowly retreating, rather than from the man. They followed him, never taking themselves from his face. In them the fire re-

turned and grew deeper. Two dull red spots began to glow in Croisset's cheeks, and he laughed softly when he suddenly leaped in so that Howland struck at him—and missed.

He knew what to expect now; and Howland knew what to expect. It was the science of one world pitted against that of another—the science of civilization against that of the wilderness. Howland was trained to his art. For sport Jean had played with wounded lynx; his was the quickness of sight, of instinct—the quickness of the great north loon that had often played this same game with his rifle-fire, of the sledge-dog whose ripping fangs carried death so quickly that eyes could not follow. A third and a fourth time he came within distance, and Howland struck and missed.

"I am going to kill you," he said again.

To this point Howland had remained cool. He knew that self-possession was half the battle; but he felt in him now a slow, swelling anger. The smiling flash in Jean's eyes began to irritate him; the fearless, taunting gleam of the Frenchman's teeth, his audacious confidence, put him on edge.

Twice again he struck out swiftly, but Jean had come and gone like a dart. His lithe body, fifty pounds lighter than Howland's, seemed to be that of a boy dodging him in some tantalizing sport. The Frenchman made no effort at attack; his were the tactics of the wolf at the heels of the bull moose, of the lynx before the prongs of a cornered buck—tiring, worrying, ceaseless.

Howland's striking muscles began to ache, and his breath was growing shorter with the exertions which seemed to have no effect upon Croisset. For a few moments he took the aggressive, rushing Jean to the stove, behind the table, twice around the room—striving vainly to drive him into a corner, to reach him with one of the sweeping blows which Croisset evaded with the lightning quickness of a grebe. When he stopped, his breath came in wind-broken gasps. Jean drew nearer, smiling, ferociously cool.

"I am going to kill you, *m's'eur*," he repeated again.

Howland dropped his arms, his fingers relaxed, and he forced his breath between his lips as if he were on the point of ex-

haustion. There were still a few tricks in his science, and these, he knew, were about his last card. He backed slowly into a corner, and Jean followed, his eyes flashing a steely light, his body growing a little more tense.

"Now, *m's'eur*, I am going to kill you," he said in the same low voice. "I am going to break your neck."

Howland backed against the wall, partly turned, as if fearing the other's attack, and yet without strength to repel it. There was a contemptuous smile on Croisset's lips as he poised himself for an instant. Then he leaped in, and as his fingers gripped at the other's throat Howland's right arm shot upward in a deadly short-arm punch that caught his antagonist under the jaw.

Without a sound Jean staggered back, tottered for a moment on his feet, and fell to the floor. Fifty seconds later he opened his eyes to find his hands bound under his back and Howland standing at his feet.

"*Mon dieu*, but that was a good one!" he gasped, after he had taken a long breath or two. "Will you teach it to me, *m's'eur*?"

"Get up!" commanded Howland. "I've no time to waste, Croisset."

He caught the Frenchman by the shoulders and helped him to a chair near the table. Then he took possession of the other's weapons, including the revolver which Jean had taken from him, and began to dress. He spoke no word until he was done.

"Do you understand what is going to happen, Croisset?" he cried then, his eyes blazing hotly. "Do you understand that what you have done will put you behind prison bars for ten years or more? Does it dawn on you that I'm going to take you back to the authorities, and that as soon as we reach the Wekusko I'll have twenty men back on the trail of these friends of yours?"

A gray pallor spread itself over Jean's face.

"*M's'eur*, you cannot do that!"

"Cannot!" Howland's fingers dug into the edge of the table. "But I will, Croisset! And why not? Is it because Mélisse is among this gang of cutthroats and murderers? Pish, my dear Jean, you must be a fool! They tried to kill me

on the trail, tried it again in the coyote, and you came back here determined to kill me. You've held the whip-hand from the first. Now it's mine. I swear that if I take you back to the Wekusko we'll get you all!"

"If, *m's'eur*?"

"Yes—if."

"And that 'if'—" Jean was straining against the table.

"It rests with you, Croisset. I will bargain with you. Either I shall take you back to the Wekusko, hand you over to the authorities, and send a force after the others—or you shall take me to Mélisse. Which shall it be?"

"And if I take you to Mélisse, *m's'eur*?"

Howland straightened, his voice trembling a little with excitement.

"If you take me to Mélisse, and swear to do as I say, I will bring no harm to you or your friends."

"And Mélisse—" Jean's eyes darkened again. "You will not harm her, *m's'eur*?"

"Harm her!" There was a laughing tremor in Howland's voice. "Man, are you so blind that you can't see that I am doing this because of her? I tell you that I love her, and that I am willing to die in fighting for her. Until now I haven't had the chance. You and your friends have played a cowardly, underhand game, Croisset. You have taken me from behind at every move, and now it's up to you to square yourself a little. Understand? You take me to Mélisse, or there'll be a clean-up that will put you and the whole bunch out of business. *Harm her!*" Again Howland laughed, leaning his white face toward Jean. "Come, which shall it be, Croisset?"

A cold glitter, like the snap of sparks from striking steels, shot from the Frenchman's eyes. The grayish pallor went from his face. His teeth gleamed in the enigmatic smile that had half undone Howland in the fight.

"You are mistaken in some things, *m's'eur*," he said quietly. "Until to-day I have fought for you, and not against you. But now you have left me but one choice. I will take you to Mélisse, and that means—"

"Good!" cried Howland.

"*Là, là, m's'eur*—not so good as you

think. It means that as surely as the dogs carry us there you will never come back. Your death is certain."

Howland turned briskly to the stove.

"Hungry, Jean?" he asked more companionably. "Let's not quarrel, man. You've had your fun, and now I'm going to have mine. Have you had breakfast?"

"I was anticipating that pleasure with you, *m's'eur*," replied Jean with grim humor.

"And then — after I had fed you — you were going to kill me, my dear Jean," laughed Howland, flopping a huge caribou steak on the naked top of the sheet-iron stove. "Real nice fellow, you are, eh?"

"You ought to be killed, *m's'eur*."

"So you've said before. When I see Mélisse I'm going to know the reason why, or—"

"Or what, *m's'eur*?"

"Kill you, Jean. I've just about made up my mind that you ought to be killed. If any one dies up where we're going, Croisset, it will be you first of all."

Jean remained silent. A few minutes later Howland brought the caribou steak, a dish of flour cakes, and a big pot of coffee to the table. Then he went behind Jean and untied his hands. When he sat down at his own side of the table he cocked his revolver and placed it beside his tin plate. Jean grimaced and shrugged his shoulders.

"It means business," said his captor warningly. "If at any time I think you deserve it, I will shoot you in your tracks, Croisset; so don't arouse my suspicions."

"I took your word of honor," said Jean sarcastically.

"And I will take yours to an extent," replied Howland, pouring the coffee. Suddenly he picked up the revolver. "You never saw me shoot, did you? See that cup over there?" He pointed to a small tin pack-cup hanging to a nail on the wall a dozen paces from them. Three times without missing he drove bullets through it, and smiled across at Croisset.

"I am going to give you the use of your arms and legs, except at night," he said.

"It is safe," grunted Jean. "I give you my word that I will be good, *m's'eur*."

The sun was up when Croisset led the

way outside. His dogs and sledge were a hundred yards from the building, and Howland's first move was to take possession of the Frenchman's rifle and eject the cartridges, while Jean tossed chunks of caribou flesh to the huskies. When they were ready to start, Jean turned slowly and half reached out a mittened hand to the engineer.

"*M's'eur*," he said softly, "I cannot help liking you, though I know that I should have killed you long ago. I tell you again that if you go into the north there is only one chance in a hundred that you will come back alive. Up where you wish to go the very trees will fall upon you and the carrion ravens pick out your eyes! And that chance—that one chance in a hundred, *m's'eur*—"

"I will take," interrupted Howland decisively.

"I was going to say, *m's'eur*," finished Jean quietly, "that unless accident has befallen those who left Wekusko yesterday that one chance is gone. If you go south, you are safe. If you go into the north, you are no better than a dead man."

"There will at least be a little fun at the finish," laughed the young engineer. "Come, Jean, hit up the dogs!"

"*Mon dieu*, I say you are a fool—and a brave man," said Croisset, and his whip twisted sinuously in mid air and cracked in sharp command over the yellow backs of the huskies.

XVII

BEHIND the sledge ran Howland, to the right of the team ran Jean. Once or twice, when Croisset glanced back, his eyes met those of the engineer. He cracked his whip and smiled, and Howland's teeth gleamed back coldly in reply. A mutual understanding flashed between them in these glances. In a sudden spurt Howland knew that the Frenchman could quickly put distance between them—but not a distance that his bullets could not cover in the space of a breath. He had made up his mind to fire, deliberately and with his greatest skill, if Croisset made the slightest movement toward escape. If he was compelled to kill or wound his companion, he could still go on alone with the dogs, for the trail of Mélisse and Jackpine would be as plain as their own,

which they were following back into the south.

For the second time since coming into the north he felt the blood leaping through his veins as on that first night in Prince Albert, when from the mountain he had heard the lone wolf, and when he had seen the beautiful face through the hotel window. He felt sure that his daring journey would be successful. His self-confidence flushed his face with joyous enthusiasm as he ran after the dogs. His evident cheerfulness astonished and puzzled Jean Croisset.

"*Mon dieu*, but you are a strange man!" exclaimed the Frenchman, when he brought the dogs down to a walk after a half-mile run. "Blessed saints, *m's'eur*, you are laughing—and I swear it is no laughing matter."

"Shouldn't a man be happy when he is going to his wedding, Jean?" puffed Howland, gasping to get back the breath he had lost.

"But not when he's going to his funeral, *m's'eur*."

"What sort of a heart have you got inside of your jacket, man? Up there where we're going is the sweetest little girl in the whole world. I love her. She loves me. Why shouldn't I be happy, now that I know I'm going to see her again very soon—and take her back into the south with me?"

"The devil!" grunted Jean.

"Perhaps you're jealous, Croisset," suggested Howland. "Great Scott, I hadn't thought of *that*!"

"I've got one of my own to love, *m's'eur*; and I wouldn't trade her for all else in the world."

"I'll be hanged if I can understand you," returned the engineer. "You appear to be half human; you say you're in love, and yet you'd rather risk your life than help out *Mélisse* and me. What does it mean?"

"That's what I'm doing, *m's'eur*—helping *Mélisse*. I would have done her a greater duty if I had killed you back there on the trail and stripped your body for those things that would be foul enough to eat it. I have told you a dozen times that it is God's justice that you should die. And you are going to die—very soon, *m's'eur*."

"No, I'm not going to die, Jean. I'm

going to see *Mélisse*, and she's going back into the south with me. If you're real good, you may have the pleasure of driving us back to the *Wekusko*, *Croisset*, and you can be my best man at the wedding. What do you say to that?"

"That you are mad—or a fool," retorted Jean, cracking his whip viciously.

The dogs swung sharply from the trail, heading from their southerly course into the northwest.

"We will save a day by doing this," explained Croisset at the other's sharp word of inquiry. "We can hit the other trail twenty miles west of here, while by following back to where they turned we should travel sixty miles to reach the same point. That one chance in a hundred which you have depends on this, *m's'eur*. If the other sledge has already passed—"

He shrugged his shoulders, and started the dogs into a trot.

"Look here," cried Howland, running beside him, "who is with this other sledge?"

"Those who tried to kill you on the trail and at the coyote, *m's'eur*," he answered quickly.

Howland fell half a dozen paces behind. By the end of the first hour he was compelled to rest himself frequently by taking to the sledge, and their progress was slower. Jean no longer made answer to his occasional questions. Doggedly he swung on ahead to the right and a little behind the team leader, and Howland could see that for some reason Croisset was as anxious as himself to make the best time possible.

His own impatience increased as the morning lengthened. Jean's assurance that the mysterious enemies who had twice attempted his life were only a short distance behind them, or a short distance ahead, set a new and desperate idea at work in his brain. He was confident that these men from the *Wekusko* were his chief menace, and that with them once out of the way, and with the Frenchman in his power, the fight which he was carrying into the enemy's country would be half won. There would then be no one to recognize him but *Mélisse*.

His heart leaped with joyous hope, and he leaned forward on the sledge to examine Croisset's empty gun. It was an

automatic, and Croisset, glancing back, caught him smiling over the loping backs of the huskies. He ran more frequently now, and longer distances, and with the passing of each mile his determination to strike a decisive blow increased. If they reached the trail of Mélisse and Jackpine before the passing of the second sledge, he would lay in wait for his old enemies; if they had preceded them, he would pursue and surprise them in camp. In either case he would possess an overwhelming advantage.

With the same calculating attention to detail that he would have shown in the arrangement of plans for the building of a tunnel or a bridge, he drew a mental map of his scheme and its possibilities. There would be at least two men with the sledge, and possibly three. If they surrendered at the point of his rifle without a fight, he would compel Jean to tie them up with dog-traces while he held them under cover. If they made a move to offer resistance, he would shoot. With the automatic he could kill or wound the three before they could reach their rifles, which would undoubtedly be on the sledge. The situation had now reached a point where he no longer took into consideration what these men might be to Mélisse.

As they continued into the northwest, Howland noted that the thicker forest was gradually clearing into wide areas of small Banksian pine, and that the rocky ridges and dense swamps which had impeded their progress were becoming less numerous. An hour before noon, after a tedious climb to the top of a frozen ridge, Croisset pointed down into a vast level plain lying between them and other great ridges far to the north.

"That is a bit of the Barren Lands that creeps down between those mountains off there, *m's'eur*," he said. "Do you see that black forest that looks like a charred log in the snow to the south and west of the mountains? That is the break that leads into the country of the Athabasca. Somewhere between this point and that we will strike the trail. I had half expected to see them out there on the plain."

"Who? Mélisse and Jackpine, or—"

"No, the others, *m's'eur*. Shall we have dinner here?"

"Not until we hit the trail," replied Howland. "I'm anxious to know about that one chance in a hundred you've given me hope of, Croisset. If they have passed—"

"If they are ahead of us, you might just as well stand out there and let me put a bullet through you, *m's'eur*."

He went to the head of the dogs, guiding them down the rough side of the ridge, while Howland steadied the toboggan from behind. For three-quarters of an hour they traversed the low bush of the plain in silence. From every rising snow hummock Jean scanned the white desolation about them, and each time, as nothing that was human came within his vision, he turned toward the engineer with a sinister shrug of his shoulders. Once three moving caribou, a mile or more away, brought a quick cry to his lips, and Howland noticed that a sudden flush of excitement came into his face, replaced in the next instant by a look of disappointment.

After this Howland maintained a more careful guard over the Frenchman. They had covered less than half of the distance to the caribou trail when in a small open space free of bush Croisset's voice rose sharply, and the team stopped.

"What do you think of it, *m's'eur*?" he cried, pointing to the snow. "What do you think of that?"

Barely cutting into the edge of the open was the broken crust of two sledge trails. For a moment Howland forgot his caution and bent over to examine the trails, with his back to his companion. When he looked up, there was a curious laughing gleam in Jean's eyes.

"*Mon dieu*, but you are careless!" he exclaimed. "Be more careful, *m's'eur*. I may give myself up to another temptation like that."

"I'm much obliged, Jean!" cried Howland, springing back quickly. "If it wasn't for the moral effect of the thing I'd shake hands with you on that. How far ahead of us do you suppose they are?"

Croisset had fallen on his knees in the trail.

"The crust is freshly broken," he said, after a moment. "They have been gone not less than two or three hours—perhaps since morning. See this white glistening

surface over the first trail, *m's'eur*, like a billion needle-points growing out of it? That is the work of three or four days' cold. The first sledge passed that long ago."

Howland turned and picked up Croisset's rifle. The Frenchman watched him as he slipped a clip full of cartridges into the breech.

"If there's a snack of cold stuff in the pack, dig it out," he commanded. "We'll eat on the run if you've got anything to eat. If you haven't, we'll go hungry. We're going to overtake that sledge some time this afternoon or to-night—or bust!"

"The saints be blessed, then we are most certain to bust, *m's'eur*," gasped Jean. "And if we don't, the dogs will. No, it is impossible!"

"Is there anything to eat?"

"A morsel of cold meat—that is all. But I say that it is impossible. That sledge—"

Howland interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"And I say that if there is anything to eat in there, get it out, and be quick about it, Croisset. We're going to overtake those precious friends of yours, and I warn you that if you make any attempt to lose time something unpleasant is going to happen. Understand?"

Jean had bent to unstrap one end of the sledge pack, and an angry flash leaped into his eyes at the threatening tone of the engineer's voice. For a moment he seemed on the point of speech; but he caught himself, and in silence divided the small chunk of meat which he drew from the pack, giving the larger share to Howland as he went to the head of the dogs. Only once or twice during the next hour did he look back, and after each of these glances he redoubled his efforts at urging on the huskies.

Before they had come to the edge of the black pine forest which Jean had pointed out from the farther side of the plain, Howland saw that the pace was telling on the team. The leader was trailing lame, and now and then the whole pack would settle back in their traces, to be urged on again by the fierce cracking of Croisset's long whip. To add to his own discomfiture, Howland found that he could no longer keep up with Jean and

the dogs, and with his weight added to the sledge the huskies settled down into a tugging walk.

Thus they came into the deep, low forest. Jean, apparently oblivious of the exhaustion of both man and dogs, walked in advance of the team, his eyes ceaselessly on the thin trail ahead. Howland could not fail to see that his unnecessary threat of a few hours before still rankled in the Frenchman's mind, and several times he made an effort to break the other's taciturnity. But Jean strode on in moody silence, answering only those questions which were put to him directly, and speaking not an unnecessary word.

At last the engineer jumped from the sledge and overtook his companion.

"Hold on, Jean," he cried. "I've got enough. You're right, and I want to apologize. We're busted—that is, the dogs and I are busted, and we might as well give it up until we've had a feed. What do you say?"

"I say that you have stopped just in time, *m's'eur*," replied Croisset with purring softness. "Another half-hour, and we would have been through the forest, and just beyond that, in the edge of the plain, are those whom you seek—Mélisse and her people. That is what I started to tell you back there when you shut me up. If it were not for Mélisse, I would let you go on; and then—what would happen then, *m's'eur*, if you made your visit to them in broad day? Listen!"

Jean lifted a warning hand. Faintly there came to them through the forest the distant baying of a hound.

"That is one of our dogs from the Mackenzie country," he went on softly, an insinuating triumph in his low voice. "Now, *m's'eur*, now that I have brought you here, tell me, what are you going to do? Shall we go on and take dinner with those who are going to kill you, or will you wait here a few hours? Eh, which shall it be?"

For a moment Howland stood motionless, stunned by the Frenchman's words. Quickly he recovered himself. His eyes burned with a metallic gleam as they met the half taunt in Croisset's cool smile.

"If I had not stopped you—we would have gone on?" he questioned tensely.

"To be sure, *m's'eur*," retorted Croisset, still smiling. "You warned me to

lose no time—that something would happen if I did.”

With a quick movement Howland drew his revolver and leveled it at the Frenchman's heart.

“Jean Croisset, I'm going to kill you!” he cried fiercely.

XVIII

In a single breath the face of Jean Croisset became no more than a mask of what it had been. The taunting smile left his lips, and a gray pallor spread over his face as he saw Howland's finger crooked firmly on the trigger of his revolver. In another instant there came the sound of a metallic snap.

“Confound it! An empty cartridge!” Howland exclaimed. “I forgot to load after those three shots at the cup. It's coming this time, Jean!”

Purposely he snapped the second empty cartridge.

“*M's'eur!*” gasped Jean.

From deep in the forest came again the baying of the Mackenzie hound. This time it was much nearer, and for a moment Howland's eyes left the Frenchman's terrified face as he turned his head to listen.

“They are coming!” exclaimed Croisset. “*M's'eur*, I swear that—”

Again Howland's pistol covered his heart.

“Then it is still more necessary that I kill you,” he said with frightful calmness. “I warned you that I would kill you if you led me into a trap, Croisset. The dogs are played out. There is no way out of this but to fight—if there are people coming down the trail. Listen to that!”

This time, from still nearer, came the shout of a man, and then of another, followed by the huskies' sharp yelping as they started afresh on the trail. The flush of excitement that had come into Howland's face paled until he stood as white as the Frenchman; but it was not the whiteness of fear. His eyes were like blue steel flashing in the sunlight.

“There is nothing to do but fight,” he repeated even more calmly than before. “If we were a mile or two back there, it could all happen as I planned it. But here—”

“They will hear the shots,” cried Jean.

“The post is no more than a gunshot beyond the forest, and there are plenty there who would come out to see what it means. Quick, *m's'eur*—follow me! Possibly they are hunters going out to the trap-lines. If it comes to the worst—”

“What then?” demanded Howland.

“You can shoot me a little later,” temporized the Frenchman, with a show of his old coolness. “I am afraid of that gun, *m's'eur*. I will get you out of this if I can. Will you give me the chance—or will you shoot?”

“I will shoot—if you fail,” replied the engineer.

Barely were the words out of his mouth when Croisset sprang to the head of the dogs, seized the leader by his neck-trace, and half dragged the team and sledge through the thick bush that edged the trail. A dozen paces farther on the dense scrub opened into the clearer run of the low-hanging Banksian pines, through which Jean started at a slow trot, with Howland a yard behind him, and the huskies following with human-like cleverness in the sinuous twistings of the trail that the half-breed Frenchman marked out for them.

They had progressed not more than three hundred yards when there came to them for a third time the hallooing of a voice. With a sharp “hup, hup,” and a low crack of his whip, Jean stopped the dogs.

“The saints be praised, but that is luck!” he exclaimed. “They have turned off into another trail to the east, *m's'eur*. If they had come on to that break in the bush where we dragged the sledge through—” He shrugged his shoulders with a gasp of relief. “*Sacré*, they would not be fools enough to pass it without wondering!”

Howland had broken the breech of his revolver, and was replacing the three empty cartridges with fresh ones.

“There will be no mistake next time,” he said, holding out the weapon. “You were as near your death a few moments ago as ever before in your life, Croisset! And now for a little plain understanding between us. Until we stopped out there, I had some faith in you. Now I have none. I regard you as my worst enemy, and though you are so near your friends

I tell you that you were never in a tighter box in your life. If I fail in my mission here, you shall die. If others come along that trail before dark, and run us down, I will kill you. Unless you make it possible for me to see and talk with Mélisse, I will kill you. Your life hangs on my success; with my failure your death is as certain as the coming of night. I am going to put a bullet through you at the slightest suspicion of treachery. Under the circumstances, what do you propose to do?"

"I am glad that you changed your mind, *m's'eur*, and I will not tempt you again. I will do the best that I can," said Croisset. Through a narrow break in the tops of the Banksian pines a few feathery flakes of snow were falling, and Jean lifted his eyes to the slit of gray sky above them. "Within an hour it will be snowing heavily," he affirmed. "If they do not run across our trail by that time, *m's'eur*, we shall be safe."

He led the way through the forest again, more slowly and with greater caution than before. Whenever he looked over his shoulder he caught the dull gleam of Howland's revolver as it pointed at the hollow of his back.

"*Diable*, but you make me uncomfortable!" he protested. "The hammer is up, too, *m's'eur*."

"Yes, it is up," said Howland grimly. "And it never leaves your back, Croisset. If the gun should go off accidentally it would bore a hole clean through you."

Half an hour later the Frenchman halted where the pine forest climbed the side of a sloping ridge.

"If you could trust me, I would ask to go on ahead," whispered Jean. "This ridge shuts in the plain, *m's'eur*, and just over the top of it is an old cabin which has been abandoned for many years. There is not one chance in a thousand of there being any one there, though it is a good fox ridge at this season. From it you may see the light in Mélisse's window at night."

He did not stop to watch the effect of his last words, but began picking his way up the ridge with the dogs tugging at his heels. At the top he swung sharply between two huge masses of snow-covered rock, and in the lee of the largest of these,

almost entirely sheltered from the drifts piled up by easterly winds, they came suddenly on a small log hut. About it there were no signs of life.

With unusual eagerness Jean scanned the surface of the snow, and when he saw that there was trail of neither man nor beast in the unbroken crust a look of relief came into his face.

"So far I have saved my hide," he grinned. "Now, *m's'eur*, look for yourself and see if Jean Croisset has not kept his word!"

A dozen steps had taken him through a screen of shrub to the opposite slope of the ridge. With outstretched arm he pointed down into the plain, and as Howland's eyes followed its direction he stood throbbing with sudden excitement. Less than a quarter of a mile away, sheltered in a dip of the plain, were three or four log buildings rising black and desolate out of the white waste. One of these buildings was a large structure similar to that in which Howland had been imprisoned.

As he looked, a team and sledge appeared from behind one of the cabins and halted close to the wall of the large building. The driver was plainly visible, and to Howland's astonishment he suddenly began to ascend the side of the wall. For the moment Howland had not thought of a stair.

Jean's attitude now drew his eyes. The Frenchman had thrust himself half out of the screening bushes, and was staring through the telescope of his hands. With an exclamation he turned quickly to the engineer.

"Look, *m's'eur*! Do you see that man climbing the stair? I don't mind telling you that he is the one who hit you over the head on the trail, and also one of those who shut you up in the coyote. Those are his quarters at the post, and possibly he is going up to see Mélisse. If you were much of a shot, you could settle a score or two from here, *m's'eur*."

The figure had stopped, evidently on a platform midway up the side of the building. He stood for a moment as if scanning the plain between him and the mountain, then disappeared. Howland had not spoken a word, but every nerve in his body tingled strangely.

(To be continued)

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XIV—THE EMPRESS CATHARINE AND PRINCE POTEMKIN

BY LYNDON ORR

IT has often been said that the greatest Frenchman who ever lived was in reality an Italian. It might with equal truth be asserted that the greatest Russian woman who ever lived was in reality a German. But the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Catharine II resemble each other in something else. Napoleon, though Italian in blood and lineage, made himself so French in sympathy and understanding as to be able to play upon the imagination of all France as a great musician plays upon a splendid instrument, with absolute sureness of touch and an ability to extract from it every one of its varied harmonies. So the Empress Catharine of Russia—perhaps the greatest woman who ever ruled a nation—though born of German parents, became Russian to the core and made herself the embodiment of Russian feeling and Russian aspiration.

At the middle of the eighteenth century, Russia was governed by the Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great. In her own time, and for a long while afterward, her real capacity was obscured by her apparent indolence, her fondness for display, and her seeming vacillation; but now a very high place is accorded her in the history of Russian rulers. She softened the brutality that had reigned supreme in Russia. She

patronized the arts. Her armies twice defeated Frederick the Great and raided his capital, Berlin. Had Elizabeth lived, she would probably have crushed him.

In her early years this imperial woman had been betrothed to Louis XV of France, but the match was broken off. Subsequently she entered into a morganatic marriage, and bore a son who, of course, could not be her heir. In 1742, therefore, she looked about for a suitable successor, and chose her nephew, Prince Peter of Holstein-Gottorp.

Peter, then a mere youth of seventeen, was delighted with so splendid a future, and came at once to St. Petersburg. The empress next sought for a girl who might marry the young prince and thus become the future Czarina. She thought first of Frederick the Great's sister; but Frederick shrank from this alliance, though it would have been of much advantage to him. He loved his sister—indeed, she was one of the few persons for whom he ever really cared. So he declined the offer and suggested instead the young Princess Sophia of the tiny duchy of Anhalt-Zerbst.

A SEMIBARBAROUS COURT

The reason for Frederick's refusal was his knowledge of the semibarbarous conditions that prevailed at the Russian

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January, 1909); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December); and "The Story of the Hugos" (January, 1910).

court. He was unwilling to have his sister undergo an experience which he well knew would be a shocking one; and his decision was creditable both to his intelligence and to his heart. Russia was, in fact, a wild and savage land, into which a knowledge of western civilization was only just beginning to penetrate. Its nobles were for the most part little better than wild boars, living on their vast estates and giving full play to every form of vice and cruelty, since each was the lord of countless serfs whose lives were in their masters' hands. Such government as existed, even in the capital, was an oriental sort of régime, maintained by knouting and by torture.

The new capital itself, where the empress held her court, and which had been erected and named in honor of Peter the Great, was far from being a city such as western countries knew. Its population was less than seventy-five thousand souls. It was squalid and raw, a fantastic contrast of palaces and hovels. Rambaud has strikingly described it as "a sort of forest of ill fame." Trees grew in the very streets, while stumps, still charred and hacked, showed how recently it had been a wood. At night, and in the winter, bears prowled through the highways.

In this strange capital, amid the huts and tents, there had been built the splendid Winter Palace, and, oddly enough, a palace for the Academy of Sciences; while already work had been begun upon the Tzarskoi Selo, that abode of luxury which was to rival Versailles.

St. Petersburg had few industries—perhaps a hundred shops and small abodes for artisans. Nevertheless, within the Winter Palace the empress lived in a state of extraordinary magnificence. From France and Germany, as well as from the East, swift couriers brought her everything that could gratify the imperial wishes. She caused a theater to be built, and imported foreign companies of actors and singers; yet the Russian taste was still so barbarous and untrained that no spectators entered the playhouse except when the servants of the empress went out into the street with clubs, and compelled reluctant wayfarers to attend the operas and comedies under penalty of being beaten into pulp.

The Russian capital, then, was a bi-

zarre, half-civilized, half-oriental place, where, among the very highest-born, a thin veneer of French elegance covered every form of brutality and savagery and lust. It is not surprising, therefore, that Frederick the Great was unwilling to have his sister plunge into such a life.

THE SEVERE TRAINING OF AN EMPRESS

But when the Empress Elizabeth asked the Princess Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst to marry the heir to the Russian throne, the young girl willingly accepted, the more so as her mother practically commanded it. This mother of hers was a grim, harsh German woman, who had reared her daughter in the strictest fashion, depriving her of all pleasure with a truly puritanical severity. In the case of a different sort of girl, this training would have crushed her spirit; but the Princess Sophia, though gentle and refined in manner, had a power of endurance which was toughened and strengthened by the discipline she underwent.

And so, in 1744, when she was but sixteen years of age, she was taken by her mother to St. Petersburg. There she renounced the Lutheran faith and was received into the Greek Church, changing her name to Catharine. Soon after, with great magnificence, she was married to Prince Peter, and from that moment began a career which was to make her the most powerful woman in the world.

At this time a lady of the Russian court wrote down a description of Catharine's appearance. She was fair-haired, with dark-blue eyes; and her face, though never beautiful, was made piquant and striking by the fact that her brows were very dark in contrast with her golden hair. Her complexion was not clear, yet her look was a very pleasing one. She had a certain diffidence of manner, at first; but later she bore herself with such instinctive dignity as to make her seem majestic, though in fact she was beneath the middle size. At the time of her marriage, her figure was slight and graceful; only in after years did she become stout. She had beautiful hands and arms. Altogether, she came to St. Petersburg an attractive, pure-minded German maiden, with a character well disciplined, and possessing reserves of power which had not yet been drawn upon.

Frederick the Great's forebodings, which had led him to withhold his sister's hand, were almost immediately justified in the case of Catharine. Her Russian husband revealed to her a mode of life which must have tried her very soul. This youth was only seventeen—a mere boy in age, and yet a full-grown man in the rank luxuriance of his vices. Moreover, he had eccentricities which sometimes verged upon insanity. Too young to be admitted to the councils of his imperial aunt, he occupied his time in ways that were either ridiculous or vile.

Next to the sleeping-room of his wife he kept a set of kennels, with a number of dogs, which he spent hours in drilling as if they had been soldiers. He had a troop of rats, which he also drilled. It was his delight to summon a court martial of his dogs, to try the rats for various military offenses, and then to have the culprits executed, leaving their bleeding carcasses upon the floor. At any hour of the day or night, Catharine, hidden in her chamber, could hear the yapping of the curs, the squeak of rats, and the word of command given by her half-idiot husband.

When wearied of this diversion, Peter would summon a troop of favorites, both men and women, and with them he would drink deep of beer and *vodka*, since from his early childhood he had been both a drunkard and a debauchee. The whoops and howls and vile songs of his creatures could be heard by Catharine; and sometimes he would stagger into her rooms, accompanied by his drunken minions. With a sort of psychopathic perversity, he would insist on giving Catharine the most minute and repulsive narratives of his amours, until she shrank from him with horror at his depravity, and came to loathe the sight of his bloated face, with its little, twinkling, porcine eyes, his upturned nose and distended nostrils, and his loose-hung, lascivious mouth. She was scarcely less repelled when a wholly different mood would seize upon him, and he would declare himself her slave, attending her at court functions in the garb of a servant, and professing an unbounded devotion for his bride.

Catharine's early training and her womanly nature led her for a long time to submit to the caprices of her husband.

In his saner moments she would plead with him, and strive to interest him in something better than his dogs and rats and venal mistresses; but Peter was incorrigible. Though he had moments of sense and even of good feeling, these never lasted, and after them he would plunge headlong into the most frantic excesses that his half-crazed imagination could devise.

It is not strange that, in course of time, Catharine's strong good sense showed her that she could do nothing with this creature. She therefore gradually became estranged from him and set herself to the task of doing those things which Peter was incapable of carrying out.

SHE BECOMES A TRUE RUSSIAN

She saw that ever since the first awakening of Russia under Peter the Great, none of its rulers had been genuinely Russian, but had tried to force upon the Russian people various forms of western civilization which were alien to the national spirit. Peter the Great had striven to make his people Dutch. Elizabeth had tried to make them French. Catharine, with a sure instinct, resolved that they should remain Russian, borrowing what they needed from other peoples, but stirred always by the Slavic spirit and swayed by a patriotism that was their own. To this end, she set herself to become Russian. She acquired the Russian language patiently and accurately. She adopted the Russian costume, appearing, except on state occasions, in a simple gown of green, covering her fair hair, however, with a cap powdered with diamonds. Furthermore, she made friends of such native Russians as were gifted with talent, winning their favor, and, through them, the favor of the common people.

It would have been strange, however, had Catharine, the woman, escaped the tainting influences that surrounded her on every side. The infidelities of Peter gradually made her feel that she owed him nothing as his wife. Among the nobles there were men whose force of character and of mind attracted her inevitably. Chastity was a thing of which the average Russian had no conception; and therefore it is not strange that Catharine, with her intense and sensitive nature, should have turned to some of these

for the love which she had sought in vain from the half imbecile to whom she had been married.

Much has been written of this side of her earlier and later life; yet though it is impossible to deny that she had favorites, one should judge very gently the conduct of a girl so young, and thrust into a life whence all the virtues seemed to be excluded. She bore several children before her thirtieth year, and it is very certain that a grave doubt exists as to their paternity. Among the nobles of the court were two whose courage and virility specially attracted her. The one with whom her name has been most often coupled was Gregory Orloff. He and his brother, Alexis Orloff, were Russians of the older type—powerful in frame, suave in manner except when roused, yet with a tigerish ferocity slumbering underneath. Their power fascinated Catharine, and it was currently declared that Gregory Orloff was her lover.

PETER ASCENDS THE THRONE

When she was in her thirty-second year her husband was proclaimed Czar, after the death of the Empress Elizabeth. At first, in some ways his elevation seemed to sober him; but this period of sanity, like those which had come to him before, lasted only a few weeks. Historians have given him much credit for two great reforms that are connected with his name; and yet the manner in which they were actually brought about is rather ludicrous. He had shut himself up with his favorite revelers, and had remained for several days, drinking and carousing, until he scarcely knew enough to speak. At this moment a young officer named Gudovitch, who was really loyal to the newly created Czar, burst into the banquet-hall, booted and spurred, and his eyes aflame with indignation. Standing before Peter, his voice rang out with the tone of a battle trumpet, so that the sounds of revelry were hushed.

"Peter Feodorovitch," he cried, "do you prefer these swine to those who really wish to serve you? Is it in this way that you imitate the glories of your ancestor, that illustrious Peter whom you have sworn to take as your model? It will not be long before your people's love will be changed to hatred. Rise up, my Czar!

Shake off this lethargy and sloth. Prove that you are worthy of the faith which I and others have given you so loyally!"

With these words, Gudovitch thrust into Peter's trembling hand two proclamations, one abolishing the secret bureau of police, which had become an instrument of tyrannous oppression, and the other restoring to the nobility many rights of which they had been deprived.

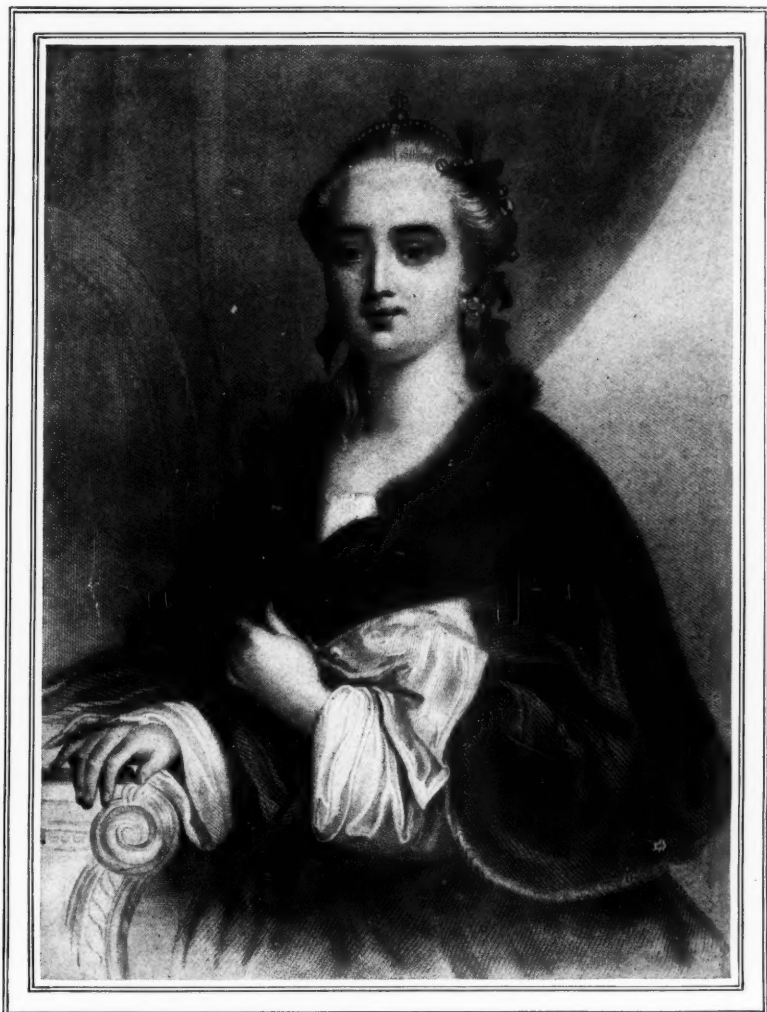
The earnestness and intensity of Gudovitch temporarily cleared the brain of the drunken Czar. He seized the papers, and, without reading them, hastened at once to his great council, where he declared that they expressed his wishes. Great was the rejoicing in St. Petersburg, and great was the praise bestowed on Peter; yet, in fact, he had acted only as any drunkard might act under the compulsion of a stronger will than his.

As before, his brief period of good sense was succeeded by another of the wildest folly. It was not merely that he reversed the wise policy of his aunt, but that he reverted to his early fondness for everything that was German. His bodyguard was made up of German troops—thus exciting the jealousy of the Russian soldiers. He introduced German fashions. He boasted that his father had been an officer in the Prussian army. His crazy admiration for Frederick the Great reached the utmost verge of sycophancy.

As to Catharine, he turned on her with something like ferocity. He declared in public that his eldest son, the Czarevitch Paul, was really fathered by Catharine's lovers. At a state banquet, he turned to Catharine and hurled at her a name which no woman could possibly forgive—and least of all a woman such as Catharine, with her high spirit and imperial pride. He thrust his mistresses upon her; and at last he ordered her, with her own hand, to decorate the Countess Vorontzoff, who was known to be his *maîtresse en titre*.

THE TRAGIC END OF THE CZAR PETER

It was not these gross insults, however, so much as a concern for her personal safety that led Catharine to take measures for her own defense. She was accustomed to Peter's ordinary eccentricities. On the ground of his unfaithfulness to her, she now had hardly any right to make complaint. But she might rea-



PRINCESS SOPHIA OF ANHALT-ZERBST, WHO TOOK THE NAME OF CATHARINE
UPON HER MARRIAGE, IN 1745, TO PRINCE PETER, OF RUSSIA

From the portrait by G. Staal

sonably fear lest he was becoming mad. If he questioned the paternity of their eldest son, he might take measures to imprison Catharine, or even to destroy her. Therefore she conferred with the Orloffs and other gentlemen, and their conference rapidly developed into a conspiracy.

The soldiery, as a whole, was loyal to the empress. It hated Peter's Holstein guards. What she planned was probably the deposition of Peter. She would have liked to place him under guard in some distant palace. But while the matter was

still under discussion, she was awakened early one morning by Alexis Orloff. He grasped her arm with scant ceremony.

"We must act at once," said he. "We have been betrayed!"

Catharine was not a woman to waste time. She went immediately to the barracks in St. Petersburg, mounted upon a charger, and, calling out the Russian guards, appealed to them for their support. To a man they clashed their weapons and roared forth a thunderous cheer. Immediately afterward, the priests

anointed her as regent in the name of her son; but as she left the church, she was saluted by the people, as well as by the soldiers, as empress in her own right.

It was a bold stroke, and it succeeded down to the last detail. The wretched Peter, who was drilling his German guards at a distance from the capital, heard of the revolt, found that his sailors at Kronstadt would not acknowledge him, and then finally submitted. He was taken to Ropsha and confined within a single room. To him came the Orloffs, quite of their own accord. Gregory Orloff endeavored to force a corrosive poison into Peter's mouth. Peter, who was powerful of build and now quite desperate, hurled himself upon his enemies. Alexis Orloff seized him by the throat with a tremendous clutch, and strangled him till the blood gushed from his ears. In a few moments the unfortunate man was dead.

Catharine was shocked by the intelligence, but she had no choice save to accept the result of excessive zeal. She issued a note to the foreign ambassadors, informing them that Peter had died of a violent colic. When his body was laid out for burial, the extravasated blood is said to have oozed out even through his hands, staining the gloves that had been placed upon them. No one believed the story of the colic; and, some six years later, Alexis Orloff told the truth with the utmost composure. The whole incident was characteristically Russian.

It is not within the limits of this paper to describe the reign of Catharine the Great—the exploits of her armies, the acuteness of her statecraft, the vast additions which she made to the Russian Empire, and the impulse which she gave to science and art and literature. Yet these things ought to be remembered first of all when one thinks of the woman whom Voltaire once styled "the Semiramis of the North." Because she was so powerful, because no one could gainsay her, she led in private a life which has been almost more exploited than her great imperial achievements. And yet, though she had lovers whose names have been carefully recorded, even she fulfilled the law of womanhood—which is to love deeply and intensely only once.

One should not place all her lovers in the same category. As a girl, and when

repelled by the imbecility of Peter, she gave herself to Gregory Orloff. She admired his strength, his daring, and his unscrupulousness. But to a woman of her fine intelligence he came to seem almost more brute than man. She could not turn to him for any of those delicate attentions which a woman loves so much, nor for that larger sympathy which wins the heart as well as captivates the senses. A writer of the time has said that Orloff would hasten with equal readiness from the arms of Catharine to the embraces of any flat-nosed Finn, or filthy Calmuck, or to the lowest creature whom he might encounter in the streets.

CATHARINE AND GREGORY POTESKIN

It happened that at the time of Catharine's appeal to the imperial guards, there came to her notice another man, who—as he proved in a trifling and yet most significant manner—had those traits which Orloff lacked. Catharine had mounted, man fashion, a cavalry horse, and, with a helmet on her head, had reined up her steed before the barracks. At that moment one of the minor nobles, who was also favorable to her, observed that her helmet had no plume. In a moment his horse was at her side. Bowing low over his saddle, he took his own plume from his helmet and fastened it to hers. This man was Prince Gregory Potemkin, and this slight act gives a clue to the influence which he afterward exercised over his imperial mistress.

When Catharine grew weary of the Orloffs, and when she had enriched them with lands and treasures, she turned to Potemkin; and from then until the day of his death he was more to her than any other man had ever been. With others she might flirt, and might go even further than flirtation; but she allowed no other favorite to share her confidence, to give advice, or to direct her policies.

To other men she made munificent gifts, either because they pleased her for the moment, or because they served her on one occasion or another; but to Potemkin she opened wide the whole treasury of her vast realm. There was no limit to what she would do for him. When he first knew her, he was a man of very moderate fortune. Within two years after their intimate acquaintance had be-

gun, she had given him nine million rubles, while afterward he accepted almost limitless estates in Poland and in every province of Greater Russia.

He was a man of sumptuous tastes, and

rian Palace, and there he gave the most sumptuous entertainments, reversing the story of Antony and Cleopatra.

In a superb library there stood one case containing volumes bound with unusual



PETER III, CZAR OF RUSSIA, WHO WAS DETHRONED IN JULY, 1762, BY A REVOLUTION HEADED BY HIS WIFE, THE EMPRESS CATHARINE

Drawn by M. Stein after an old print

yet he cared but little for mere wealth. What he had he used to please or gratify or surprise the woman whom he loved. He built himself a great palace in St. Petersburg, usually known as the Tau-

richness. When the empress, attracted by the bindings, drew forth a book, she found to her surprise that its pages were English bank-notes. The pages of another proved to be Dutch bank-notes, and

of another, notes on the Bank of Venice. Of the remaining volumes, some were of solid gold, while others had pages of fine leather, in which were set emeralds and rubies and diamonds and other gems. The story reads like a bit of fiction from the "Arabian Nights." Yet, after all,

to view her new possessions. A great fleet of magnificently decorated galleys bore her down the river Dnieper. The country through which she passed had been, a year before, an unoccupied waste. Now, by Potemkin's extraordinary efforts, the empress found it dotted thick with towns



FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE GREGORY POTEKIN, PRINCE OF TAURIDA, AND
GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE EMPRESS CATHARINE

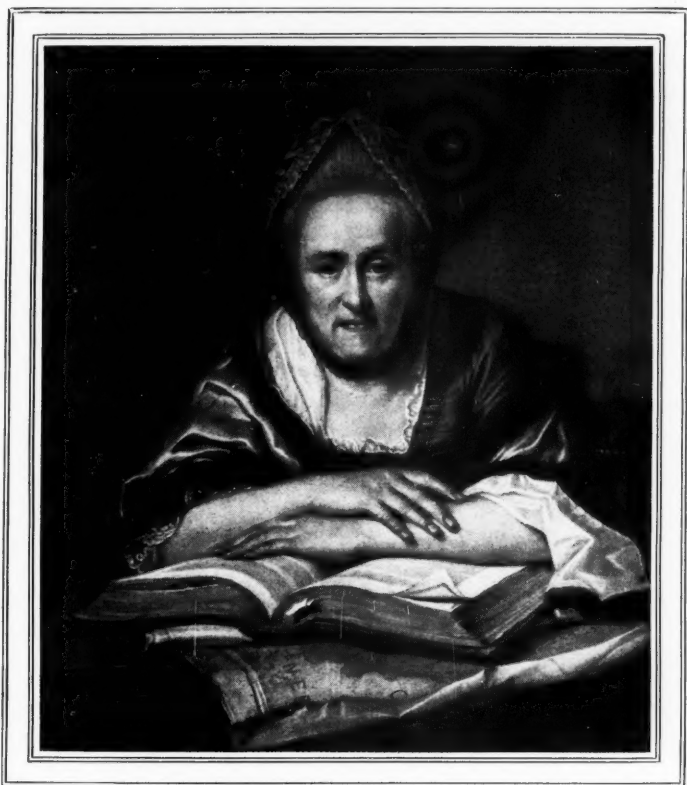
Drawn by M. Stein, after a medallion by Leberecht

this was only a small affair compared with other undertakings with which Potemkin sought to please her.

HOW POTEKIN RULED THE EMPRESS

Thus, after Taurida and the Crimea had been added to the empire by Potemkin's agency, Catharine set out with him

and cities which had been erected for the occasion, filled with a busy population which swarmed along the riverside to greet the sovereign with applause. It was only a chain of phantom towns and cities, made of painted wood and canvas; but while Catharine was there they were very real, seeming to have solid buildings,



THE EMPRESS CATHARINE THE GREAT OF RUSSIA, ONE OF THE
MOST REMARKABLE WOMEN AND ONE OF THE MOST
SUCCESSFUL RULERS OF MODERN TIMES

From the portrait by Van Wijk

magnificent arches, bustling industries, and beautiful stretches of fertile country. No human being ever wrought on so great a scale so marvelous a miracle of stage-management.

Potemkin was, in fact, the one man who could appeal with unfailing success to so versatile and powerful a spirit as Catharine's. He was handsome of person, graceful of manner, and with an intellect which matched her own. He never tried to force her inclination, and, on the other hand, he never strove to thwart it. To him, as to no other man, she could turn at any moment and feel that no matter what her mood, he could understand her fully. And this, according to Balzac, is the thing that woman yearns for most—a kindred spirit that can understand, without the slightest need of explanation.

Thus it was that Gregory Potemkin

held a place in the soul of this great woman such as no one else attained. He might be absent, heading armies or ruling provinces, and on his return he would be greeted with even greater fondness than before. And it was this, rather than his victories over Turks and other oriental enemies, that made Catharine trust him absolutely.

When he died, he died as the supreme master of her foreign policy, and at a time when her word was powerful throughout all Europe. Death came upon him after he had fought against it with singular tenacity of purpose. Catharine had given him a magnificent triumph, and he had entertained her in his Taurian Palace with a splendor such as even Russia had never known before. Then he fell ill, though with high spirit he would not yield to illness. He ate rich

meats and drank rich wines and bore himself as gallantly as ever. Yet all at once death came upon him while he was traveling in the south of Russia. His carriage was stopped, a rug was spread

her. But this one man lived in her heart in death as he had done in life.

Many have written of Catharine as a great ruler, a wise diplomat, a creature of heroic mold. Others have depicted her



PRINCE ALEXIS ORLOFF, THE RUSSIAN NOBLE WHO WITH HIS OWN HANDS
STRANGLED THE CZAR PETER III

Drawn by M. Stein after a medallion by Gass

beneath a tree by the roadside, and there he died, in the country which he had added to the realms of Russia.

The great empress who loved him mourned him deeply during the five years of life that still remained to her. The names of other men for whom she had imagined that she cared were nothing to

as a royal wanton, and have gathered together a mass of vicious tales, the gossip of the palace kitchens, of the clubs, and of the barrack-rooms. But perhaps one finds the chief interest of her story to lie in this—that besides being empress and diplomat, and a lover of pleasure, she was, beyond all else, at heart a woman.

GEORGE H. EARLE, JR., DOCTOR TO AILING CORPORATIONS

THE REMARKABLE RECORD OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER
WHO HAS WON FAME AS A FINANCIAL DIPLOMAT

BY JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

"Strenuous efforts are already being made to escape liability by debtors of the company, as well as to force liability upon the company; but I am determined, so far as in me lies, to thwart any such shabby attempts. A taste for blood, once acquired, is not easily assuaged, and dishonesty did not die with Hipple. I hope you understand that should I follow my own selfish interests, I would litigate and liquidate, take no personal risks, and safely collect the compensation, which would be large; but I hope you all know that in that case I should be a worse enemy of you all than Hipple. Upon this corner must be reared one of the great financial institutions of the future. It may come soon or late, but it must come. The sole question for you to decide is whether that institution shall be yours, or that of others, who are earnestly seeking it, and that question you must now answer."—*Receiver George H. Earle, Jr., to the creditors and stockholders of the wrecked Philadelphia Real Estate Trust Company.*

TO best a heavy-weight octopus in good condition is a first-class performance, and the man who demonstrates his ability to do it can hardly keep from being dragged into the spot-light.

George H. Earle, Jr., was scarcely known, in a popular sense, outside the peaceful precincts of Philadelphia, until a few months ago, when the Sugar Trust struck its colors to him in the middle of a savage lawsuit. Earle is a fast fighter. He made terms on the spot, without stopping to get his breath or letting the other fellows get theirs. The precise details of the settlement cannot be stated here, as they are still before

the court at the time of writing; but the best-informed estimate of the Philadelphia newspapers was that the trust would have to pay over to Earle, as receiver of the Real Estate Trust Company, a total sum, in cash and securities, of about ten million dollars.

While people all over the United States were still asking who this fellow Earle was, the government's lawyers, armed with transcripts of the evidence, submitted to a Federal grand jury his charges of wrong-doing against the sugar crowd, and secured eight indictments.

EARLE A "BUSINESS DOCTOR"

In the bright lexicon of everybody's past performance, which in newspaper offices is known as the "morgue," there is some record of most folks, living as well as dead, but George H. Earle, Jr., was not there. The only place where his biography could be had was in Philadelphia, where any man you meet in the street can tell you that Earle is a great "business doctor." Like many other big financial men, he has come stealthily to fame. The achievements of Thomas F. Ryan and the late E. H. Harriman in the money world did not astonish well-informed people as much as did their ability to hide their light for so many years under a stock-market bushel. It is much the same with Earle, save that he never nursed an ambition to be a money king, never started companies, nor bothered with consolidations. He has been busy rebuilding and bolstering up concerns that were down and out.

When he came out of Harvard, in the same class with Theodore Roosevelt, he studied law, and hung up his shingle in Philadelphia. He liked law, and had to do something, but a more cogent reason was that for generations there had

would be a head-liner in the financial news.

His name has never been conjured with in Wall Street, nor has it ever bobbed up from the mists of great railroad combinations. He has stuck to his



GEORGE H. EARLE, JR., AT HIS DESK IN HIS OFFICE IN PHILADELPHIA

always been an Earle at the Philadelphia bar. He was too good an Earle and too typical a Philadelphian to break the sequence. He had a good deal of pedigree—which is one of his hobbies—and, it is now evident, a good deal of brains; but he had no great amount of money at command, and it would have been a seer who could then have foretold that he

native heath, and continued to do business at the old stand in his own peculiar way—and it is a peculiar way. To-day Philadelphia has come with ample reason to recognize him as its foremost financial surgeon, business osteopath, and healer of sick corporations. He has become an institution. No big company in Philadelphia can fall ill, tangle up

its affairs, be mismanaged or robbed, totter, tumble, and go to pieces, but a hurry call is sent for George Earle to come over and patch up the fragments.

His practise of this sort of monetary medicine has grown until it has swamped him, and he says he is getting sick of it. Law he forsook long ago, save as a useful medicament to be employed in the cure of invalid companies, and as a study for the little indoor leisure that business leaves him. He is passionately fond of it, nevertheless, and his houses and offices are all more or less littered with legal tomes. He ranks as one of the three or four best lawyers in Philadelphia, and has made some highly prized contributions to juridical literature, but he never opens his mouth in the court-room when he can get anybody else to do the talking.

This is one of his many contradictions. Given a listener, and he will talk till his train has gone. His physical courage has been tested under very trying circumstances; but put him before an audience, and he has stage fright. He says himself that to save his life he can't keep his knees from knocking together.

HOW EARLE BEGAN HIS CAREER

Earle began his doctoring experiments on himself a long time ago. He had scarcely entered Harvard when he had to leave college, broken down and with the worst of physical prospects. He went away up into the North Woods, and lived out-of-doors until he was tough as an Indian.

But the doctoring habit was fixed on him. When he got to studying law, he began to cast about for a corporate patient to work a cure on, and found one near home.

In Philadelphia there was the Pennsylvania Warehousing and Safe Deposit Company, in which members of his family owned a considerable amount of stock. They had bought it for about fifty dollars a share, and when it hung for several years around five, and no vulgar reference was ever made to a dividend, Earle told the directors that investment was business, and that they had better make him president as a preliminary step toward showing some profits.

They did it, though they couldn't have told why. For a year he cut a dozen different kinds of dead-wood out of the concern; then he got money together in one way and another, and bought a lot of dock property. People said he was a visionary, if not absolutely crazy, but, a little later, when the great railroads were scrambling for water terminals, it was his turn. The Pennsylvania Warehousing Company sold some of its land at a price which put it permanently on its feet and raised its stock very close to par, and Earle is president yet.

That was his bow in finance. Now he is fifty-three, tall, angular, a little stoop-shouldered, brawny, heavy of frame and feature. He sits humped over a little table in a gloomy little room in the big building in Broad Street which he saved for the Real Estate Trust Company. There are no frills about him. Anybody can go inside to see him. No lackeys frown outside the door. In the hot weather he peels down to suspenders, and his democracy pervades the whole establishment. If it were not for the marble and mahogany, a visitor might easily forget for how many millions this large, easy-going man speaks.

EARLE'S FINANCIAL PATIENTS

One after another, he took hold of the Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company, the Finance Company of Philadelphia, the Tradesmen's Bank, and the Market Street National—all of which are to-day flourishing institutions. He also had a hand in the straightening out of the Reading Railroad after the failure of 1893. He was prominent as a member of the Olcott-Earle committee, which reorganized that great railroad property and gave it the basis for its present wonderful prosperity.

By this time financial Philadelphia had begun to realize that it had a magician on its hands. He had reached the point where he couldn't stop. A long time afterward he said as much, in the words quoted at the head of this article.

When the Chestnut Street National Bank and the Chestnut Street Trust Company went to the wall, Richard Y. Cook was asked to act as assignee of the

trust company. Mr. Cook stipulated that Earle should act with him, and the appointment was made. Their first decision was that no result could be secured unless there was harmony between the assignees of the trust company and the receiver of the bank. Charles G. Dawes, now president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, was then comptroller of the currency. He was advised of the situation; and meanwhile certain politicians asked for the appointment of a political favorite. Mr. Dawes came from Washington to Philadelphia one afternoon, saw Cook and Earle, and thirty minutes later appointed Earle receiver of the bank.

The case was one that would have taxed the ingenuity of a wizard. Both the allied Chestnut Street institutions were full of the paper of the Philadelphia *Record*. The comptroller could not allow the receivers to protect these loans with the cash assets that were left, so Earle and Cook, after securing the paper's equity with their own money, got control of it, ran it successfully for four years, sold it at a thumping profit, and, instead of pocketing the money, paid the bank's creditors a hundred cents on the dollar, with back interest, and nearly as much to the creditors of the trust company.

Out of all his business accomplishments, Mr. Earle says he holds his part in the rehabilitation of the *Record* and the restoration of the Chestnut Street banks to be the most creditable. He thinks so, he adds, because at that time public sentiment was generally against him; but other men agree that the salvage of the Real Estate Trust Company was a bigger thing.

THE SEGAL-HIPPLE IMBROGLIO

That was a mess, if there ever was one. People had called the company the Gibraltar of Philadelphia banks, and Frank Hipple, its president, was thought to be as straight as Broad Street. In 1906, when he went to his bath-room and shot himself, it became known that he was only the hypocritical tool of Adolph Segal, who, Earle frankly wrote to President Roosevelt, "was a fool." Segal had built three sugar-refineries and sold them at a profit to the trust. He thought he could keep it up forever,

but when he built a fourth he framed his own downfall, signed Hipple's death-warrant, and put the bad-luck sign on the big bank-building at Broad and Chestnut.

In brushing Segal from its path, Earle discovered, the trust had enmeshed Hipple, who had looted the bank in hope of saving Segal's skin and his own. The building, and a vacant safe therein, were all that the receiver had to work with when he set out to tow into harbor a scuttled, dismantled, and dangerous derelict.

From the beginning of his singular career, Earle's plans of reorganization have been novel in that they were not framed for his own profit, and unique in that plain men could understand them. To the gentle art of professional receivership his method has been a sad blow. Instead of winking at the destruction of values, lining his own pockets, and leaving the bones of an institution for the financial beachcomber, his custom has been to conserve everything of worth—and he could see values where other men could spy nothing but a fee and a lawsuit.

Staid, conservative old figureheads in the finance of Quakerdom complained that the heart-to-heart letters which he wrote to people concerned in the affairs of the Real Estate Trust Company were garrulous, undignified, and unbusiness-like, because they departed from the buckram manner of the counting-house. But Earle, colonial as he is in many things, has a deep vein of modern sagacity and a shrewd understanding of the potency of printer's ink. His experience with the *Record* taught him how to use a newspaper, and no reporter, seeking something to print, ever went away from his office entirely empty-handed.

What he wanted in these crises was not the approval of bank-presidents for his literary style; for the clearing-house had turned its back on his broken trust company and abandoned it to its fate. He needed the confidence of the public at large. It was the masses to whom he was appealing, because the good-will of the company—"which," he said to the directors, "some advise you to destroy"—he calculated to be worth two million

dollars in cold cash; and two millions was a good thing to hang on to when the vaults were empty, the securities rehypothecated, the proceeds squandered, and the bank's credit marked with a minus sign.

HOW EARLE SAVED THE TRUST COMPANY

What with his letters and his utilization of the newspapers, the public became enthusiastic, and offered a one-per-cent premium for the new issue of preferred stock, even before a plan of reorganization had been made known. Twenty millions of the stock could have been sold as well as four, if Earle had offered it.

"With men above a certain caliber," he told the directors and stockholders, "more can be done by an appeal to duty and honor than by threats and coercion." He made honor and good repute the keynote of the whole transaction, and then asked for two and a half millions of dollars.

"What do you want to do with it?" they inquired.

"Just what I please," was his answer; "and you must understand that if I misuse it, you can't recover."

Recognizing the genuine accent of the forefathers, they handed him the money, though it pinched some of them sorely. With this in hand, Earle was in position to offer the depositors, who at one time would have welcomed fifty cents on the dollar, one-third of their deposits in cash, and two-thirds in cumulative preferred stock. The individual consents of six thousand widely scattered creditors were secured, and in sixty days the doors were reopened for business, with the company's potential strength greater than ever. On the first day new deposits to the amount of nearly a million dollars were taken in, and financial Philadelphia smiled again.

If the good-will was worth two millions, as it turned out to be, Earle's brains and courage were worth several millions more. The two and a half millions which the directors had put up to save their reputation and that of Philadelphia banking, turned out to be the best investment they had ever known. To-day they are held up as models to the young.

At the end of the sixty days, Earle went into court to ask for his discharge as receiver. It had been a record job, but the most astonishing part was to come. Legally he was entitled to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his services. He told the judge he wanted no fee.

"But," said his friends, "this isn't going to be the last failure on earth. Think what such a precedent means to receivers in the future!"

"Oh, in that case," he replied, "you can fix it at fifty thousand dollars, but no more."

So his remuneration was fixed at that, but to this day he has not drawn out the money. Of course, they made him president of the company, and he has wrought monumental prosperity for it, but his salary is only ten thousand a year. Still, many presidencies count up, and in the "Directory of Directors" Earle stands as president and director of five of the companies which he has rescued or re-created out of débris. He is also director of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit, of Union Traction, and of the Market Street Elevated Passenger Railway.

When somebody told him that his reorganization of the Real Estate Trust was his greatest feat, he replied:

"Perhaps so, but I hope it will be my last. I'm tired of it."

EARLE'S LATEST UNDERTAKINGS

But it seems that he simply cannot stop. It was no time at all, after that, before he had taken charge of the Interstate Railways—the electric lines running from Wilmington, Delaware, north into Pennsylvania and New Jersey—which had gotten into a sorry financial tangle.

Persistency is ingrowing with him. He looks easy, but is as stubborn as a mule, even in small things. In his automobile, one day, he set out to show a guest William Penn's farm of Stoke Pogis, and missed the way.

"It isn't absolutely necessary that you should see Stoke Pogis," he said, "but it is necessary that when I start to go to Stoke Pogis, I shall go there;" and he did.

In conversation he is as deliberate as

a chief justice; in execution, lightning fast.

"Do you think," he said to a man who berated him for some act of his as director of Philadelphia Rapid Transit, "that you could fill the job better?"

"Yes, anybody could fill it better."

"Then you are the man to be there."

Accordingly, Earle wrote his resignation and compelled them to elect his critic to fill his place, though the man had cooled down and protested against it. But just before the recent strike, when Rapid Transit got into its muddle, the mayor called upon Earle to serve as director in the city's interest. He accepted, and to clear for action sold his personal stock at the market price—which, of course, was depressed just then.

When he went to the first meeting, they said they were glad to see him back.

"It cost me twenty thousand dollars to come," was the laconic reply, and with his acceptance he handed in a sealed envelope. "I may differ from you on the course to be pursued here," he said to the president; "in this envelope is my resignation. You can use it whenever you wish."

A MAN WHO HAS FRIENDS AND FOES

In Philadelphia there is only one opinion now about Earle's ability. There are several about his personality. One man tells you he is a "live wire." The next you meet says he is a "sure-thing man." Both phrases are graphic. A codirector, who possibly has had to give in to him, says he is a "Jesuit," who lets nothing stand in the way of what he aims to do. That he has craft is plain. If he hadn't, he would have stood a fine chance with some of the financial jugglers he has had to deal with—bank-presidents, for instance, who replaced missing currency with "stage money," done up in bundles so cleverly that the bank-examiners checked it up for legal tender and credited the asset.

He has the intuitions of a woman and the foresight of a Hebrew prophet. When they were in the thick of the Real Estate Trust Company failure, an attorney for one of the looters came in and had a long, friendly interview in which

he told a lot about the Sugar Trust's part in the collapse. Next day he sent in a bulky envelope marked "Facts re Sugar Trust."

The secretary was about to open it.

"Stop!" shouted Earle.

"Why? It's the memorandum of those facts about the Sugar Trust."

"Yes, and I surmise there is a stipulation there not to use them, but I propose to use them for all they are worth!"

Later on, when he did, the counsel taxed him with breaking faith. Earle grinned, and produced the envelope, unbroken, double-sealed, and indorsed with the date of its receipt.

"Of course, I've made enemies," said he, when some of the harsh things people said were told him. "But the interesting feature of this reorganization business is that I am criticized between times. They always forget it when there's a broken-down company to pull out of a hole, and somebody's money to save."

For saving money, for making money, he has a natural talent, but perhaps the queerest of his quirks is that he doesn't care—at least, so those say who know him best—whether he makes it for himself or for somebody else.

"I believe in making money," he said, "up to a certain point. I think every man should make as good provision for his family as he can, but I never did believe in letting money make me."

EARLE'S PERSONAL POSSESSIONS

Thrift has always been a trait of Earle's—inherited from his Yankee strain, perhaps. He took up coin-collecting as a boy, and to-day has one of the finest collections in the world, but all the time he was in college he cleared up enough to pay his expenses by buying and selling rare specimens. One of the first things he did, after becoming president of the Real Estate Trust Company, was to make alterations in the upper floors so as to double the number of rent-paying offices. When he went to the Adirondacks for his health, years ago, he took a far look ahead, and bought for two hundred and fifty dollars a tract of land in the St. Regis. It was primeval wilderness then. To-day

it is still primeval wilderness, but owned and inhabited by the richest men in America, and a camp-site costs well-nigh as much as a seat on the Stock Exchange.

Rumor puts the amount of Earle's personal fortune at ten million dollars, but this estimate is contradicted by close friends, who say that though he has made a great deal of money, it has been chiefly for other people. It is certain, however, that he is very comfortably endowed with this world's goods. Besides the St. Regis place, he has a handsome town house in Philadelphia, and, just outside of the city, two thousand acres of fields, woods, and waters, well away from the railroads, in perhaps the most beautiful countryside on the continent. Here there is a venerable stone house with cavernous fireplaces, which was there when his grandfathers were fighting the British. In fact, they settled most of the land he now owns, but he has bought it back little by little from later owners, and expects to see, some day, all his seven children, and their children, located upon it.

He had seven ancestors in the Mayflower and three in the Welcome. He traces his lineage back through Putnam, Warren, Mad Anthony Wayne, the Otises, and I know not how many more leaders in the Revolutionary struggle. There never seems to be absent from him the consciousness that for everything he does he must by and by be able to render clean accounting to his forefathers.

In his country home there is a spacious study, with a huge window-seat on which I noted a score or more of law-books. From the window one looks out over rolling fields, yellowing in the sunshine. There are three or four automobiles at hand, and twelve miles of delightful road to drive them over before you quit the Earle domain, which is aptly named Broadacres.

EARLE'S VIEWS ON GREAT QUESTIONS

It was here, on a hot day last summer, that this healer of debilitated corporations unfolded, little by little, his diagnosis of the trust malady, which so sorely troubles that greatest of stock companies, the United States of Amer-

ica. His habit of mind is persistent. He approaches questions of sociology and government with the same divination of essentials that marks his management of a broken bank.

Business, with him, is simply business. His experience with the Sugar Trust has opened up a wider field to him than that of mere finance. When he handed in his resignation as a director of the Rapid Transit, he had in mind a plan for the public treatment of service corporations. He believes that they should be allowed to make a large profit, and then compelled to expend most of it in improvements and perfection of service. There is strong ground for belief that he has an idea of doctoring the country's ills in the same manner as he would a sick corporation.

There are little lakes at Broadacres, which he has made by damming a brook, and groups of bathers can be seen there almost any day in the summer.

"The place is wide open," he said in explanation. "I have always had a profound sympathy for the man who from the day of his birth has had no foot of land that he could call his own. The least I can do is to give every one free use of mine."

When told that Mr. Rockefeller, on his estate at Pocantico Hills, had gone in for high iron fences everywhere, he shook his head gravely and said:

"That is the sort of thing we shall have to do away with some day."

It was an astonishing sentiment, coming from the president of so many corporations. It is talk of this kind that makes Earle a puzzle to many men. With millions of dollars profitably invested, with an estate that is little short of ducal, lying almost within one of the greatest and richest cities of the country; with a penchant for golf, cricket, and motoring, a mania for collecting old coins and old masters—an aristocrat, if there be any such thing in America—he is still not only an every-day man, but at times he utters sentiments that fall nothing short of socialism.

In his conversation he makes frequent reference to liberty, but if you listen you will discover that it is the liberty of Patrick Henry and Franklin, and not

of Gorky or Karl Marx. He declares his belief in the doctrine of Malthus, and says that before long we shall have to reconstruct our ideas of tillage, care for our soil, and stop our extravagance, and that a lot of people will have to go to work.

THE ABUSES OF WEALTH

"We are earning enormously now," he said, "but in every rank of American life people are living beyond their means, trying to keep pace with their neighbors. Even the rich are continually borrowing to keep up a competitive measure of fashion, and practically living from hand to mouth. The greatest maxim of political economy is 'Root hog or die,' and it is well that it is so; but the abuses of wealth will cure themselves, if the people ever come to see straight."

Here again was a speech that might have come from a socialist orator.

"I mean," he explained, "that the American public has been confused with much noise. It has no clarity of vision and no singleness of view-point. One reason is that it is made up of several races, and the greater part of this population doesn't know what American liberty really is or means. The liberty our forebears established when they cut loose from England, and which they thought they had safeguarded so that it could never be invaded, has been lost to us for the last twenty years, but very few know how or why. We talk about liberty and shoot off firecrackers, but what we always have in mind is liberty of the body, which is really the smallest part of the matter.

"I believe in the people. Put this matter so that every man can understand it, and I'll bet on the decision of the people every time. The real issue has been obscured by clamor against massed capital. There is the first mistake. People are frightened by big money. Massed capital, the corporation, and organization, are essential to keep us in the forefront of the world's trade, and to support our population. Business can no more be handled nowadays by small capital than I can carry off the City Hall.

"Yes," they say, "but massed capital

has engendered the trusts, which are robbing us."

"True, they are robbing us, but what has made the trusts a menace is our lack of understanding and our habitual neglect of essentials. We have spent so much time complaining about the trusts taking our money that we have gone blind to the infinitely greater robbery. We have put the cart before the horse, American fashion.

"When the people, one and all, understand that the right of plenty and the right to engage in trade are the fundamentals of liberty, trusts will no longer be productive of anything but good, because it will be possible to regulate them so that their operation shall never approach the stage of confiscation. The danger lies in their monopoly of production, secured by means which are a wrong upon our liberty of will. The perpetuation of that wrong is to-day our greatest national peril; for the will is like a muscle—if it has no exercise, it will become atrophied.

"Socialism is offered as a remedy. It is pretty to look at, but it does not mean liberty. It means just the other thing, because it brings us face to face with the same old equation. We know what the socialist leaders would do, for human nature does not change.

THE TRUSTS AND THE LAW

"Now we have, as a legal weapon to combat the trespass of the trusts, the Sherman Act. I am told that the trusts are already planning a campaign for the modification of this law. They believe that it threatens their freedom of operation. They, it seems, have quickly found the hole in the bag.

"The Sherman Act looks like a strong and righteous engine until you come to examine it in the light of history and basic English law. What it really does is to confer upon the President, or his legal officer, the right to determine whether a trust shall be prosecuted or not. It does exactly what ostensibly it was framed to prevent—gives to these two men the power which the English took away from King James, and which has been the attribute of despots from the beginning of time, namely, the power of conferring monopoly.

"What is this act going to do to the United States? Suppose that some Alcibiades should come along, by and by, and take it into his head to grant monopoly to some one friendly to him. You say the people would rise up and put him out? It is very amusing. Let us see. This monopoly might take a hundred million dollars unjustly from the people. That is a very possible sum. The beneficiary would certainly be willing to surrender ten per cent of it to perpetuate his privileges—and think what effect ten million dollars, judiciously expended, might have on an election!

"Men have said to me:

"'Why, it is impossible that these people, with unbounded wealth, would resort to such petty forms of thievery as cheating the customs!'

"Nothing that promises gain is impossible to the man who from his youth has made the dollar his guiding star. Any trust that is evil must of necessity be doing these things.

"But it is our fault. When a trust robs the government of duties by a secret removal of cargo, or by undervaluation, the government is as guilty as the trust is. When a trust robs a city's coffers by stealing water for which it should pay, the city is as guilty as the trust is. Even after avoiding such honest obliga-

tions of honest business, they still find it necessary, it seems, to pay a trustee a million and a quarter to betray his trust by not running a seven-hundred-thousand-dollar plant which has been built to produce sugar. That is only an incident, but it is typical, and it certainly looks as if the trusts appreciated the value of this liberty of will, in dollars and cents.

"No. If any amendment is to be made to the Sherman Act, it should be to provide that under it any man, who can give security for the costs of action, shall have the power to prosecute a trust.

"Legislation, under present conditions, offers no hope of cure. We are not clear in our understanding, we are too mercurial, and lawmaking has become a disease. For any trying condition, and on the flimsiest pretext, we rush to enact laws, ill-considered, ineffectual, some of them in bad faith; and in a twelvemonth we regret it.

"The courts, in my judgment, are our one safeguard—the greatest and the best engine in history.

"And what of the administration? Do you think we have come to Alcibiades?

"Far from it. I have the greatest faith in Taft."

ONE PERFECT DAY

Go, golden day. Come, winter's stormy blast,
Or night, or care and wo in wanton sway,
Or even death, or sorrow's bitter fast;
I shall not court despair, for I have lived one day!

One perfect day! Together thou and I
Did wander down the mist-dim coast of dawn
To where auroral tides of life flashed high,
Their splendor and their color to the stars grown wan.

Oh, wondrous day! Like rainbow-tinted sands
The hours slipped through our hands' detaining hold;
Love led us singing over summer lands,
Unto the utmost edge of sunset's rim of gold.

Our perfect day! I face alone the night;
But I could stand forever in the gloom,
If memory lend the thought of thee to light
The darkness, and love's vigil in its empty room!

Jane W. Guthrie

LIGHT VERSE

NARCISSA—MY VALENTINE

AS fair Narcissa trips along
 With witching ways that never vary,
 I feel the fields are full of song—
 For it is middle February,
 The fated day for birds to woo;
 And so I muse, "May we not, too?"

Narcissa, blue-eyed, trim, and neat,
 Has many a youth with eyes upon her;
 They think her charms divinely sweet,
 And know she is the soul of honor;
 Till I am stirred as she goes by,
 With piercing love's idolatry.

The wavy luster of her hair,
 Which falls voluminous in tresses,
 Her cheeks, so rose-like, white, and fair,
 And lips upturned for coy caresses—
 For what fine purpose can they be
 If they are not to beckon me?

A crystal stream goes singing on
 From the thick forest's dim recesses,
 And yet 'tis she I think upon
 With lavished hopes, dreams, and guesses;
 So love-suggesting is her laughter,
 Something divine must follow after.

The road to May, I note to-day,
 Is swift, and falls in sunny places;
 A southern breeze is on its way,
 And hill and vale are full of graces—
 May these with joy requite my labor,
 And love, with her, my pretty neighbor!

Joel Benton

IN CUPID'S ART-SHOP

IN Cupid's art-shop lately,
 Where roses, rimes, and rings
 Abound—his stock is greatly
 Made up of all such things—
 My luck was to discover
 A precious bit of art
 Most sought for by a lover—
A Heart.

Unscratched it was, unbroken,
 In every way complete;
 The living, loving token
 Of everything that's sweet.
 An offer soon I made him,
 Determined not to miss
 So rare a prize, and paid him
A Kiss.

A little while I tarried,
 And then—the dearest known—
 A happy heart I carried
 Abeat against my own.
 Such rapturous unrest meant
 The joy of all my life,
 A fortunate investment—
A Wife!

Julian Durand

MY PIPE AND I

MY pipe and I are comrades true—
 He cheers me when I'm feeling blue;
 And when he's feeling cold and grim
 I set him smoking with a vim.

When he's with me I seem to see
 Fair visions of sure victory;
 Great things in store for me and mine,
 With fortune waiting on the line.

Sometimes he sends a purple mist
 From out his bowl, by heaven kissed,
 Which, as it rises, softly seems
 The very fount of lovely dreams;

And in its varied shapes of grace
 Reveals at last one treasured face
 That some day I shall hope to see
 The partner of my pipe and me!

She whom I wed, when she doth know
 How he hath kept that flame aglow
 That in my heart hath known no end,
 Will not be jealous of my friend;

But, as we sit and sweetly dream
 Before the twilight ember's gleam,
 In those glad days of loverhood,
 Will love as I my brierwood!

Blakeney Gray

THE GENERAL UTILITY MAN

OH, I am the general utility man,
 The finest invention since time began!
 There's nothing about that I cannot do,
 From darning a stocking to mending a shoe.
 I take on myself all the cares of life,
 And free every house of domestic strife.
 I order your dinners, and bounce the cook;
 I keep a strict eye on the grocer's book.
 I spank the children, and cut their locks;
 I tune the piano and wind the clocks.
 I fill up the lamps, and trim the wicks,
 And, if you can't do it, I kill the chicks.

I wash the windows and sweep the floors;
I tend the furnace, and all the chores,
Whatever their kind, in the modern home
I cheerfully do from cellar to dome.
I know how to hammer a carpet-tack;
If so you would travel, I neatly pack.
I'm up in the gas-fitter's noble art;
I know how to run a naphtha-cart.
I've studied the science of chafing-dish,
And know how to cook whatever you wish.
I iron and press coats, collars, and pants.
And if you are blue I can sing and dance.

In matters of state I am on the fence;
For party or faction I've no prepossession,
And vote as my boss shall incline to say
On every succeeding election-day.
If so you're a lady, a suffragette,
Your ballot at once you will straightway get,
And spite of the law which imposes a ban,
You can speak your will through your hired man.

I serve as a butler at suppers and teas,
And, if I am asked, can converse with ease
On any old point from the polar ridge
To the latest leads in the game of bridge.

I tennis and golf, I billiard and pool;
I'm a splendid man in a Sunday-school.
When burglars come I am bold and brave;
I'm quite an adept at the Marcelle wave.
I spin and tat, embroider and knit;
I've got quite a little of pretty wit;
And winter nights, when my work is done,
And leisure affords a good chance for fun,
I've a thousand tales all ready to tell
Of ghosts, and heroines 'neath their spell.
Apply as soon as you possibly can
To "C. Q. D., the Utility Man!"

Carlyle Smith

LOVE'S ALPHABET

SYLVIA, the winsome pet,
Bids me sing Love's Alphabet.
Can I frown, and answer nay?
Soothly, not to Sylvia!
That were folly, so, you see,
Here it is, from A to Z:

A comes first, and that's her air,
Delicate and debonair!

B—that means her beauty. She
Is "the fairest fair" to me!

C, her cheeks—blush-roses they,
Or the dawning flush of day!

D—behold her dainty dress,
Modest in its modishness!

E can mean naught save her eyes
Tinted like the twilight skies!

F, her foot so shapely, hid
In its tiny case of kid!

G, her grace! It is a thing
Subtle as the grace of spring!

H must be her hat or hair;
Both, methinks, are like a snare!

I her independence is;
Yet who would not call her his?

J—that is her jollity;
Truth, she sometimes "jollies" me!

K, her kindness! No sting
Slips her lips for anything!

L, her love, beyond all hap!
Would I were the lucky chap!

M, her mouth, which Cupid wrought
After giving it much thought!

N, her nose—admire it, pray,
Though a trifle *retroussé*!

O her ornaments I'll call;
She is fairer than them all!

P, her purse—I fear it's light;
Yet I'd dare, if I but might!

Q is for her quiet moods
When but one—that's me—intrudes!

R—her roguishness, no doubt!
You should watch the shy minx pout!

S, her speech! 'Tis more like pearls
Than is any other girl's!

T, her teeth! It's pat, I see,
To repeat the simile!

U, the universal cheer
That she spreads afar 'and near!

V, her voice—a very dream;
Melody of bird and stream!

W—ah, that's her way,
And she wants it every day!

X is Chi in Greek. Must be
That's her strange chi-rography!

Y, her youth! Against all odds,
It's a guerdon from the gods!

Z, her zest—her endless zest—
For she's always at her best!

"There, miss, now that I have done,
Tell me what reward I've won!"
She, with dimple-deepening chin:
"I can't see where Love comes in,
You've just sung some girl!"

"That's true!"
You are Love, dear Sylvia, you!"

Clinton Scollard

THE REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF A MODERN GOOD SAMARITAN

THE NOVEL AND PRACTICAL IDEAS OF AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN WHO HAS HIS OWN METHODS OF REFORMING
THE CRIMINAL AND HELPING THE FALLEN

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WHEN rumors of the unusual work of one man among his wayward and neglected brothers, described below, reached this magazine, it was with difficulty that the man himself was located, so quietly had his work been done, and with still greater difficulty that his consent was gained to a description of his methods and results.

"I never bother about results," he said. "I plow, sow, and if the Lord makes the season good I expect results. I am not a scientist. I dare say I have proved nothing. I have no laws to announce."

But his modesty about his work does not lessen its value as a guide and inspiration to other workers for their lower fellow men; and it was by the plea that perhaps he might thus do an additional service that his consent to the article was won. No amount of persuasion, had it been used, would have won his consent to the use of his name or the disclosure of his residence.

Portions of his letter in reply to a request for an interview follow. We present them because they are significant of his methods, of the temper in which he works and by which he gains his hold over men. It is in its lack of the pose of organized charity that the difference of his system partially lies.

I am a private business man, and regard my experiments as an opportunity for dissipation along a line that greatly interests me. The world must be saved as it moves along, or some time it will have to stop and be saved—or go to hell.

I am getting lots of fun out of my part of the job. Whether I am on my job or not, I do not know. I get enough out of my leads to make me think that I am working toward rich deposits. Whether the public would be interested in my small experiments, I do not know. But if you can make me absolutely sure you will honorably safeguard my confidence, I would be glad to lay before you the principles and methods I pursue.

My experiments have run through perhaps twenty-five years, and have covered almost every form of so-called charitable work. I don't believe in charity. The word is one of the most vicious words in the dictionary. It doesn't belong in the Bible. I believe every man is a gold mine it will pay to work. The spirit in which you do it, and the methods you employ, will make it profitable or unprofitable, as the case may be.

I want to say, right here, it's keeping busy on these jobs that keeps me straight. . . . My whole program is one of self-preservation, so you will see there is very little charity, so-called, mixed with it. I have always known that with the proper environment I would have made a first-class crook. If I hadn't known this from a study of myself, I would have learned it from Romans, third chapter, twenty-third verse.

This is the story of a remarkable man; a man whose adventures in charity—he rejects the word, but he has coined no other—are at once his private "dissipation," as he calls it, and his public service to a large community; a man who spends a considerable percentage of his time and income in making better men and women of drunkards, drug victims, forgers; a man who stands by those he helps through

thick and thin, and is not satisfied till he has restored them physically, mentally, morally, financially, and socially; a man who takes thieves and women of the street into his own home, dines them at his own table, and restores their self-respect; and yet a man whose own children form an ideal household, happy, prosperous, normal.

He is more than a remarkable man. He is a Christian in the fullest and most literal sense. Yet he combines the Gospel doctrines of charity and sacrifice with a rich, happy personal life, and conducts in the normal way a normal American business. Unlearned in the jargon of text-book sociology, he has solved scientifically a social problem, and all his work is done on hard and fast principles. He is not a sentimentalist. He unites the brotherly impulse of a Walt Whitman to the moral passion of a Christian and the sane insight of a physician.

What his name is, and in what American city he dwells, will not be stated here, for two reasons. One of them is that he does not wish these facts known. The second is that this magazine does not wish to print them. The cause ought to be obvious. People who do good deeds because they love goodness do not install a telephone between their right hand and their left; nor have the true saints of this world ever employed press-agents. Virtue may not be its own reward; but its reward is the happiness of others, not publicity and praise. Some men give libraries, with their names carved over the door. This man gives a fallen woman a home in his house, and her self-respect, and desires no further commemoration than her progress in the path of virtue. His desires shall be respected here. It is his method and his example which count, which should be made public.

When I first met Mr. Brown, as I shall call him, he was at the station in his motor-car to greet me, an alert, keen business man of middle age, but spry as a boy, with eyes that sized me up kindly but unsparingly. On our way to his house he stopped at his office in a twenty-story skyscraper to close up the day's business, which he accomplished with the speed, decision, and authority that we have come to associate with the efficient heads of large American commercial enterprises.

Then we went to his house, in a fashionable residence section—a big, roomy house needed for his family of seven boys and girls. There was time for a game of scrub in the back yard before dinner. He was the hardest hitter of the crowd, and not one of his boys could strike him out. When the family went in to dinner, he told me I was to dine later, with him, to meet a party of his friends. Meanwhile, we discussed Detroit's chances against Pittsburgh for the baseball championship.

A SINGULAR HOUSE-PARTY

Presently the friends came, and we sat down, as curious an assemblage as ever gathered round "snowy linen, glittering with silver," as the novelists would say. At one end of the table sat the host; at the other his friend and helper, his clergyman. Between them sat eight more or less reformed characters, including the present writer.

These eight were of various ages, and bore the marks of various degrees of criminal habit or indulgence. Mr. Brown makes no distinction as to church-members or non-church-members, Jew or Gentile. The only requirement is that they must be "on the square and ready to go the distance." Most of them came from a home, established by the host, where they live, and where they aid others of their kind, while supporting themselves like anybody else by day. One or two of them seemed to have the type of face associated in the popular mind with the "habitual criminal." Others were scarred with a life of drunkenness or drugging. Some of them were dressed with extreme shabbiness.

Yet the writer must confess, ashamed as he is to do so, that he was the only person in the room not at his ease, the only one who seemed to be conscious of any incongruity or strangeness. At the head of the table—converted from the alert and normal business man to a genial and comradely friend, yet a friend who very evidently exercised over these men a strong influence, so that they trusted, respected, and followed him—sat the host; and the company might have been the companions of his business hours, for all the difference it made.

A feeling of brotherhood with your fellow man is not, after all, a difficult emo-

tion to achieve, when you once set about it. Indeed, it comes unconsciously. The writer, before the roast was reached, had completely forgotten his painfully fancy waistcoat, and had lost his uncomfortable awareness that he was in an unusual assemblage. He found himself cracking jokes with a scarred old drunkard, who had been for many years the procurer for a house of ill fame, but who now was working as a mason and had not touched liquor for many months. So far from feeling different from these men, he lost all sense of difference, and began to wonder if there is any difference, after all.

The serving-maid, indeed, did not detect it. She made inquiries of her mistress as to the writer's particular brand of vice, which hugely tickled the host when he heard of it.

"You see," said he, "you and I are no better than they; we're made of the same stuff. We never happened to be tempted enough—that's all."

After dinner we sat in the big library with cigars, and one by one the host induced his guests to tell their stories. They were the usual stories. You can hear them any night at a Bowery mission. But you cannot hear them any night in the luxurious library of a mansion in the best residential section of an American city, while their narrators are being treated as social equals by the man who brought about their happy ending. Nor can you be sure, as I felt I could, that the ending is, in all probability, an ending, that the reformation is real, lasting.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

One or two stories from this assemblage will suffice to indicate the rest. The first speaker was a small man, something over forty, with a weak, gentle, good-natured face, and the accent of a man well born; but for half his life he had been a habitual drunkard. Possessing a knack for drawing, he had drifted round the country, little better than a common hobo, picking up pennies and drinks in bar-rooms, by sketching men's faces. Rum had left its marks on his enfeebled frame, and when Mr. Brown got hold of him—"got my hooks in him," he puts it—the man was almost down and out.

The first step, after winning his willingness, was to sober him up by a prac-

tical medical process; the next, to give him something to eat to restore his body and something to do to keep his mind occupied; the third, to make him feel that he had friends—and friends who were going to stand by him.

Several times he fell, disappearing from the home. Each time the other occupants went searching for him and brought him tenderly back. Gradually this sense of friendship, this consciousness of his value and interest to others, wrought upon him, and his backslidings grew fewer and fewer. There was something akin to moisture in his weak, gentle eyes as he looked at his host while telling his story, testifying to the value of a helping hand that is never withdrawn.

Another case was that of a hard-looking customer who bore powder-marks from safe-cracking. You would never guess that he had come of good family.

"Well, it began by us boys at school drinking whisky down behind a shed," he said. "I guess I been pretty much all that's bad since—run a bar, run a still, been chased by the government officers, been cut off from my family, and all the time I was puttin' down a pint or more a day—the raw stuff, too. I was about down and out when Mr. Brown got a hold of me."

He looked around for confirmation, and went on:

"I dunno how ne did it. I guess it was because he trusted me. You see, I'd got to the point where nobody did, and it was kind of a comfort. He was on the square with me, all right, and I've tried to be with him and my pals here. I'm working now, and I ain't had but three bats in eleven months. That ain't so bad for a chap that had been hittin' it up as I had for twenty years."

"You're all right, Bill," said Mr. Brown; "but cut out the three in the next eleven months."

A third case, told to me, in part, by the man himself, so well illustrates Mr. Brown's methods and social philosophy that it may be given at some length. He was a large, handsome man, still almost young, with every mark of a gentleman. Yet, but a short time before, he had been the victim of eight years of the morphin habit; he had lost one position after another, had dragged his family down to

the depths of poverty and social degradation, and was apparently morally and economically useless. Morphin perverts the moral sense and kills initiative.

When this man came to Mr. Brown to ask for twenty-five dollars to start on a new job, Mr. Brown, at first, could win from him no confession as to his real troubles, and so could get no hold upon him. Finally he conceived this idea:

"You go to your pastor," he said, "and get a recommendation from him. Then, when you are ready to assure me that you are going to help *me*, I'll help you."

The interplay of influences upon the man finally brought him to the point of confession. His state was so bad that he was taking sixty grains of morphin a day, and his family—a wife and several children—were living on a dollar a week. And now, as soon as the man was "on the square" with him—his favorite expression—Mr. Brown felt that he had his hold to begin work.

He immediately put the man under a doctor's treatment, cutting off the drug altogether. Meanwhile he assured him that his wife and children would be looked after. His first task with the family was to restore their social self-respect. He advanced them money for household needs, requiring a weekly statement of expenses, so that they should feel it was a loan, not charity. He made them go to church again, and he saw to it that their church treated them as if they were fully entitled to hold up their heads in the community.

This accomplished, he found work for the father—who had been an efficient man in his line—and when his physical health had been restored, he was ready for his chance to step into the normal activities of life, with a restored family, social recognition, a new body—once more the gentleman and capable wage-earner.

HOW TO "SAVE A SOUL"

And in that case may be found Mr. Brown's scientific conception of his work. A "soul" is not "saved" by administering a ham sandwich and a Gospel pill. Each human being is a unit, caught in a tangled web of other units. To "save" him, you must stand by him not only till he himself has been restored, but until all his right relations to society have been reestablished. First his body must be

healed, then his mind, then his moral conceptions. He must be made to feel that society is not against him. His family and social relations must be set right, his commercial self-respect, his economic usefulness, given back to him. All this means months, sometimes years, of attention to any given case.

"But," Mr. Brown declares, "no job that isn't a finished job is done at all, or is worth the time and effort spent."

Before the man himself speaks, perhaps more of the hundreds of cases which have occupied his busy life will make his methods partially clear.

Once he went down to the jail at the request of a clergyman, to see a man there. This man's story he heard in full, without giving any sign that it surprised or shocked him. "Never shut a man off *till you've listened to every last word he has to tell you*," he said to me with great earnestness. "This fellow, a brilliant man, one of the most brilliant I ever met, had gone wrong young; he had killed a man in a row over a woman, he was hounded by his past record, and because nobody would listen to his full story he was unable to persuade anybody that he really wanted to run straight. He was finally driven to a point where he felt that the hand of all society was against him, and there was nothing left for him but crime. When I found him, he was wanted by the police of several States, and seemed a hopeless case, a confirmed confidence-man and crook."

Mr. Brown said to him:

"If I get you out now, will you tell me the whole truth always? Will you stay with me, if I'll stay with you?"

The man promised, and Mr. Brown went on a straw bond for him; he induced the Governor and the police to give warning if requisition-papers came, and took the man out of the jail straight to his own house. There they were met in the hall by Mrs. Brown, who had her youngest child in her arms. Mr. Brown put the baby in the arms of the fugitive, who stood, in his prison blouse and shabby clothes, on a luxurious Persian rug.

"Kiss my baby," said Mr. Brown.

The fugitive kissed it. That moment, perhaps, there dawned over him his first sweet realization that every man's hand was not against him, after all. Mr. Brown

kept him at his house for some time, but the newspapers discovered it, so he gave the ex-convict the keys to another house which he owned, and told him to go there and live.

"The house is yours," he said. "You will be free from detection there. Make yourself at home."

Presently Mr. Brown found work for him.

"Now," he said, "my cashier has orders to give you money within reason any time you ask for it. If you are ever a crook again, it is because you are a natural born thief."

This final trust broke the man's back. From that time till the day of his death he "ran straight."

UPLIFTING FALLEN WOMEN

But Mr. Brown's work is not confined to men. An inmate of a house of ill fame called one day at his office. He caused her to be ushered in, and as usual began by extracting a full confession from her. Also, as usual, he told her that he would stand by her—"travel with her," as he puts it, for he tries to avoid all cant phrases with these people, and to speak in their tongue—if she would stand by him. As a preliminary to winning her confidence, he requested her to take a walk with him.

At the door of the building, which is on a main street, she hung back.

"What's the matter?" said he. "Are you not going to walk with me? You're not ashamed to, are you?"

"No," said the woman, "but aren't you ashamed to walk with me?"

"Why should I be?"

"We'll meet some of the men who—who know me," the woman replied.

"What of it?" he said. "You're as good as they are. You're as good as I am. Ashamed to walk with you? You're going to be square, aren't you? Then you're as good as anybody."

The woman broke down and sobbed. This evidence of *respect*, of social recognition on even terms, was the first and perhaps the most important step in her regeneration. To-day she is a reputable wage-earner, and walks those streets without shame.

In the earlier years of his work, Mr. Brown may perhaps have had his own

domestic problems to face when he suggested bringing such a visitor to his house. But it may be guessed that he is a man of iron will—padded iron—and home they came. Once two fallen women called at his office. He looked them in the eyes, and said without preliminary:

"Well, want to quit?"

To their stammering he only retorted:

"If you do, that's all there is to it."

One of them he took to his home. The other refused to come. There was, of course, a man in her case. But he told her that if she needed help at any time she could come back to him.

By the second day, the ice between his mother and the strange guest was broken, and the visitor was busily sewing and chatting. She, however, left him. He did not follow her. He waited. Presently she fell sick and sent for him. He found her in a neatly furnished room. Who had furnished it? George had; George was going to marry her, she said.

He sent for George, slapped him on the back, created an atmosphere for them, and encouraged George in his matrimonial intentions, which were evidently not so firm as they might have been. In the end, George came to the mark and married the girl. That was eleven years ago. To-day they are living in a brown-stone house in a large American city, a happy and respected couple.

The other woman, too, ultimately came back. Touch them once, show them respect, and Mr. Brown says that, man or woman, they will almost invariably return more nearly ready than before to try the right road. This woman was living with a man, and she was induced to bring the man, too. The only way in such a case, Mr. Brown declares, is "to square *both* people." To reform either alone is to leave your work half done.

Here Mr. Brown brought the man to the point of leaving the girl voluntarily for twelve months, till he could test his devotion. Meanwhile the man himself made the necessary provision for the woman. As a result he found, at the end of a year, that his respect for the woman had increased, and they were married. Their letters attest their happiness and gratitude—letters that this remarkable man treasures in his collection of precious things.

For he is a collector. His collection consists of similar letters, of piles of notes, covered on the back with minute memoranda of payments—some of them yellowed with age and still being taken up, little by little, mute witnesses of long struggles for self-respect—a few of them not paid at all; but all of them, notes and letters and documents, eloquent of one man's fight for his fellows.

A DRAMATIC ADVENTURE IN CHARITY

Perhaps Mr. Brown's most dramatic adventure in charity came about when he was told of a girl whom a young man of social position had married out of a house of ill fame. The young man did not have the courage to acknowledge this marriage, as it would mean the loss of his place in his father's office, and probable family ostracism. The girl, who was without friends, without recognition of any sort, cooped up in lodgings on a side street with not a soul to talk to, since her husband had to travel much of the time, was almost ready to go back to her old life—not from viciousness, but in sheer loneliness and revolt.

Mr. Brown at once sought out the girl and won her friendship. The fact that the husband's family were evidently aware of his establishment, but, supposing it without benefit of clergy, made no serious objection, only angered Mr. Brown the more. His morality is direct and without social hypocrisy.

One noon the girl called him on the telephone, telling him, in tears, that her husband was in town, but refused to come to see her because he had to go to a football-game with his father.

"You come to my office at two o'clock," said Mr. Brown, "and we'll go to the football-game too!"

Then he called up his wife.

"Dress up and come down-town to my office," he said. "We are going to the football-game."

"But I don't know anything about football," said she.

"You don't need to," he answered. "This is a new kind we are going to play."

His wife—who, some wives will think, must be quite as remarkable a person as her husband—fell in with the scheme, when she arrived and heard what it was.

Presently the girl came—a tall, striking woman who could not fail to draw admiring attention. The three purposely arrived late at the field, and ostentatiously paraded in full sight of the stands.

"The devil was in me that day," said Mr. Brown. "I swore I'd show that husband his wife was good enough for some people to treat white, anyhow!"

The son saw; the father saw. The son was shamed, as Mr. Brown intended. The father, perhaps, began to have perplexities—for Mr. and Mrs. Brown hold in their city a position of social impregnability. And the next day the young man appeared at Mr. Brown's office.

"Bring your wife out to my house to dinner, and then we'll talk it over," said Mr. Brown.

They came. It was the first time the boy had publicly taken his wife anywhere, the first time she had been entertained in a private house. The final result was that the lad's courage and honor were bolstered up to the explosion point, and he made a clean breast of his marriage to his family.

"If they chuck you out of your job, remember, I'll get you another," Mr. Brown had cautioned, putting the props under the young man's new-born determination.

But they were not needed. His own discovered manhood won the day, and he took his wife home to his family. That is how Mr. Brown saved her from going back to the life which she had forsaken. He saved her by making a man of her husband.

CHARITIES THAT BREED PAUPERISM

From these examples, which might be multiplied indefinitely, the reader may perhaps detect the principle underlying Mr. Brown's work. From the application of that principle he gains his results—results that may, he says, be gained by any man with patience and sympathy.

"I know of but one way to show my love for God," he said to me, "and that is to show my love for my fellow men. You love God because God loves you; and a man loves you because you love him. He's hungry, thirsty, despised, hounded, neglected. He touches you for a dime on the street. And that touch is really a cry of 'Help me!'"

"But to give him the dime is not to help him, is not to love him. It is simply to pass him along to the next man. Would a railroad-manager handle a problem thus in his business, or a banker? Not much! He'd stop right there, find out what was really the trouble, and remedy it. That's the way you've got to do with human beings. When I was a young man I didn't know this. I spent my money on these fellows, and thought I was doing good. But I soon came to the conclusion that I wasn't doing anything except what is done by the cheap lodging-houses and by the other forms of organized philanthropy which cover the earth—landing men in pauperism and depriving them of self-respect and productiveness. So I stopped right there and thought the thing out."

And he came to a series of conclusions which thereafter guided him. Being a Christian man, he reads his Bible. In it he saw that for three years Jesus was trying to reach men through their bodies. He heard pastors pray that we may have the spirit of Christ, and he added a prayer for the body of Christ. "We need them both," he thought, "and the body is within reach of men." Possessing some medical knowledge himself, and invariably calling in a physician to aid him in severe cases, his first work in every case of drunkenness, or drugs, or similar degradation, is a physical cleaning out and building up.

"Tell a man he's not depraved, but sick," he said to me, "and you have no conception how his face will light up at the suggestion."

I chanced to speak of Professor James's illustration of the physical basis of man—that a cup of hot coffee at the right moment can alter your whole philosophy of life.

"Yes," said he. "And now follow that with a cup of cleansing hot water, and a cup of broth, and a cup of sympathy, and a cup of society, and a cup of human love, and a cup of God's love—and think of the result!"

Indeed, with him the regeneration of the body is but the beginning—though the inevitable beginning. To cease with that, however, is to pass the man along. The man's confidence must be won, his own will-power and desire to do right enlisted

in the battle. And it is especially at this point, Mr. Brown declares, that organized charity breaks down most completely.

Let me make his argument clearer on this point. The institution tends to work away from the individual. But a man who remembers an institution with gratitude always remembers some individual in it. An immortal problem like a human life must be treated thoughtfully, painstakingly, perhaps over a long period of time. A doctor treats every patient according to individual conditions, observed from hour to hour. He does not prescribe the same pills for all his patients from a central office once a day. So the sick soul must be treated individually. The individual needs must be studied and met. Organized charity makes a mechanical thing of what is a spiritual matter. The science of charity is that there is no science. Individual effort alone counts, the personal touch. No man can turn over to any kind of an organization—church or charity—his personal obligations to his fellows.

"WE'VE GOT TO RUN TOGETHER"

Because, through long observation and many failures, he learned this, Mr. Brown now makes no efforts to help those who do not meet him half-way.

"You're not ready yet," he tells them. "When you are ready, come back, and I'll be waiting for you. We've got to run together in this race."

When they do come back, they always find him waiting, and that fact is an asset for him; it gives them confidence in his sincerity and true love for them.

From every man and woman he extracts the truth, to the last detail. He says he believes any crook will tell him the whole truth, though it sometimes takes a long while to get at it. But he will not "run with them" till he has it utterly. He never lets them see that their story surprises or shocks him. He says:

"Well, that's over with. Now, if you will do the square thing by me, I'll stand by you."

Once a man came to him and said:

"I'm just out of jail."

"That so?" he replied. "Well, they never caught me!"

Such confidence is usually a new sensation to these men. It puts them on their

honor, and somehow the honor has a way of being born to meet the demand. He never tries to outwit them.

"If they should catch me at that," he says, "they would be in opposition at once. Half of them have been matching wits against society all their lives."

Their confidence in him once established by this personal bond of sympathy and trust, and their honor roused by the challenge to it, his next effort is to see that if they are going to try to run straight, they have a place to run in. He does not drop them now. Such people are not restored until opportunity is restored to them, until they are made self-supporting and self-respecting in the community. It is to restore their social self-respect that he takes them to his house; it is to restore their commercial self-respect that he secures work for them, and makes all his gifts to them loans in their eyes, even if he knows there is no likelihood of getting his money back.

Nor does his work end even here. As the bonds of family are so important in the lives of all of us, Mr. Brown always makes every effort to reconcile a man with his family, to rebuild his home. On such missions as this he has more than once traveled half-way across the United States. He invariably communicates with the man's pastor, if there is one, and reestablishes the religious connections, though in his dealings with the criminal and the falling, deeply religious as he is, he tries at first to avoid any word that may seem to them like cant or preaching.

And still his work has not ended. He says his work never ends until he has "done a finished job"—and that may mean years.

For instance, though he often finds a place in his own business for some of these men, manifestly he cannot for all of them. He finds work for them here, there, and everywhere. He does not tell their new employers what their records have been. He makes *them* tell. Sometimes he has to go on their bond, which still further puts them on their honor to him. But he does secure from the employers a promise that if the men have to be discharged, he shall first be warned.

The reason is simple and sound. Many of these men have previously sunk to a level where they not only feel that society

is against them, but where they have lost all hope in themselves. To rise into decency again only to be thrown down from a new job would be, if there was nobody to catch them, to fall into a deeper pit than ever before. So, Mr. Brown reasons, there is no more important part of his work than this silent standing by after the first ascent has been made.

If the man is discharged from his first new job, Mr. Brown hears of it in advance, gets hold of the man, explains it to him, assures him of a new position. Having the man's confidence, he can persuade him out of the notion that because he has failed in one position he is worthless—a notion which the man's own will, being still weak, could not combat alone. And he stands by, too, with the practical aid of a new job, a fresh start.

How different this work is from the work of much organized charity, and of many missions, is plain. Mr. Brown never houses the "mission bum," provides no beds for lodgers of a night, has no bread-line. He refuses to "take a job," as he puts it, which he cannot "carry through to a finish"—that is, unless the man or woman meets him half-way, and there is a prospect of keeping hold of the penitent until he or she can be put in a normal bodily, mental, social, and economic condition again, Mr. Brown will have nothing to do with the case.

It is this thoroughness of his work, this close individual attention, which distinguishes it so sharply from organized charity, from giving a sandwich and a bed to a Bowery bum, and passing him along. And it is his conviction that only the thorough work counts which makes Mr. Brown so intolerant of many forms of organized charity—even of the word charity itself.

To do such work as he does on so large a scale requires, of course, a large private income, as well as the spirit and brotherly impulse. Yet the work itself is not a matter of a purse, but a person. Mr. Brown did not always have a large income, but he has always set aside the same percentage of it for his work.

WHAT THE CHURCHES MIGHT DO

I have said that Mr. Brown is a devout church-member. But his message to the ministry might be summed up thus:

"Don't worry too much about the streets of the New Jerusalem; get busy with Second Avenue and West Thirtieth Street."

Again, he urges the ministers not to be afraid of *men*. His scorn for the minister who will not on occasion, in spite of every hostile comment, hobnob with the crook, the fallen woman, the gambler, knows no bounds.

"It isn't a bad thing to be crucified now and then, when it makes men think," he says. "I would make it the test of fitness for the ministry that no man ought to preach the Gospel who is not able to provoke the confidence of the crook, the poor, the rich, the educated and the uneducated man—who cannot make them love him by loving them. He should get his texts out of life, not the Bible. I mean that he should use the Bible as the physician uses the drug-store. He should tackle some fellow who has not tasted beef in a year, and prove to him that the cattle on a thousand hills are the Lord's, and so his—by giving him some of the meat. He should bring the spirit of Christ by restoring the body of Christ."

And behind these remarks there is again a reasoned method. As the state sees the need of an educated laborer, and goes down to the bottom to improve the unit, he believes that the church is no stronger than its weakest member, and he would have the churches work to improve the units that form the congregations. Again and again, often in the face of opposition—for churches are the most conservative of bodies—he has induced parishes, by individual work, to take up the troubles of members, to loan money, to do exactly as he does.

Moreover, the personality of every member in a congregation counts in the propagation of the gospel, he says, and every member should learn how to help his fellows. If the churches could thus reach out personally, through all their members, aiding the fallen, reestablishing the lost and forsaken, always in a thorough and always in an individual manner, what an effect for good it would have on the next generation!

"To some men we shall have to give clothes first, and then bread, and then swear to them on a pile of Bibles a mile high that we will trust them and treat

them right," he says. "But if we don't do that, what good is our Gospel, and where is it leading us and our churches? It is the man who gives a hundred dollars for his pew, and then just sits in it and thinks his duty done, who is the real enemy of the church."

So what the church needs, he feels, is a school of technology in this science of helpfulness and rescue. It needs more trained laymen with the personality and the willingness to assist in bringing the Gospel of Jesus Christ close to the lives of men, in the practical lines of bodily and social salvation. What it needs, I might add for him, is a host of laymen like himself!

Frequently he has been criticized for subjecting his family to the "bad influence" of these people. His family is the answer to that.

"I'd bring a man with a broken leg home, and get praised for it, wouldn't I?" he says. "Why not one with a broken heart or moral sense? My children don't see any difference in these people. There's twice the 'danger' sending them to public schools. Once a woman stole a feather boa. That's the only bad trick one of them ever did in my house. You should see the chivalry of the men to my wife and girls!"

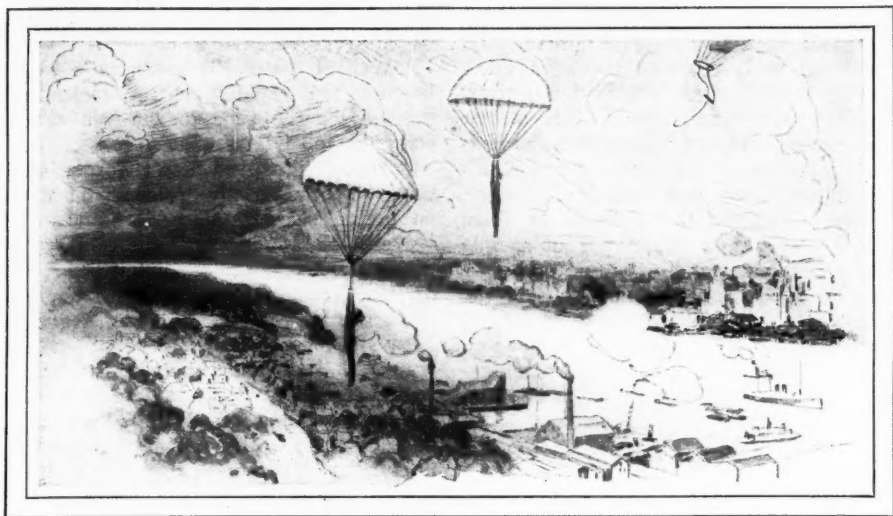
Mr. Brown is like the rest of us, too, in doing after all only what is his keenest joy and relaxation.

He sat with his high piles of notes, paid and unpaid, before him and fondled them.

"Haven't I had a good time?" he said. "It's better than horse-racing. They tell me I waste my money. My cashier tells me every week that I'm getting my leg pulled. Well, sometimes I am. I have my failures now and then. But it's my leg. And I'm having a good time. I guess I just do it because I like it."

Well, it is the things we like which make us what we are. You and I would not like to slap a safe-blower on the back or bring a fallen woman home to dinner. But, after we had tried it a few times, we might not find it so difficult; we might even come to take pleasure in it.

Perhaps the real difference between us and Mr. Brown is simply this—he has dared where we are cowards. He would tell us that is just as likely to be the real difference between us and the crook!



THE DOUBLE PARACHUTE DROP

BY PAUL WEST

AUTHOR OF "DUGGLESBY'S AIR-SHIP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

THE balloon, released from below, shot unsteadily into the air. Mr. William Burke, pink-and-spangle-clad, looked down on the cheering crowd from his trapeze perch beneath the soiled, smoke-tinged hot-air bag, and observed to his companion:

"I hope they choke!"

"What's the matter with you, Billy?" demanded the lady, also pink-and-spangled, who occupied the other side of the trapeze. "You've been grouchy all day!"

"I get sore every time salary-day comes around," said Burke. "Mannheimer always hands me my envelope as if it hurt him to let it go. I called him to-day—asked him if his fingers didn't get cramped squeezin' the dollars."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, the usual beef—bad season for all the parks, losin' money every week, parachute drops like ours no attraction

any longer. I asked him if he didn't think we was makin' good. He said yes, but the crowds was always lookin' for somethin' new. Couldn't we dope out something to make a sensation?"

"What do they want?" demanded the lady bitterly. "Ain't we takin' enough chances already?"

"That's what I told Mannheimer," said Mr. Burke. "I asked him if he'd like to have us set fire to ourselves after we got up, an' jump off into the air holdin' on to nothin'—he could bill us as the Human Comets, or somethin' like that."

"What did he say?"

"Took it serious. Said if we'd work it out, maybe he might see his way to makin' our salary two hundred next season."

The girl beside him was silent for a moment, as she gazed down at the rapidly receding earth. The park was now to the north of them, looking, in the bril-

liant afternoon sun, like a tinsel jewel set in green, with all its garish minarets and red-tiled roofs catching the light. Directly beneath them stretched the river, flanked with wood-capped cliffs on the near shore, and on the other with the piers and wharves of the city, beyond which stretched miles and miles of houses. From thousands of windows in these houses, she knew, thousands of people were watching them—people who had not paid the price of admission to the park where she and Billy were employed, but who, day after day, at this hour of the afternoon, flew to their free vantage-points to see the balloon go up. She had often wondered how much money, at twenty-five cents a head, these "dead-head" spectators would represent if they had paid to see the exhibition. Sometimes it made her angry, sometimes it made her defiant and reckless. Then, when Billy made her cut her parachute loose, she would do all sorts of "stunts" as it descended—circling the bar, holding with one hand, kicking her feet in the air, throwing kisses across the river, shouting aloud as if in fear.

After such an exhibition as this, when she had been picked up out of the river, or had scrambled to her feet in a suburban field and hurried back to the park in a borrowed wrap, Billy, when he had rejoined her, would shake his head at her foolhardiness.

"Cut it out, Nellie," was his usual admonition. "Cut it out. It don't do no good, because the crowd can't see what you're doin'. All they're watchin' is the drop. An' if anything was to happen—well, cut it out!"

"Why, you could get plenty more girls, couldn't you?"

She could remember the day, back in May, when she had answered Billy's advertisement in the *Clipper*:

WANTED—LADY PARTNER for parachute drop. Married women need not apply. Steady booking for entire season in big park. Apply to **PROFESSOR VOLANTI, Clipper Office.**

She remembered how many girls had applied for the position, and how Professor Volanti—that was Billy—had chosen her from them all after the sharpest

sort of a cross-examination as to her habits, her relatives, and so on.

"Well, I guess I'll give you a try," he had said finally. "But remember this—now's the time to say you don't want the job if you're goin' to feel that way about it. And don't forget one thing—I mean strictly business—business an' nothin' else!"

Nellie had wondered at the vehemence of his statement, at first, but it began to drive its meaning home to her later on, when she noticed the difference between Billy and most of the men she met in the variety theaters and concert-halls in the park. Not that he was not cordial to her. He began calling her Nellie before they had known each other a week; but it went no further. Sometimes they had a little supper together in town, after which he would leave her to her own resources for the evening, going about his own business.

She could have asked for no more respectful treatment from anybody. In fact, Nellie did not demand this aloofness on the part of her companion. She liked Billy, everybody liked him, and she would have liked to know him better. She had hinted one afternoon, when they had left the park together, that a trip to Coney during the evening would be a lot of fun for both of them. Billy's reply had been:

"Nothing doing, Nellie. I don't give a whoop for Coney or any of these ballyhoo shows. You can go if you want to, but excuse me. Besides, if anybody seen us they'd begin talkin'—they are already, of course, an' I don't want none o' that. I like you too much, kid."

"You don't act as if you did, then," said Nellie.

"Oh, yes, I do. If I didn't like you, I wouldn't have you for a partner; but I try to keep myself from likin' you too much. If I let myself get stuck on you, Nellie, I'd want to marry you, and if I did—I ain't sayin' you'd be willin'; I'm just supposin' it—why, I couldn't never let you go up with me again. I'd be afraid of you. I'd—I'd lose my nerve. No, Nellie, don't tempt me by askin' me to go around with you. It's better the way it is."

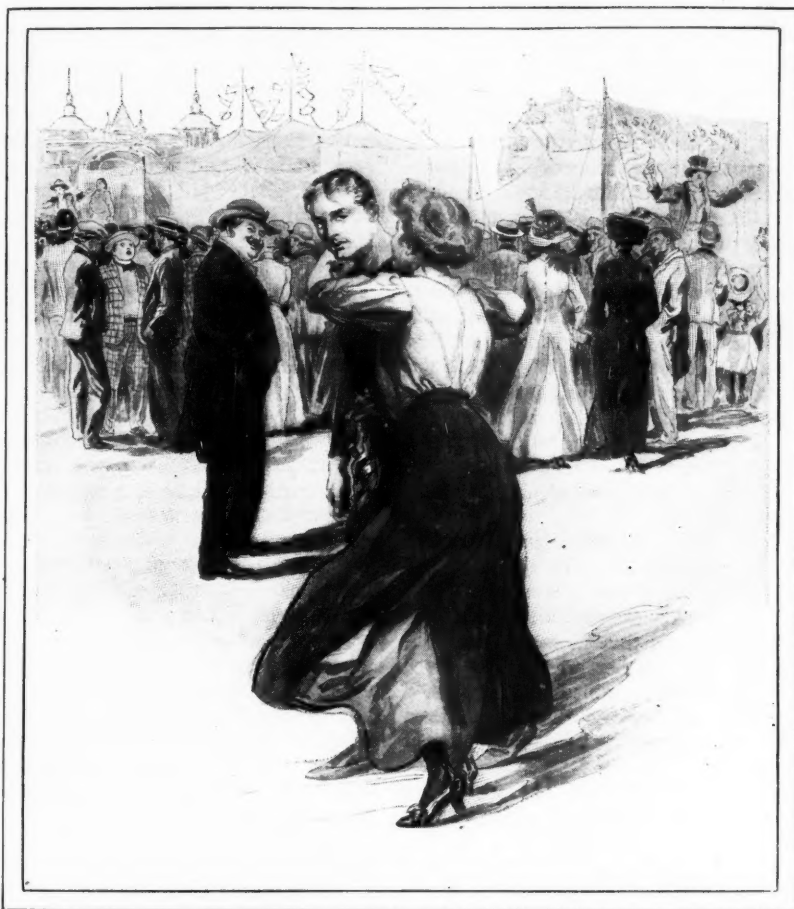
After this conversation Nellie had understood what Billy had meant by warning her that her engagement meant

"strictly business." From that time on, the subject of their getting better acquainted was never referred to.

Not that they did not become better acquainted. You can't very well shin on to a trapeze underneath a balloon, in

consumed in seeing to it that everything is all right.

Altogether, Billy and Nellie, in the season of eight weeks at the park, with an ascension almost every afternoon, including Sundays, had not spent more than a work-



SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HIM, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CROWD ABOUT THE MOVING-PICTURE THEATER, AND BEFORE IKE MANNHEIMER, TOO

nothing but pink tights, and let yourself be hoisted two or three thousand feet up in the air, sitting alongside another person similarly arrayed, without getting fairly well acquainted. But there isn't much time, after the crowd cheers and you shoot into the clouds, before you've got to swing off the trapeze, hanging to a short bar attached to a parachute; and the short time that there is, is pretty well

ing day of ten hours in each other's company. And what moments they had passed together outside of working hours had been almost too few to count.

Nevertheless, in her intercourse with Billy, Nellie had come to regard him with feelings that caused her many a sigh, many a little heart-throb. He was so lovable, was Billy Burke, big, strong, honest, with a seamed, unpretty face, and

hair just tinged with gray here and there; and so solicitous for her comfort and welfare!

One cold afternoon, when the wind had come blowing from across the river with the dampness and chill of the ocean just beyond the city, Billy had postponed the ascension, to Ike Mannheimer's disgust and a considerable crowd's disappointment, just because Nellie had a bad cold and he didn't want her to catch any more. Always, when he made his final inspection of the two parachutes attached to their trapeze, it was concerning the snap-hook releasing hers that he took the most pains, oftentimes failing to examine the working of his own at all.

As the days wore on, she began to wonder if it were not possible that he would forget what he had said to her that time about not daring to fall in love with her. The very fact that he had hinted at such a possibility was something on which she pinned a slight hope that some day she might see a softer light in his eyes; might be able to detect a sign that he had come to look on her with other than "strictly business" feelings!

Almost every day, when, in telling her that it was time for her to jump, he clasped her hand and gave her an encouraging pat on the shoulder, she found herself expecting that he would lean toward her and kiss her on the lips. Once or twice she had imagined that he started to do this, and her mouth had puckered itself for the returning kiss—but he never had done it!

It grew unbearable to the girl when she realized what everybody else about the park had already guessed—that she was in love with Billy. It was on the day when he stuck to the balloon a little too long, and was carried by the wind, before his parachute landed him, clear down to the mouth of the river, where he was nearly drowned before a boat picked him up. On this occasion Nellie herself had landed in a field not half a mile from the park. When she had got back to her dressing-room, and had waited an hour for Billy without a single word of any kind, she found herself suddenly on her knees in the bare little shed where she kept her clothes, praying to Heaven to bring Billy back safe and sound for her sake.

The way she flew to him when he finally returned, and threw her arms about him, right in front of the crowd around the moving-picture theater, and before Ike Mannheimer, too, made people laugh, and caused Ike to wink impertinently at the frowning Burke.

Billy had pretended not to notice Nellie's impulsive proceeding, and this alone made the girl angry. If he had only called her down for it! If he had only shown in some way that he had noticed how anxious she had been for his safety! Very well, if that was the way he felt about it, she would show him how cool she could be.

She hardly spoke to him, next day, when they went up. After getting back, he came to her dressing-room door and knocked, saying:

"All right, little girl!"

"Oh, are you?" she responded coldly, never asking him where or how he had landed.

But her pique gave way to a feeling of hopelessness, as each day seemed to increase the intensity of the girl's adoration of this man who could be so insensible to her love.

"Oh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it!" she cried to herself one night, in the solitude of her room. "I love him, I adore him, and he doesn't care for me any more than if I were a stone. Oh, if I was a man, and he was the girl, so that I could tell him how much I love him! He won't tell me, if he does love me. He isn't that kind. And I can't stand any more of it. I'm going to quit him—I'll go away. I'll—"

But then she realized that to leave Billy now, without any warning, would put him in an unpleasant predicament. Girls to take her place were plentiful, but the season was too nearly over for him to break in another.

"Anyhow, I'll quit at the end of this engagement," she said. "Maybe I'm wrong—maybe he does love me, and is only waiting for the end of the season to tell me so and ask me to marry him. He don't want any love business to interfere with our act during the season. I'll wait!"

Buoyed up with this hope, Nellie donned her pink and spangles, each afternoon, and made the ascension and the

drop with Billy, counting the days and rejoicing as the close of each brought the end of the season nearer. But from Billy there was never a sign that the love she hoped to discover had begun to kindle in his breast.

II

THESE were the thoughts that flashed through her mind as Billy, after telling her of his conversation with Mannheimer, and of his sarcastic rejoinder to the manager about developing his Human Comet sensation, turned to inspect the parachutes. These hung from each end of the trapeze, hers at her side, his at the other. They were suspended by snap-hooks, which were released by a pull on the cord that ran down through the inside of the parachute to the end of the little bar at the bottom, to which the parachutist clung as he or she leaped into the air. Pulling this cord released the parachute from the trapeze, after which there was a swift fall of perhaps a hundred feet before the air got under the parachute and opened it out like a mammoth umbrella. After that there was nothing to do but sail gracefully down to the earth—or the river, or wherever you might happen to alight.

Parachutists had been killed by the failure of this snap-hook to release the big umbrella. As a result, they were carried up by the balloon, which had then dropped with them to destruction, when the hot air with which it was filled had cooled. Such a death was too horrible to think about.

"Never think of what could happen, Nellie," said Billy to her one day, after they had read about the death of another balloonist through carelessness in not seeing that his parachute was ready for the leap. "Don't think of anything except next day. It don't do no good. If it's goin' to happen, it's goin' to. The only thing is to do your thinkin' before you start, an' see that the chances are as good as you can make 'em. Anyway, little girl, as long as you work with Billy Burke, you can make up your mind that nothin'll happen to you through carelessness of his!"

Nellie always felt secure when his left hand stole behind her to the end of the trapeze, and his skilled fingers felt of

the snap-hook supporting her parachute. He invariably made this inspection when the balloon was in its first upward flight, before it reached any great height. Then he would quietly say "All right," and give her a little pat on the shoulder as his hand came back to feel if his parachute were also in working order.

On receiving Billy's signal, Nellie used to reach over, pull up the bar suspended from her parachute, and grip it tightly with both hands. Then she waited. She was to jump first. Billy had arranged it that way.

"I'll cast you off," he had told her when she got used to fairly high jumps, "at about fifteen hundred feet, so's to be pretty sure you'll come down on the park side of the river, and not hit the water. In an ordinary wind you ought to git down in about twenty seconds or around that, and that'll give me time to git up to something like three thousand feet—which is all I care to give 'em for the money they're payin'. After you let go and pull the cord for your parachute to unhook from the trapeze, don't never look back for me. I'll be all right!"

Nellie, gazing down at the river, heard his voice saying, as he inspected her parachute:

"All right, little girl!"

Instinctively she reached down to pull up the bar, still looking off at the water and the city beyond, thinking, not of the drop, but how she was going to tell Billy about not being his partner next season. Then she thought she felt him give a little start, and heard a smothered exclamation. She turned to him, and noticed an odd expression on his face, which was very pale.

"What's the matter, Billy?" she demanded.

"Nothing," he answered sharply.

But she saw. At the end of the trapeze where his parachute should have been hanging, there was nothing. And down below, now nearly to the earth, swaying in its unballasted fall like a kite on a broken string, the parachute floated, half opened.

"Billy! My God!" cried Nellie, her hand, which had caught the bar of her parachute, losing its strength, so that the bar fell back into its dangling place beneath the trapeze.

"Pull that bar back," he said coolly. "Pull it back, I say!"

The girl did as he told her, but he had to hold her on the trapeze as she leaned over. With the bar in her right hand she held it toward him.

"It's all right," she said, laughing in a silly way. "It's all right, I tell you. Come, Billy!"

But his hand did not take hold of the bar. She held it nearer to him.

"Come, Billy," she said. "We're up a long way."

"Jump!" was all he said. "Jump, I say! Don't you understand me?"

She looked at him, her eyes unwilling to understand his meaning. He repeated his order, now harshly, with clenched teeth.

Then she spoke:

"Why don't you take hold of the bar, then? Billy, why don't you take hold?"

"It wouldn't keep us both up," he said. "There wouldn't be a chance. No, you jump! Jump, I tell you, or—"

"Without you—never!"

Again the bar of the parachute left the girl's hand, but this time not involuntarily, for she threw it away from her, and it snapped back on its rope and twisted back and forth under them. Then she threw herself into the man's arms, her fingers clenched together at the back of his neck.

He was still for a moment, trembling all over. Then he growled:

"Let go, I say! Let go!"

He tried with one hand to disentangle her hands, but the girl clung to him, her face buried on his shoulder, her eyes tightly closed to shut out the death that was coming—the death that she claimed for herself if it was to be his.

"Nellie," he shouted, "I tell you, let go, or—"

"I know, Billy," she cried, "I know!" She looked up into his face, her blue eyes ablaze with a look that he understood. "If I don't let go, we'll—we'll make it together. We'll make it together!"

"No, girl," he cried. "I say no. I say for you to let go of me. This is my game, not yours, little girl. Let go of me!"

He was a strong man, and his fingers were like iron, but he could not unclasp those hands that were locked about his

neck. He shifted his grip to the white arm that pressed against his chest, and pulled it till he thought it would break; but he could not dislodge it. And all the while the girl's face looked into his, and she kept saying:

"No, Billy, I won't, I won't, I tell you. I won't let go. You can't make me! We'll go together, you and I, Billy, you and I!"

And then his arm, which had been tugging and twisting ineffectually at hers, was drawn back, the fist clenched, and when it came forward it struck her full upon the temple—the white temple that showed under the wavy hair. She gave a little moan, and would have fallen from the trapeze, had not the same hand that had dealt her the blow caught her by the waist as she relaxed, unconscious, with eyelids that trembled and then were still.

III

THE man's teeth were biting through his lips, and a great groan came up from his breast, but he was not idle for a second. He let her body fall across his, and balanced her there, while with one hand he tore at the silk handkerchief about his waist—a large handkerchief of red and white stripes and silver stars on a blue field—the American flag.

With his teeth and one hand he tore it into two strips. Then his foot felt for the bar of the parachute dangling below, and drew it up. He wound one arm about the rope holding up the trapeze, and, bringing the parachute bar up, he bound the girl's wrists to it with the pieces of silk handkerchief, so tightly that the silk cut into the white skin.

His left arm raised her limp body up, and he started to let it slip from his knees, holding the parachute bar in his other hand to lower it as gently as he might. As her face came near his, he saw the bruise on her temple where he had struck her. He lifted the girl to him and kissed her on the bruise. Her eyelids trembled. He crushed her to him, and this time he pressed his lips to her mouth.

Then a chance glance at the earth, which seemed fearfully far away, brought him to his senses. He let her slip over the edge of the trapeze, out of his grasp, her body dangling below, her wrists being cruelly wrenched by the gaudy handker-

chief that bound them to the bar to which he clung.

He let the bar go lower and lower, to make the first drop as gentle as possible, lest her wrists should be jerked loose. When he could lower her no more that way he caught the folds of the parachute and let her down to the utmost length, so that finally she hung there, fifteen feet below him.

He looked down at her, her pale face, with the mark of his fist on the temple, upturned to him. His hand sought the snap-hook that served to detach the parachute from the balloon.

"Good-by, Nellie!" he said. "Good-by!"

A pressure of his fingers, and the snap was released. The pale face flashed away from him. He held his breath, waiting

for the parachute to open. When it did, it was a curtain that shut out from his sight every sign of her. And then, with a moan, he turned away, caught at the support of his trapeze, and hid his face in his arm.

Heaven was merciful to Billy Burke. When the hot air in the balloon ceased to have any supporting power, and he began to drop toward the earth—gradually at first, but soon swifter and swifter—he prayed a little, but only that Nellie might be saved. Then he shut out everything else.

They found the balloon away down in the Lower Bay. They found Nellie, bruised, raving, in a field not far from the park. She was tugging wildly to free her hands from the parachute bar to which Billy's handkerchief still bound them.

MAGELLAN IN THE STRAITS

THE steady wind blew west
Along the tortuous strait;
And still the lean and scowling crew,
Consumed with helpless hate,
Beheld Magellan smile
As if he joked with fate.

All day they cursed the ship;
All night they dreamed of Spain.
They called the strait a river of hell—
He swore it was the main;
For oft at eve he dipped
And found it salt again.

The sailors sickened fast;
Their eyes began to stare.
Now, wolflike ravening, from the mast
The leathern thongs they tear;
For none of their small lives
Did that great captain care.

At even and at morn
He bade their labors halt,
To swing some luckier comrade down
Into the foaming vault;
And still he smiled and said:
"The water still is salt!"

The water still was salt;
The west wind still blew free—
Sudden the sailors crowding ran
From starboard and from lee,
And lifted up their eyes
Upon the western sea.

Sarah N. Cleghorn

ASSISTING THE FORTUNE-TELLER

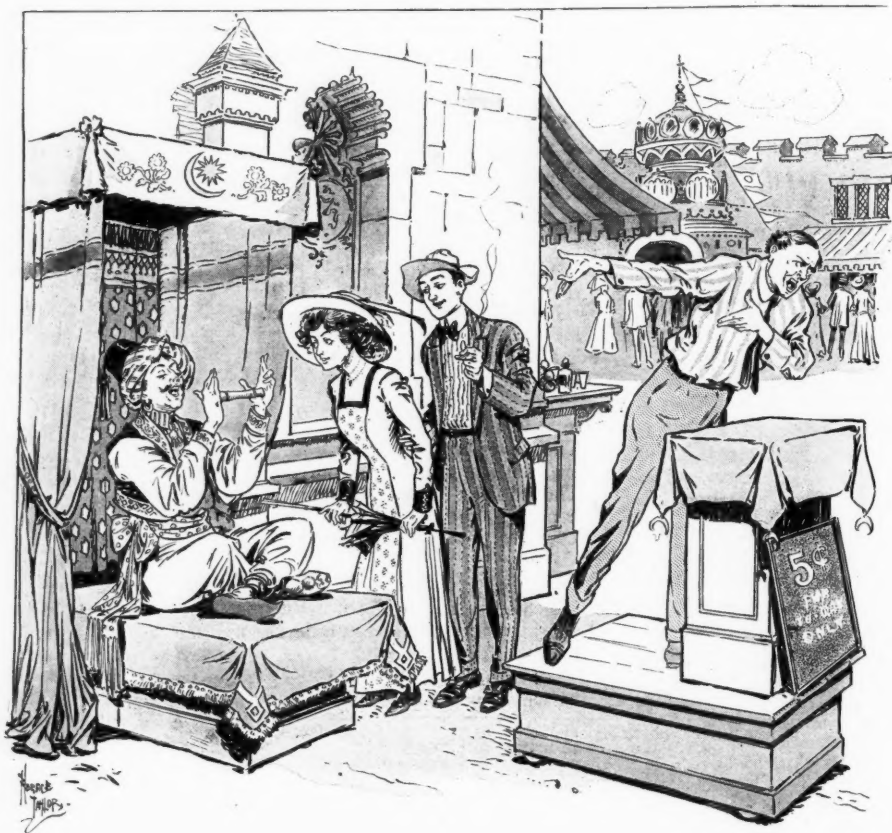
BY GEORGE M. A. CAIN

AUTHOR OF "WAYS TO WEALTH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

MR. MARTIN MULCAHEY walked into Fairyland, alone, with about as dejected an air as a man could possibly wear. He walked out with his head high, whistling "Kathleen Mavourneen."

Oh, no, this is not a fairy story. Fairyland is a very commonplace amusement-park, which Martin Mulcahey had frequented since its opening two years before. Formerly he had been accompanied by Miss Mary Flynn upon all these excursions.



"IT IS WRITTEN WITHOUT PEN, PENCIL, OR INK! PRINCE SAGO ULI HAS PUZZLED THE ENTIRE WORLD WITH THIS M-MARVELOUS POWER OF HIS!"

sions. It was because he was not thus accompanied on the present occasion that he was dejected.

His dejection was emphasized by the knowledge that Mary was spending this evening, as she had spent most of her evenings during the past four weeks, in the society of Mr. Algernon Reilly.

This Reilly person was a very swell-looking young man with desperately well-cut clothes and money enough to take a girl out seven evenings a week, to say nothing of Saturday and Sunday afternoons. From the very first day that Mary had met him, Martin Mulcahey's star had seemed to go into eclipse—if that is what a star does when you can't see it any more.

It was hard, especially in view of the fact that Martin's raise of pay had ma-

terialized just two weeks after the appearance of his rival. Martin had been waiting for that raise to declare his love and ask Mary's hand forever and ever and then some.

But, as mentioned above—at the very beginning, in fact—Martin came out of Fairyland very much cheered up. He had just had a quiet interview with a certain publicity agent who acted as manager for a so-called Hindu magician and fortune-teller. The fortune-teller was a recent addition to the wonders and attractions of the park. Martin had become interested when he heard the man's weird, thrice-repeated cry:

"Heenah—heenah—heenah!"

"Sounds like a lost dago callin' for his wife to save him," Martin had commented to himself.

He had found the magician dressed in what passes at summer parks for an oriental costume; and the publicity agent had helped to explain something of the mysterious purpose of the short, thick bamboo stick over which the alleged Hindu was making strange passes when Mulcahey came up.

"It is written without pen, pencil, or ink!" the manager was saying to the gaping crowd. "Prince Sago Uli has puzzled the entire world with this marvelous power of his! He has never before exhibited in these parts. For five cents, ladies and gentlemen—for the ridiculously low price of a nickel—this native prince from India will write your fortune upon a blank sheet of paper without the use of pen, pencil, or ink. Who'll be the next?"

Martin saw a young man step up to the manager, who thereupon wrote two letters upon the top sheet of a pad in his hand.

"You see, I have here the initials of this gentleman on a perfectly blank sheet of paper. Prince Sago Uli will now put this paper into his wonder-working tube, which, you see, is perfectly empty. An infallible prediction of your future life will then be written upon the paper without the use of pen, pencil, or ink. Now; watch how he does it!"

Martin watched. He heard the cry of pretended mystery. He saw the passes. Then he saw a letter taken out of the tube, written neatly upon one side of the



paper that had been indisputably blank. He was mystified, but he did not believe for an instant that there was anything occult about the performance.

He had his own fortune written, then that of some boys who seemed eager—just because he wanted to catch the faker in his trick; but he could not catch him. The thing was too deep for Martin Mulcahey's understanding.

But of one thing he was quite sure—the letters were written somehow beforehand. With this certainty there came an idea that was nothing less than an inspiration. When the manager was having a lull in business, Martin approached him with a question:

"You want to make ten dollars dead easy?"

Mystically told fortunes, sold at five cents each, even with a fair rush of business, do not put a man in a position to laugh at ten dollars. The manager did want to make ten dollars. For that amount he could fix things so that the magic-writing prince would write almost anything that his client desired. The letter that Martin Mulcahey dictated, when polished up a little by the manager, read as follows:

Your life has been without great sorrow thus far. But beware! Two suitors now seek your hand. One of these is false, the other true. As you look up from this letter, you will see your true lover smiling into your eyes.

Your lucky numbers are ten and twenty-five. Your best season is summer. You should become engaged on the 10th of July, and married on the 25th of August.

It remained for Martin to bring Mary Flynn to the park and to interest her in the magic-writing Hindu prince. It should go without saying that the next day was the 10th of July. It was also Thursday. Mulcahey knew that Algernon Reilly was regularly engaged somewhere on Thursday evenings. Those had been the only evenings on which he had been able to see anything of his erstwhile sweetheart since Reilly appeared on the scene.

"Come on up and see the fireworks in Fairyland, Mary," he invited her, when she received him on the front step the next evening.

"Oh, I suppose so," Mary replied, with a toss of her head. "I'm feeling a bit tired—not much like going anywhere far this evening. Mr. Reilly and I was to West Beach last night."

Her tone very artistically conveyed the insinuation that West Beach was to Fairyland—as Mr. Algernon Reilly to Mr. Martin Mulcahey. So did the languid, indifferent manner with which she walked with Martin to the car.

II

MARTIN was too excited to talk on the way, and Mary did not seem sufficiently interested in anything to say much. It was not until they had walked most of the length of the "pike," and stopped at the soda-stand in front of which the Hindu prince was performing, that any conversation took place.

"Gee!" Martin exclaimed with well-feigned surprise. "It looks like a new fake over there."

Mary turned a languid gaze upon the magician, just finishing his mysterious passes over the bamboo tube.

"Aw," she half sighed, half grunted. "They've had that down to West Beach this good while. I've had three letters from them fake spirits of Indians already—all different."

"Oh, of course it's a fake, all right," Martin assented boldly. He pretended to show great interest in the process, which was near enough to be easily watched from their table. "But it's a pretty good fake. I'd like to know how they get the writin' on it."

"Put it in already wrote," she said laconically.

"Let's go and catch him at it," Martin suggested.

Mary followed him, with the air of being badly bored.

"That tube's empty, sure enough," he said, when they had watched the performer for a moment.

"And the paper looks blank all right when he puts it in," Mary admitted. "Now, watch."

"I'm going to try it," he said. "I want to have a look at that paper."

He tried it. Together they laughed over the vague letter he got.

"Here, you try it. He wouldn't let me have another."



"LET'S GO AND CATCH HIM AT IT"

Martin's great moment had come. He winked at the manager, who shifted a sheet from the bottom to the top of his pad so cleverly that Martin himself could hardly see him do it.

Quickly he wrote down the initials "M. F." Mary was satisfied that the paper was blank, and that no written sheet was concealed beneath it. The Hindu-prince went through his little rigmarole, while Mulcahey trembled in his patent-leathers. With drawn face he watched the tiny roll of paper come forth from the tube. Then he held his breath and made his face smile while he stood close beside Mary and waited for her to look into his eyes.

He had figured it all out with the insight of a trained psychologist. The woman does not exist who is not superstitious enough to be a little impressed

when some fact of her life is definitely presented thus. Martin knew he had been right when he saw the surprise in Miss Flynn's face as she read the first paragraph. He thought his own face would crack in the effort to maintain his smile until Mary looked up. He could not imagine why she took so long to finish so short a letter.

He was beginning to suspect that she was keeping her eyes down on purpose to avoid his, when something happened that drove the last vestige of smile from his face. The word that he said to himself would not have been proper to speak aloud. For a dapper figure had swung into view, and a somewhat affected voice was cooing:

"Good evening, Mary!"

And Mary looked up into the smiling face of Mr. Algernon Reilly.

For an instant Martin Mulcahey stood gasping for breath. He could think only of the failure of his scheme—the loss of all his hopes. Instead of making a grand coup and capturing the prize, he had delivered her over to the hands of his rival. He was stunned beyond power to raise his fists and fight, beyond speech in which to deliver to Mr. Algernon Reilly a cutting admonition upon the subject of "butting in," beyond locomotion

"Come on, Marty," she said. "I don't know this person!"

III

"WH-WHAT's happened to you and Reilly?" Mulcahey managed to stammer,



"COME ON, MARTY. I DON'T KNOW THIS PERSON!"

to leave the pair to themselves and walk sulkily away.

Then, suddenly, he came to. He realized that something was not as he thought it was. He saw that Mary was not smiling back at Reilly. On the contrary, she was staring at him with eyes that flashed fire and brimstone. But she stopped Martin before he could execute the movement that might have sent Reilly to the hospital and himself to jail.

when they had put the width of the park between themselves and the dapper young man.

"Oh, nothing!" Mary said vaguely. Then, apparently, she decided that some excuse must be offered for her treatment of Mr. Algernon Reilly, if she did not wish to appear to disadvantage in Martin's eyes. "For one thing, he got a little too fresh last night, coming home. I never liked him very much, anyhow. And

then, for another thing—" She broke off abruptly.

Although his brain was reeling with the revelation, Martin held his voice in some sort of control while he prompted her.

"Tell me, what was the other thing, Mary?"

"Well, I knew that magic letter was a frame-up the minute I read it." Martin's heart sank. His momentary renewal of hope went out. "You fixed that Indian prince guy, didn't you?"

Mulcahey failed to answer—simply because he knew not what to say.

"Anyhow, that stuff about the two lovers and the true one smiling in my face—you certainly did try hard to smile," she grinned.

Martin's face grew red to the roots of his hair. From there up, he was always red. But Mary went on remorselessly:

"And it was you fixed up those lucky dates for me, too, wasn't it?"

He owned up now with the assumed boldness of a schoolboy who knows he is caught.

"I did!"

"I thought so," the girl replied easily. "That's the other reason why I couldn't see as I needed Mr. Algernon Reilly any more."

Even then, Martin puzzled so hard trying to think out just what had happened, and what Miss Flynn meant, that he almost forgot to make the first of the lucky dates come true!

"WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?"

THE postman passes by; his steps tell plainly
He hasn't any mail to leave for me;
Or, should he stop, my eyes must still seek vainly
The one handwriting I so long to see.
Even a picture postal card were better
Than leaving me without a single sign;
Another day gone by, and still no letter—
I think you might have written me a line!

Why are you silent? I have often written
When it was, strictly speaking, "not my turn."
Have you with pen-paralysis been smitten?
Or what new lesson would you have me learn?
Am I impatient—in too great a hurry—
You pressed with duties harder to decline?
Granted, poor boy, you're eaten up with worry,
And yet—you could have written me a line!

Or has our intercourse, a once dear pleasure,
Become a bugbear, a repugnant task?
Will it encroach upon some half-grudged leisure?
Then I the sacrifice will never ask.
Past benefits we sometimes would forget here—
I do not care to cut my words too fine;
It really doesn't matter much—and yet, dear,
I think you should have written me a line!

Perhaps there's some mistake; a heedless sentence
Penned without thinking may have caused you pain;
Perhaps I rate too high my independence,
Perhaps you think me frivolous and vain;
Or my poor jests in earnest you were taking.
Ah, could you read this secret heart of mine,
And know how nearly—nearly—it is breaking,
You would be after writing me a line!

Harry F. Bowling

C O N T E N T M E N T

IT'S blitherin' cold outside,
And blowin' to beat the band,
And snow and sleet is a flyin' wide
Over the whole broad land.
The icicles hang from the eaves,
And the pond and the brooks is froze;
The frost has withered the autumn leaves,
And bit up the farmer's nose—
But me an' mine
Is feelin' fine,
So what do we care for snows?

There isn't a bird in sight,
And even the cat stays in,
Desertin' the joys of night
And the call of her kith and kin.
The days they are short and chill,
The nights are a decade long;
And out on the bleak and distant hill
The blizzard is goin' strong—
But me an' mine
Is feelin' fine,
For our hearts is full o' song.

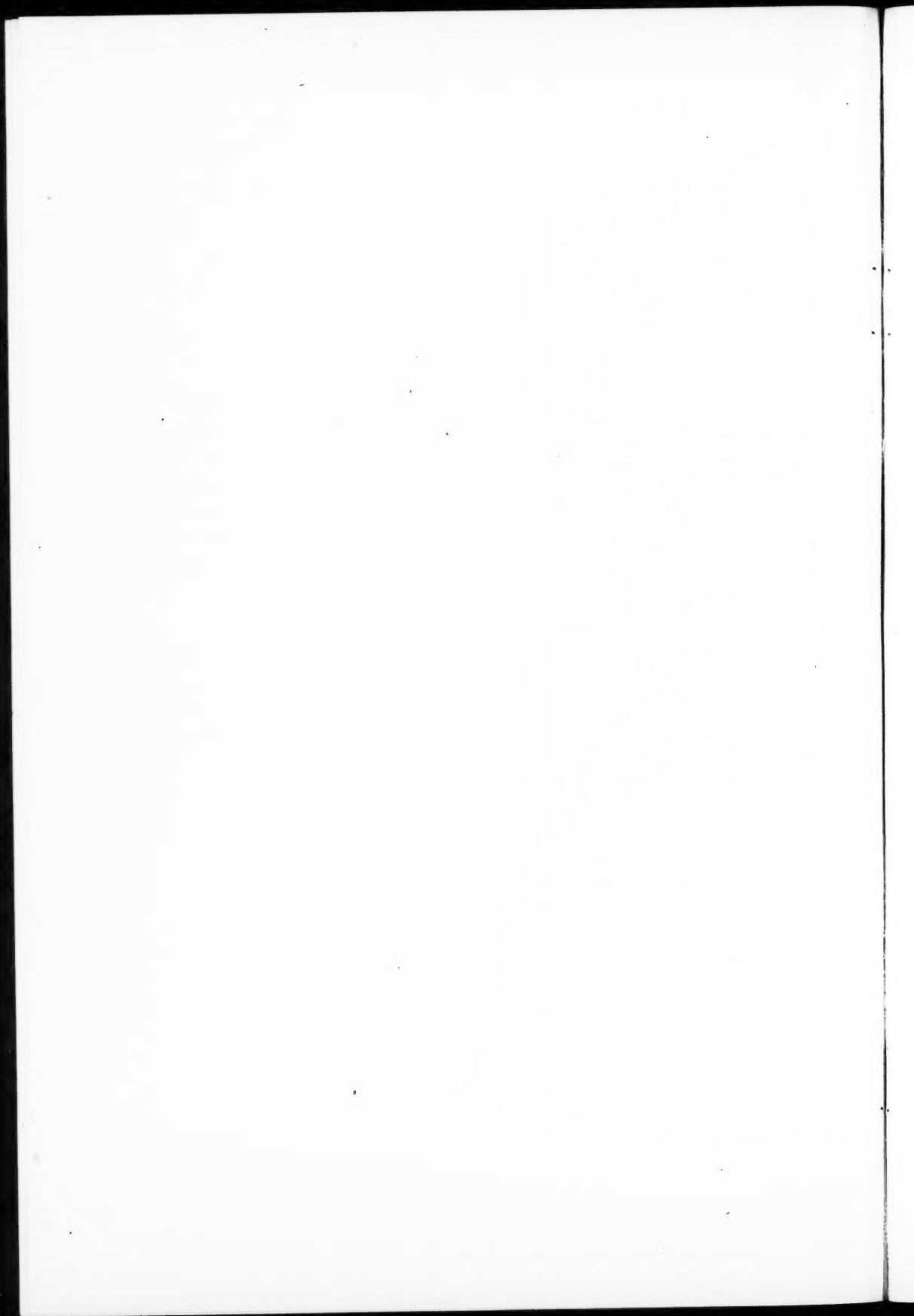
Her heart is singin' of me,
And mine is singin' of her!
No thinkin' of what's to be,
No thinkin' of things that were,
But just of the joys that is,
Not worried 'bout things that's not;
So let the hoary blizzards blizz,
And Boreas go it hot—
For me an' mine
Is feelin' fine,
And thankful for what we've got!

John Kendrick Bangs



HER HEART IS SINGIN' OF ME—AND MINE IS SINGIN' OF HER!

[See poem "Contentment," on opposite page]



THE PURSUIT*

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY

BY FRANK SAVILE

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE story opens in the old Moorish city of Tangier, where Lieutenant Aylmer, a young English officer from Gibraltar, accidentally encounters an Arab who is attempting to abduct a little fair-haired boy. Aylmer rescues the child and returns it to its guardian, a handsome young American woman. He finds that the boy's name is John Aylmer—the same as his own; and he infers that the child must be the son of his cousin, Lord Landon, who was married nine years before to a New York heiress, and whose cruelty and misconduct have since driven his wife to secure a divorce. The young woman who has the boy in charge proves to be Claire Van Arlen, sister of the divorced Lady Landon, and she receives Aylmer with unconcealed coldness and suspicion, which he endeavors—and for some time endeavors vainly—to overcome. She is living with her father—old Jacob Van Arlen, a New York millionaire—and little John Aylmer, at the Villa Eulalia, on the hillside overlooking Tangier.

Meanwhile Aylmer's worthless cousin, Lord Landon, lands from a New York steamer at Gibraltar, and is met by William Miller, a rather mysterious individual, who maintains an office and a cottage on the famous rock. From the ensuing conference it becomes clear that these two are conspiring to kidnap the peer's little son for purposes of blackmail. Miller also orders Landon to secure a certain book, containing confidential military information, which is in Aylmer's possession. The titled rascal succeeds in stealing the volume, and hurriedly leaves Gibraltar for Tangier.

Aylmer follows him, but is too late to prevent further disaster, for Landon entraps the boy and escapes with him in a Spanish smuggler's boat, bound for Cadiz. An unfavorable wind, however, drives the vessel down the African coast, and Landon goes ashore at Casablanca, tricking the vigilance of Commandant Rattier, whose ship is lying in the port. With some natives—Beni M'Geel Berbers—the kidnaper hurries off into the interior. Rattier, angry at having allowed him to escape, starts in pursuit, with Sergeant Perinaud and a half company of goumiers—Algerian yeomanry—given him by Major d'Hubert, commander of the French forces at Casablanca. The pursuers are joined by Aylmer, who has come to Casablanca on the Van Arlens' yacht. They overtake the fugitives, and a skirmish follows, in which several of the Berbers are killed, while on the other side Commandant Rattier is wounded and obliged to return to Casablanca.

Aylmer and Sergeant Perinaud continue the pursuit, and learn that Landon has sought refuge in a native village, which they plan to surprise at daybreak the next morning. On making the attack, however, they are entrapped among the silos, or cellars in which the natives store their grain. Aylmer, disabled by a fall, finds himself a prisoner in one of these pits. Landon, triumphant, offers to release him if he will give a pledge that the kidnaped child shall stay with its father, and that the Van Arlens shall pay him a large money allowance. When Aylmer rejects the offer, Landon threatens to leave him buried alive in the silo.

XXIV (Continued)

"EH?" Landon questioned, with a grin. "Are second thoughts best? Do you begin to understand the situation?"

For a moment or two the silence remained unbroken. In Aylmer's gaze there was little still but wonder—wonder that

things like Landon should continue to exist in this prosy, workaday world of ours. Opportunities for unleashing a real lust of cruelty and evil come to few of us. We argue, therefore, that they do not occur. A common error—a glance at the reports of half a dozen philanthropic societies will refute it; but we who are not engaged in social reform are lost in

* This story began in the September (1909) number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

amazement at the monsters when we meet them. It was incredulity that was in Aylmer's mind, though Landon imagined it to be deliberation.

"There are no two ways to it!" he cried sharply. "Don't think that. It's yes or no, now and here!"

Aylmer made a wearily contemptuous gesture.

"Haven't you had your answer?" he said. "It's no. It would be no if I had a thousand chances to say it. No—no—no!"

Landon rose. He looked down malignantly, suspiciously, at the man at his feet. He shouted in Spanish to some unseen listener outside. The end of a rope was dropped down through the opening. Methodically, Landon knotted it about the dead horse's neck and forelegs.

"No, my friend," he said, as if in answer to some unspoken question. "You aren't going to exist by munching this dead brute's flesh or sucking its blood till help comes—if it comes at all. You are going to be left in here with no more company than your own obstinacy—alone!"

He shouted again. The rope tautened. Landon seized it, and with a couple of energetic jerks swung himself up into the sunshine. Then the carcass rose, dragged a little on the floor, and in its turn was hauled out of sight. When it was gone, the cellar loomed larger, gloomier, emptier.

There was another dragging sound. Half the light which filtered through the opening was eclipsed.

Landon's voice rang hollow in the underground echoes.

"Is it 'no' still, you fool?" he snarled.

There was no answer. With a curse, Landon made a significant motion of the hand. The Arabs' brawny shoulders were bent, and their thews tightened. The great slab slid into its place.

XXV

A FULL mile out in the offing, the Morning Star swung at her anchorage, dipping and swerving lazily over the incoming rush of the Atlantic swell. The dawn light was soft behind the white bastions of the town's sea-wall; the harsh glare of the fully risen sun was yet to come.

A little boat put out from the shore, zigzagging across the wide lake which is bounded on the south by the Headland and on the north and west by the ring of transports, merchantmen, and *cuirassés* of the French navy. She tacked and came about at short intervals, as if those who sailed her had need of haste, or at any rate of the distraction of attempting speed, even if it could not be attained. She sidled, at last, toward the yacht's companion ladder.

Claire Van Arlen rose from her deck-chair as the boat's sail dropped. She walked toward the taffrail and looked down. She had used her binoculars upon the little craft ever since its start from the shore, and had finally recognized Daoud. His companion—a uniformed man, whose long limbs seemed to occupy the whole of the space between stern and stem—had his head swathed in bandages.

Daoud was the first to scramble aboard. He stood before her with bent shoulders, the picture of dejection. She breathed a little quickly.

"Yes?" she asked. "You have brought news—of what?"

The tall man swung himself off the ladder, drew himself upright, and saluted.

"*Mademoiselle*—I am Sergeant Perinaud, attached to the office of the military police here. I attended M. Aylmer during our ride in pursuit of the named Landon, who was escaping with certain desert knaves of the Beni M'Geel. We overtook them—"

She interrupted with an exclamation of delight.

"You have the boy?" she cried. "You recovered him?"

He shook his head.

"No, *mademoiselle*. We were betrayed into an unfortunate ambush. We lost five men out of ten, in addition to further losses at an earlier date in the proceedings; and *monsieur le capitaine* has been badly hurt."

He looked at her keenly, with a sort of speculative curiosity; and Daoud frowned. There was no sign of commiseration in her glance. She showed annoyance—almost disgust.

"You had your hands upon these men, and they escaped you?" she cried.

"We were within a very little of arrest—"

ing them, *mademoiselle*, but by an Arab trick, in which I regret to say they showed more intelligence than we were capable of divining, they defeated us. I am directed by Major d'Hubert to report to you fully on the incident, if you desire it."

She made a vehement gesture.

"If!" she cried. "If!"

With an accession of woodenness in his demeanor, the sergeant drew himself up yet more stiffly, repeated his salute, and in a few precise words gave the story of the pursuit. As he described Aylmer's fall, it was to be noted that his voice and bearing relaxed. A tinge of the dramatic colored his level tones. His eyes—his hands—were called upon to emphasize the description of the headlong plunge into the black trap of the silo. He indicated the feelings of an onlooker, rather than a mere reporter, as he described the sealing of the prison mouth.

As she listened, she gave a little gasp. In the background, Daoud flung his colleague a little nod of approval.

"And then?" she asked breathlessly. "And then?"

"I was unhorsed, *mademoiselle*, and somewhat beaten about the head, as is evident. I found shelter in a neighboring patch of mallow, where, after a season, I was joined by my friend here. The Beni M'Geel having departed, we watched their route, as a matter of precaution, for a mile or two, and then returned. We were unable to deal with the slab upon the cellar-mouth."

This time his voice had been level enough, but he made his pause effective. She gasped again.

"You left him there?"

He smiled.

"Yes, *mademoiselle*; but not without rendering him assistance. Not being able to remove the stone, we dug another entrance. The outer earth was hard and baked; but, after pecking off a few inches with our knives, we fetched water from the river, and easily softened it. We fashioned a couple of wooden shovels. Thus we dug down into the prison in an hour or two. We found the captain delirious."

"Yes?" she said again eagerly. "You brought him away?"

"*Mademoiselle* forgets that we had no horses. Daoud remained with him. I

walked to our nearest outpost, at Ain Djemma, to fetch assistance."

His tones were absolutely matter of fact, but some instinct of comprehension made her look at him yet more keenly; and thus she noted the weariness which his voice could hide, but not his drawn features.

"You walked—how far?" she questioned.

"I have no exact idea, *mademoiselle*. For some hours. I could not obtain a surgeon—there was but one at the post, and his hands were full. An orderly of the ambulance came with me, with a mule cacolet and a small escort of chasseurs. But we have not dared to remove the captain, whose fever has reached a serious height. The orderly advised that I should come direct to the town and obtain either medical help or, if possible, one of the Red Cross nurses. But there is an epidemic of fever at the hospital, besides an influx of wounded from the *tirailleurs*' foray of four days back. Neither surgeon nor nurse can be spared for one man."

For a moment there was silence again. Perinaud looked at her with a sort of questioning apathy—with the detached air of one having done his duty and awaiting the decrees of fate. But Daoud moved restlessly, and then broke into speech—as if some irresistible impulse moved him.

"I think my master is likely to die, *mademoiselle*," he said.

And then he, too, waited, in a sort of queer, hushed expectancy, as if his words must result in some definite action.

"We have—medical comforts on board," she said quickly. "We will put anything we possess at Captain Aylmer's service."

Perinaud nodded again solemnly.

"The dislocated shoulder has been dealt with, *mademoiselle*, and the broken bone set. The orderly, also, has quinin for the fever—which is high. We might be doing right, perhaps, in taking back any other remedies that your intelligence can suggest."

His tone was meditative and judicial, intimating quite distinctly that this was a by-issue and not the objective of his present mission. He continued to stare at her steadily, without any tinge of offense, but with a questioning directness which spoke volumes.

"I am waiting," it seemed to say. "I have given you your cue. Speak your part!"

She looked from him to the Moor, read the same message in the latter's air of anticipation, and then spoke desperately.

"What is it?" she demanded. "You want something?"

The man looked not exactly embarrassed, but disconcerted—surprised. His eyebrows rose a fraction—he flashed a swiftly inquiring glance at the Moor. The other nodded.

"The captain's fever and delirium are very great, *mademoiselle*," he said slowly. "We thought—" He hesitated. "The captain, in his wanderings, used your name frequently."

She understood in a moment. Aylmer, in his fevered unconsciousness, had—what had he done? Placed himself and her in a false position? These stolid, unimaginative men, at any rate, regarded her as his fiancée. She was not eager, vehement, to rush to her lover's side. No wonder they showed astonishment.

She stood silent, perturbed, at a loss; and the two impassive faces watched her. Again a tiny spasm of fear throbbed through her. Fate was fighting for this man, it seemed. Helpless, unconscious, cast away in this rat-hole in the wilderness, his plight worked for him where his own powers could not. His very helplessness appealed to her. Could she refuse the duty which was being forced upon her by the mute message of those four watching eyes?

Her imagination began to work. She saw a gloomy pit, a white face wasted with fever, heard a voice which—unconsciously, perhaps, but still appealingly—called upon her name. And this was the debonair soldier who had ridden out three days before to do—what? Her bidding, no less. A flush rose to her brow.

"I have not a nurse's training," she assured Perinaud quietly, "but I will come with you, if you will wait."

The sergeant saluted.

"At *mademoiselle's* service," he said placidly, and then turned toward his colleague and sighed—a deep suspiration eloquent of relief.

At the door of the saloon she hesitated. She could see her father at his desk, bent over his papers, writing methodically. A

sudden, irritated sense of shyness fell upon her. Surely he, too, could not misunderstand!

He looked round at her entrance. Without preamble, she repeated the sergeant's report, speaking in level, matter-of-fact tones. She announced her decision to return with Perinaud and his escort.

Her father's first comment was no more than his usual deferential little nod; but there was a slightly strained silence between them as she finished speaking—a silence which gave him time for reflection.

"You think your presence necessary—likely to benefit him?" he said questioningly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He has been wounded—in our service," she said. "These men seem to expect much of my nursing—I, who have never nursed. I hardly see a way to refuse graciously."

Again her father made his little obeisance of assent.

"I could charge myself with an explanation," he said gravely. "There is no reason for you to go against your wishes. I fear there is little prospect of our being of real help."

A sudden throb of protest surged up in her. The vision of the dark cellar and of the fevered lips which called constantly upon her name became vivid. To her own amazement, she realized that she wanted to go—that the thought of those two horsemen riding out into the wild with their message of repulse had become abhorrent to her. She felt suddenly pitying—protective. The feminine—indeed, the maternal—instinct gripped her.

The blood rose to her cheeks.

"I should prefer to go," she said quietly.

Van Arlen made a little gesture of finality.

"The sooner, then, the better," he said, and moved briskly toward his own cabin, summoning the steward to his councils as he went.

XXVI

THE dusk was falling over them with grateful coolness as, eight hours later, they rode over the brink of the gorge and saw below them the black, spectral shape of camel-hair tents and the white dwellings of the *duar*. A lantern, newly lit,

twinkled a welcome. A stallion neighed a greeting from his pickets as he heard the sound of advancing hoofs, and a couple of men in white uniform came to the door of a white-domed hovel and stood awaiting them.

One — a dapper, black - mustached little man with the Geneva cross upon his sleeve—hastened to help Miss Van Arlen to alight.

"Monsieur sleeps, *mademoiselle*," he informed her as she reached the ground. "It is a matter of temperatures—and the subsequent weakness. *Mademoiselle* may have good hope that matters will yet go well."

His smile was reassuring, and—in spite of his obvious youth — almost paternal. At the tent door he turned and laid his finger upon his lips. There must be no feminine want of self - restraint, he implied. The sight of one dear to her in his hour of helplessness must not leave her unstrung. She must be brave.

She followed, with her father, into the shadows within.

Aylmer lay with his arms outflung. A light coverlet was over him, but the damp of perspiration gleamed upon his forehead and neck. He moved restlessly, breathing with a panting sound.

"We poise much on *monsieur* recognizing *mademoiselle* when he wakes," explained the orderly, and offered a smirk of intelligent sympathy to *mademoiselle's* father.

She looked down, and a strange sense of unreality in the situation seized her. The white, fever-stricken face on the pillow seemed a specter—a caricature of something familiar. A queer sense of anger, as if some well-liked possession had been meddled with and defaced by outsiders, rose in her heart. An instinct which she could not explain set her kneeling beside the pallet bed, her eyes fixed on its occupant.

Wearily, drowsily, Aylmer opened his eyes. And then his smile dawned—slowly, incredulously, till the glory of assurance had become convincing. He pronounced her name.

In the background, emotional thrills traveled across the orderly's foolishly sentimental countenance. He took mental notes of a situation which bulked largely and enticingly in a letter to an apple-

cheeked damsel in far-away Provence a few days later.

"Such are the rewards of the soldier, my soul," he explained. "Love? Its cords are strong to drag its devotees even across this waste wilderness of Africa!"

Wherein he did one of the most fertile lands upon the habitable globe a vile injustice. But your true lover is invariably a poet, and girdled with merely a poet's limitations. The apple-cheeked *demoiselle's* romantic sensibilities were quickened to the point of tears.

Mr. Van Arlen moved forward to his daughter's side, with a sudden instinctive motion. She understood it. The embarrassment of the situation had become plain to him; his desire was to clear it. He was framing words—courteous, no doubt, but without any trace of sentiment—to assist her in this. He would do it admirably; his tact was beyond question.

And she?

Again she felt a sudden thrill of protest. No, how could they deal coldly with this man—now? It would be less than womanly. Would it even be common fair play? He was down. Surely, till he was up again, the indomitable soldier she knew and feared, honor forbade their striking even at his self-assurance.

Her hand was laid upon her father's arm, pressing it in gentle remonstrance. Then she leaned toward the bed.

"We have come to thank you," she said quietly. "You have suffered much for us—too much."

His smile was fading while she spoke.

"I—I failed," he muttered. "I had my hands upon him—and failed!"

"Ah, but you mustn't think us unjust, always," she answered. "What you intended—that is what we look at. You have worked for us ceaselessly; and now you suffer for us. You must accept our gratitude for that."

He shook his head slowly, and his gaze wandered past her to Van Arlen's face.

"It is a check," he said slowly; "but only a check. He is not going to win." His eyes grew suddenly clear and his lips grim. "I shall follow him—to the end," he added.

The orderly moved forward and rearranged the coverlet. He looked significantly at a flush which had risen to Aylmer's cheek.

"It is better that *monsieur* should not excite himself," he explained amiably. "*Mademoiselle* is here—matters are going well. *Monsieur* will convalesce all the quicker if he avoids emotion."

Aylmer pushed at the rearranged coverlet with a gesture of irritation. He drew himself into a sitting posture.

"Don't think that I have flung up the sponge!" he cried. "Before—before this weakness came over me, I arranged for the future. Daoud has seen to that; he has put matters in train: Landon will be watched—if necessary, followed. And when I am up again"—he smiled savagely—"when I take the trail for the second time, he will pay in full, as I promised he should."

His voice rang firm as he caught sight of the Moor silhouetted against the evening light at the tent door.

"That is so?" he demanded. "You have seen to this among your friends?"

Daoud came forward a couple of respectful paces.

"Be assured, *sidi*," he said, "that this man will not move a yard but I, in time, shall have due knowledge of it. He cannot leave North Africa and I be ignorant of it. Our hands may lag, but they will grip him at the last."

Aylmer gave a little sigh of satisfaction and lay back. His eyes rose to Van Arlen's half appealingly, half defiantly.

"You see?" he said. "At any rate, I am doing my best."

The other bowed, but not the automatic, courteous little bow with which he punctuated his every-day conversation. There was a moisture in his eyes. He leaned forward and took the hand which moved restlessly across the sheets.

"If I had had a son," he said, "he could have done no more. Take my thanks, Captain Aylmer, for all that you are and have been. Take them in full."

Aylmer gave a little nod of content.

"I'll take them," he smiled, "for what I have been to you, and that is less than nothing. But for what I am going to be—I'll earn them for that—*earn* them!"

XXVII

ABOUT the aspect of the port of Mellilla there is only one thing wholly admirable. That is the curving bay which sweeps eastward from the town toward

the frontier blockhouse. This last is an eyesore. The untethered camels which pasture in herds beside it have little attractiveness. The wide plateau which stretches up to the distant hills is desolate and often arid; but the bay is a perpetual delight. Curved like a simitar, it shines in the sunlight as a tempered blade shines, ringed by white tresses of foam, banked by its parapets of sand.

Two men sat in the shadow cast by a stranded boat and watched half a dozen Moors and Spaniards, who bent their shoulders and swelled out their muscles to haul at a couple of ropes. The ropes slanted down to, and were lost in, the rush of the breakers. The men who dragged at them panted, the perspiration raining off their faces. The men who sat and watched seemed to find a whet to the enjoyment of their siesta in reviewing so much energy. One of them sighed a contented little sigh, drew a cigarette from the breast of his *djelab*, lit it, and began to smoke with stolid satisfaction.

A child who was sitting between the two rose suddenly and ran down the sand. The men at the ropes had come to a halt. They stood gasping, wiping their faces. Impulsively the child laid his little hands upon the rope and stood in an attitude of tension, ready to use his tiny strength when operations were resumed. The men welcomed him with a glance of good-humored toleration.

The cigarette-smoker laughed.

"The restlessness of youth, *sidi*. Repose? They have no knowledge of the meaning of the word, these children! For me, the last three weeks have brimmed with such toil that I could sit here and contentedly drowse a week—a month—nay, a whole year, if Allah willed."

The other nodded and stretched his limbs. The movement expressed the lethargy which is earned by fatigue.

"To-night we shall eat real food," he murmured. "We shall sleep in beds, of a sort. We can even be amused, if we find the *cafés chantants* which attract these poor devils of Andalusian conscripts amusing. Life is all a matter of contrasts. After the experiences we have endured among our friends the M'Geel, this dog-hole appears alluring. *This!*"

He waved his hand with a significant gesture toward the town, in which the

mean houses appear to hustle the citadel, and the citadel the houses, without either the one or the other gaining advantage.

The smoker blew out a cloud and spat toward the flagstaff which dominates the sea bastion.

"May Allah relegate it and its inhabitants shortly to the abyss!" he aspired devoutly. "Is it permitted to ask how long, *sidi*, you purpose using its hospitalities?"

"It is always permitted to ask, my friend. The answer is another matter. Bluntly—till the Gibraltar boat arrives."

The other lifted his shoulders into a tiny shrug.

"For the *Sidi Jan* this is a place not to be recommended. There is a smell, do you notice, especially at night—a murk which rises from the fort ditch. And the vermin! His little skin is pitted with them!"

Landon moved irritably. He looked at his son. The men at the ropes were hauling again by now, and the small back was bent and the little arms tautened with efforts to emulate them. The first few meshes of a laden net appeared above the surface of the breakers. Little John gave a squeal of delight, promptly deserted the toilers, and capered joyously down the beach. Scales began to shine silvern in the sun as the tangle of the nets rose, slowly, but higher and yet higher. His voice rose in shrill outcry; he clapped his hands.

As the great bag of the net was hauled little by little up the shelving beach, he flung himself into the hurtle around the wriggling catch. The mackerel were there in their hundreds—in their thousands. He tripped and fell into the center of the heap of fishes, wriggling as they wriggled, and to little more purpose.

Muhammed rose, paced slowly forward, and plucked him into safety; but the child met his good offices with scorn.

"I wish to help—I wish to gather them up!" he cried petulantly. "I am going to be a fisherman. I shall take the yacht to the fishing-grounds and catch millions—millions!"

"There must be a catching of a yacht first," said Muhammed amiably. "Where wilt thou obtain it, little lord?"

Little John Aylmer turned puzzled eyes up to his questioner. Then he

wheeled and pointed eastward toward the anchorage below the headland.

"It is there!" he explained. "Did *he*"—he pointed toward his father, who still lay comfortably reclined in the shadow of the boat—"not send for it?"

Muhammed's eyes followed the direction of the child's hand. He stared, gave a sudden startled exclamation, and stared again, incredulously. The next moment he was back at his employer's side, twitching excitedly at the folds of his burnoose.

"*Sidi, sidi!*" he exclaimed. "While we drowse we are betrayed. Look! Look!"

Landon scrambled to his feet, and saw what the timbers of the shadowing boat had hidden before—a white vessel drifting slowly in from the headland abreast the market quay. As he watched, a white spout of foam and the rattle of the hawsepipes told that the anchor had been dropped.

She rounded to, the American flag waving lazily from her stern, the burgee of the New York Yacht Club from her peak. They could not read her name across two miles of water, but they did not need to. It was the Morning Star.

Landon went white beneath his tan. He swore.

"We have been here only three days. Not a soul in the place knows me or knows that I am not what I profess to be—a Moor from El Dikh. And yet—*this!* It can't be a coincidence. They *know*—somehow!" He looked at Muhammed in sudden fierce suspicion. "That infernal Jew of yours has sold us!" he cried.

The Moor made a tolerant gesture—the sort of motion a nurse offers a wilful child.

"*Sidi!* You do not understand. A Jew to sell *me!* Not this side of the Mediterranean. It means *death*. Yakoob knows it—it is knowledge that he has sucked in with his mother's milk, chewed it with his daily bread, read it written in letters of blood in a score of towns between this and Mequinez. No, Yakoob Ihudi is not in this business. Some other is the instrument of fate!"

He stooped, lifted little John carefully in his arms, and nodded toward the town gate.

"We must use haste, *sidi*," he said calmly, avoiding the protests the child

was making with his closed fists. "Show wisdom, little lord. Why do you not wish to return to the town, wherein are special delights for the eye in the booths of the market-place?"

Landon hesitated. Then he joined the Moor, running. The other was covering the ground with huge strides which forced his companion to continue the run to keep pace with him. He panted out a question.

"My plan, *sidi*?" returned the Moor. "It lies in the hands of Allah. Here, when inquiry begins to be made, we are the mark of a hundred eyes. In Yakoob's hovel a means of escape may be found."

The two reached the dusty road which leads from the drill-ground, followed it into the shadows of the town gate, mounted the steep on which the citadel stands, and gained a row of squalid wooden hovels which fringed the rampart above the fort ditch. Into one of these they disappeared.

A man looked up as they entered—a dark-skinned, low-browed Israelite, who greeted them with an obsequiously furtive air. He sat cross-legged upon a turned-up chest and plied his needle upon an exceedingly ragged pair of trousers. A heap of other garments lay at his elbow. His trade was evidently that of mending tailor.

"This deposit for contraband of which you spoke last night?" asked Muhammed without preamble. "Where is it?"

The look of furtive expectancy in the tailor's eyes became active alarm.

"What do you fear?" he asked shrilly. "A search? There are fifteen thousand cartridges awaiting transport."

"The search will not be for those, but for these," said the Moor, pointing to Landon and his son. "And there is as great a ruin attached to the finding of the one as the other. You must prevent it."

The Jew rose quickly and barred the door. With alert movements, he gathered up the smoking ashes from the hearth and emptied them into a shallow pan. Covering his hand with a cloth, he seized the pothook, which hung from the entrance of the chimney, and moved it laboriously aside. As he did so, the hearthstone moved slowly downward, as if on a hinge. A flight of steps led into the darkness.

Muhammed indicated the opening with a shrug.

"The best we can do, *sidi*," he deprecated. "Till matters adjust themselves, you must keep company with Yakoob's contraband."

Landon shrugged his shoulders.

"Air?" he questioned laconically. "It is supplied—how?"

Muhammed passed on the question. The Jew pointed to the bosom of his bur-noose, which rose and fell in the draft that came from below.

"There are innumerable crevices which open through the wall of the fort ditch," he said. "For this reason the *sidi* must not use a light—at night."

Landon shrugged his shoulders pessimistically, and took his son by the hand.

"Come, my boy," he said. "We are going to play that childhood's favorite and most successful comedy—'The Robbers in the Cave.' You and I are to be the leaders of the gang."

Little John peered doubtfully into the darkness.

"And Muhammed?" he asked, looking at the Moor with expectant, trusting eyes.

There was a queer intensity in the Moor's glance as he bent over the small figure hesitating at the head of the steps. His smile was kindly and reassuring.

"I am the robber who goes abroad, prowling to find wicked rich men who deserve robbing," he said. "I return shortly, little lord. Have no fear!"

Little John nodded gravely and took his father's hand. The two paced solemnly down into the cellar. The hearthstone was replaced, the cinders set smoking upon it again. With a sigh, Yakoob took up another deplorable pair of trousers and bit off a length of thread. Muhammed passed out into the street.

Five minutes later he stood on the quay, watching a motor-launch which slid out of the shadow cast on the still waters by the Morning Star. Three figures sat upon the cushions at the stern, and Muhammed, as he watched them from under the hood of his haik, examined one of them with startled intensity.

Miss Van Arlen he recognized. Aylmer, whose face was partially disguised by bandages, he debated over for a moment. But this third? This gray-clad elder? This was not the owner of the Morning Star. It was—who?

Surprise as much as relief erased the

wrinkles from the watcher's face as the unknown stepped ashore, turned to assist his companion, and disclosed the features of the Moor's former employer—Mr. Miller.

XXVIII

For a moment Muhammed hesitated. Then, as the gray-clad man strolled past him, talking, the Moor pushed back the haik which shadowed his face and met the other's glance squarely. Mr. Miller made no sign.

Muhammed dropped back into the shadow of the quay-side booths, and sauntered carelessly up the citadel ramp. The three preceded him.

At the top of the ramp a causeway leads to the drawbridge which spans the fort ditch. Mr. Miller, apparently, had eyes for nothing but his fair companion. At any rate, he failed to notice the dilapidated state of the iron rails which fence the bridge. The dust-cloak he was carrying caught in a jagged piece of iron, and was most unfortunately torn. A sudden appreciative gleam burned in Muhammed's eyes as he noted the incident.

He could not hear, but he could see, the expressive pantomime which was accompanying Mr. Miller's apologies. He motioned his companions forward toward the bridge and the dark entrance through the casemate into the citadel. As for himself, his finger explained, he would return to the town and get the damage repaired.

After a minute's discussion, matters followed the course indicated. Aylmer and Miss Van Arlen passed on—to seek the government offices, as Muhammed told himself; to interview the head, no doubt, of the military police.

The Moor slid forward deferentially as the gray figure turned.

"I can direct the *sidi* to a *sastre* of incredible skill," he explained. "The *sidi* has no need to return to the town, if he desires such a one. He is to be found within a hundred paces, if the *sidi* so will."

Mr. Miller made an affable gesture of acquiescence.

"You are certainly quick to seize a business opportunity, my friend," he said amiably. "Lead on."

Two minutes later the two stood behind Yakob's well-barred door, and the hearthstone had been raised. Landon

offered his visitor a tribute of surprise tinged with humor.

"I understood, my friend," he said, as he took the other's hand, "that the mail would come in from Gibraltar to-morrow. For you, it seems, the age of miracles is not past."

"I hope I am an alert servant of opportunity," said Miller. "I got your letter yesterday morning."

"That does not entirely explain your presence in Melilla to-day."

Miller nodded.

"Your father-in-law has been anchored in Gibraltar Bay for the last fortnight. He has had information of your movements, my friend—good information—and I have not been able to determine the source of it. I made it my business to get introduced to him at the house of mutual friends. A humble client of mine—a ship-chandler—acquainted me with the fact that the Morning Star's anchor and steam were being raised, and with the name of her port of destination. A couple of good boatmen and a little tact did the rest. I told Mr. Van Arlen that I had an urgent business necessity to visit these possessions of the King of Spain. Result—a warm invitation to anticipate the mail-boat by a day."

"Excellent!" commended Landon. "And the business necessity? You have brought the means of relieving it?"

Mr. Miller dilated his nostrils. Perhaps the reek of the fort ditch reached him. Very carefully and methodically he lit a cigarette.

"Yes—and no," he answered at last with deliberation. "I have money with me, my dear Lord Landon; but my employers give me no commission to apply it to—charity."

Landon's eyes grew suddenly ominous.

"The price of that book was to be five hundred pounds," he said. "I have received one hundred so far."

Miller made a gesture of assent.

"You obtained for me a certain book. Subsequent investigations proved it to be a mere dummy—a book made, in fact, to be stolen. You remain in my debt to the extent of that score of five-pound notes which I gave you."

Landon laughed a dry, little laugh.

"Then I concede that I shall remain in your debt—permanently. The bungling

is yours, not mine. I demand the balance of my fee. For suppose, my dear Miller, that I gave your game in Gibraltar away?"

"Suppose you did," said Miller placidly. "It would be a question of your word against mine, would it not?"

There was nothing sneering in his tone, but its bald self-assurance seemed to whip Landon's temper into fury. He swore wickedly.

Miller watched him as a weasel might be expected to watch the trapped rat. The dark, unpleasant little room had, indeed, many of the attributes of a cage.

And then there was an energetic gesture from the gray-clad arm.

"You bungled the matter—not in stealing the wrong book," said Miller, "but in the manner of your escape. It was then that you lost your value to my employers. You are liable to be arrested in any British dominions. Till that matter is settled, you are a weapon without an edge, for us. That error must be repaired."

Landon stared up at him curiously.

"How?" he asked.

Miller made a significant gesture toward the child. There was no intention of menace in it, but the child shrank back, turning, not toward his father, but with a sudden instinctive outstretching of his hand to Muhammed. The Moor grasped the little fingers silently, and smiled—a smile which faded as he again turned his keen, watchful eyes upon the visitor.

"You must renounce your detention of your son," said Miller. "You must bargain with his grandfather. Your price must be a certain competency, if you will; but, above all, the right to return unquestioned into your proper place in society. In this way alone can you continue to be of use to me."

There was a silence. Landon, still squatting upon the floor, his elbow on his knee, the heel of his fist supporting his hand, stared up at his mentor with impassive eyes. In the shadow on his right Muhammed stood, still holding the child's hand, his glance hovering over Miller with a speculation which was almost distrust. Behind him the tailor stitched apathetically at his dilapidated wares.

Suddenly Landon turned to the Moor.

"You have heard?" he questioned sharply.

"I have heard, *sidi*."

"And understood?"

The man hesitated.

"There is a purpose of surrendering the Sidi Jan?" he murmured, and his voice conveyed not so much protest as incredulity.

Landon nodded.

"This month of toil—all our leagues of weariness and pain among the men of the M'Geel—are things lost, then," went on the Moor impassively. "An order has come, and we must leap to obey it. The Sidi Jan, too? His voice is not to be heard in the matter." He shrugged his shoulders apathetically. "Only a child," he added, and touched the golden curls with a caressing hand. "Only a bale of merchandise—a thing to be bought and sold."

Miller turned and looked at him keenly. The Moor met the glance with a droop of the head, which spoke eloquently of submission; but a queer smile began to harden Landon's lips. He rose slowly to his feet.

"A bale of merchandise!" he repeated slowly. "And, as I am reminded, we toiled to bring it uninjured across the wilds of the Beni M'Geel. Will that be reckoned in the value of it?" he asked, and wheeled suddenly toward Miller with a savage, catlike motion. "Will they pay me for my sweat and thirst and pain?"

The gray man was silent for a moment. There was something electric in the atmosphere, something menacing, something—and this was perhaps what his machine-like mind shrank from most—something human and passionate. These were not among the goods which Mr. Miller purchased.

"You will do your own bargaining," he said in a level, dispassionate tone; "but the child must be delivered. The price? There you are master of your own affairs."

For the second time Landon's eyes dwelt on Muhammed's face.

"I shall answer him—how?" he asked quietly.

"Thus!" said the Moor.

Muhammed flung his arms around Miller's elbows and smothered his lips upon his breast; while Landon, laughing a queer, excited laugh, snatched up a garment from the dismal heap on the floor, tore off a liberal patch, and deftly wound it in gag-wise between the prisoner's teeth. Shackled with ragged waist-cloths at an-

kle and wrist, the gray figure was lowered down the steps into the darkness. Muhammed spoke rapidly and incisively for the space of a minute to the Jew, who listened in impassive silence. Then, with a last commanding gesture, the Moor opened the door and went out again alone into the swiftly falling dusk.

XXIX

MUHAMMED's steps were bent away from the town toward the row of dilapidated hovels that fringes the bank of sand below the nearer blockhouse. He walked quickly; there was definite purpose in his stride, and no sign of hesitation. He came to a halt before a dwelling—half burrow, half barn—around the entrance of which were clustered half a dozen ragged figures.

The Moor's face was dark in the shadow of his haik, but he appeared to need no introduction. He raised a finger and beckoned. One of the lounging figures rose grudgingly and drew aside with him.

"I have it from Yakoob, Signor Luigi, that you leave to-morrow. That must be altered. It may be necessary to make a start to-night."

The other raised a dark Italian face toward the Moor, and eyed him questioningly.

"I have no charter from Yakoob," he said. "I return home to Salicudi, to await the sponge-fishing season. I need a holiday. This contraband-running frets the nerves, do you see? I wish to forget the need of having eyes—and a telescope—at the back of one's head."

For a moment Muhammed was silent, debating, as it seemed, something in which memory or experience gave him no assistance.

"Salicudi?" he questioned.

"In the Lipari group," said the other laconically. "My home."

"An island?" said the Moor. "And your home? What is it? A house—a hut—a castle? Give me particulars. My chiefest need would be privacy. Can you guarantee it?"

The Italian pondered.

"You flee from what?" he demanded.

"From a curiosity which still seems to dog my footsteps," said the Moor dryly. "Let it be sufficient for you to know that, with three friends, I desire to vanish from Melilla to-night. We might find it con-

venient to remain temporarily on Salicudi. It depends on your neighbors' thirst for information and your capabilities of defeating it."

Signor Luigi gave an expressive and contemptuous wave of the hand.

"On Salicudi are six families—cousins of mine, all of them. I and my brother Sandro alone possess boats—or money. The others work for us and are fed. We do not encourage them to think. They do not tire their magnificent brains except under our direction."

Muhammed nodded appreciatively.

"The priest?" he suggested.

"Father Sigismondi serves six islands besides mine," said the smuggler. "He visits us by favor of my boat when Christian offices are in special demand. It is a matter I regulate myself."

"Carabineers—tax-collectors?"

"Of the former none—we have leave to cut our own throats. Of the latter one, yearly. He is due in about eight months' time."

"Food?"

"Polenta—fish—beans—at times of festival a *risotto* of kid. We have goats, and therefore milk."

The Moor nodded.

"I am empowered to offer you for your hospitality for myself and friend twenty lire per head per week during our stay on your boat or island," he said slowly.

Luigi scratched his head.

"One hundred lire for the lot!" he temporized. "You have appetites, you Moors—that is notorious."

"We have appetites—for food," agreed Muhammed. "The bill of fare you quote contains little that would be dignified as such, in my way of thinking. You will take eighty lire per week or lose this trade of Yakoob's. Choose quickly."

The Italian's shoulders rose in a shrug.

"What you will," he said apathetically.

"You hold a pistol to my head."

"Try to remember that it remains always loaded," replied the other, and turned briskly toward the port. "You had better see to your arrangements instantly."

He passed across the sand toward the dirty little Marina which fronts the shipping-offices and ship-chandlers' booths, leaving his companion staring after him with a frown. Signor Luigi shrugged his

shoulders again, and followed, to enter finally a ship's dingey, which was tied to the Marina steps. In this he gained a large lateen-rigged boat, which swung at her moorings in the bay.

The motor-launch floated idly on the ripples at the landing-stage immediately below the citadel. The engineer had come ashore, and sat on a bench beneath the tarpaulin, which had been roughly erected to protect some perishable government stores. Halting in the shadow of the Marina booths, Muhammed looked thoughtfully at the man, then at the launch, and finally at the setting sun. The birth of a new and uplifting emotion could be seen working in his expressive eyes.

"Bismillah!" he exclaimed softly. "The one! Why not the three?"

He drew himself up; a deep breath escaped him. He slipped around the back of the line of booths, and reappeared, coming as from the citadel. He had the aspect of haste and importance.

He walked straight up to the waiting engineer.

"I bring an order that you do not await your mistress, but return for her in three hours' time," he said in excellent English.

The man looked up in stolid surprise.

"Eh?" he questioned.

"Your mistress has accepted an invitation to dine with the governor," said Muhammed. "You are to return for her at ten o'clock."

The man got up and shook himself lazily as he strolled toward the launch.

"Nice, hospitable old chap—what?" he hazarded. "Didn't send me down a bottle of beer and a sandwich, did he?"

Muhammed shook his head. The man grunted pessimistically, gave a surly little nod, and sat down behind the launch's steering-wheel. A moment later he was grooving a white trail of foam out into the bay.

Muhammed sighed—a sigh which expressed relief, content, and the expansion of a hitherto unleashed excitement. He turned and ran rapidly back along the shore. A second visit to the hovels below the blockhouse resulted in a conference with another of their deplorably clad inhabitants. A taciturn fellow this, apparently of Spanish extraction; but the fact that he wore the remains of an extremely dissolute haik over a pair of remarkably

tattered frieze trousers hinted at a cosmopolitanism which was buttressed by his speech. He used the *lingua franca* and moved amid an almost palpable reek of garlic.

After the exchange of a few rapid sentences, he relapsed into silence, but not into inactivity. He paced solemnly down the sand, and motioned the Moor to help in the launching of a boat. In it they pulled round the sweep of the bay into the inner port, and moored themselves in the berthing which the motor-launch had vacated.

The dusk had now become darkness. Lights shone in the booths; the clangor of a phonograph sounded from one, the thrumming of a mandolin from another. There was a clink of spurs as half a score of artillerymen clattered down the citadel ramp, eager for the squalid debaucheries of the port. A *guardia civil* sauntered along the quay-side and looked down into the waiting boat.

"Profitable evil-doing is surely at a low ebb when I find El Avispa trying to make an honest penny!" he meditated.

Muhammed's companion turned.

"Why do you term me The Wasp, *señor*?" he asked, with a grin of complacency. "Have I been known to sting?"

The *guardia* made a jerky motion of his thumb in the direction of the great convict establishment upon the hill.

"I don't know, *amigo*. Your exploits are scheduled up there. Have a care that I do not need to refer to them. Whom do you await?"

"The *señor* and the *señora* who landed from the yacht," said the boatman. "They visit the *señor intendente*."

The *guardia* looked doubtful.

"They landed from a boat—a motor-boat," he objected.

"Precisely," agreed the other. "It appears that something affected the engine of this—some leak of the jacketing which I do not understand, but which I am informed cools the cylinders. The engineer returned while he could, enlisting my services to await and explain matters to his employer."

"Humph!" grunted the uniformed man. "His choice showed little discretion. See to it that you do not disgrace your opportunity. That seat is bespattered with fish-oil and scales. Wipe it!"

He made a commanding gesture toward the offending stain and walked majestically away.

At the far end of the Plaza he was seen to halt and observe two newcomers, who appeared leisurely descending the citadel ramp. A gold-braided official was in attendance on them, and his gestures were rapid and deferential. The *guardia civile* saluted and spoke.

Muhammed, watching keenly, gave another sigh. Fate was on his side. The very guardians of law and order were unconsciously buttressing his plan. This officious *guardia civile* was already explaining the situation to Miss Van Arlen and her companion. The onus of explanation—and of possible suspicion—was thus being lifted from other shoulders, which were perhaps less capable of bearing it. He muttered his satisfaction in a hurried undertone.

The girl and Aylmer advanced toward the quay-side, the gesticulating official still in attendance. The latter eyed the waiting boat disdainfully.

"Let me demonstrate, *señora*," he cried, "that our port can supply something less deplorable in the way of shore-boats. Let me summon a pinnacle and crew from the naval arsenal."

Muhammed's heart stood still; but fate smiled on him yet.

Miss Van Arlen protested that the boat would do well enough—that it was hardly fair to have kept this man waiting by the instructions of her own engineer, as it appeared, and then refuse to engage him. With a smile and bow of farewell, she took her seat in the stern, while the *guardia civile* muttered stern instructions to the rowers anent their duty. They received the official's advice in stolid silence. Aylmer took the yoke-lines, and amid a renewed demonstration of respect from the man of gold braid the boat shot out into the darkness.

A slight mist hung over the water, but the riding lights of the yacht were plain enough; and Aylmer headed directly for them. A moment later he leaned forward and asked a question of the man who pulled stroke-oar.

"The *señor* who came ashore with us?" he queried. "Did you mark him? Did he return in the motor-boat?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"I did not see it," he said laconically. "Have the goodness to steer well to the right. Your present course will foul a line of net-buoys."

Aylmer pulled the line and swerved as directed. And then Claire spoke—with a hint of something in her voice which was nearly akin to suspicion without exactly attaining it.

"Mr. Miller frankly puzzles me," she said.

Aylmer gave a little nod in the darkness.

"Yes," he agreed. "There is a sense of—of estrangement about him. He is good company—a *mondain*—intelligent—but not human. One feels that at every turn."

The girl made a gesture toward the shore.

"What can he have to do in that—that ash-heap?" she asked. "To me, Mr. Miller seems to pose as a *flâneur*—a *dilet-tante*."

"Pottery?" suggested Aylmer. "He collects. I have seen his collections. They are sound and in good taste, without being remarkable."

"That is what I think," she acquiesced. "For the life-work of a man they are decidedly petty. It is mysterious—he is mysterious. Why did he not rejoin us this evening at the governor's office, as he promised?"

Aylmer smiled.

"The ardors of the chase," he hazarded. "He is probably sitting in the sanctum of some Jew huckster, chaffering for the least worn of a collection of Rabat rugs or old Mequinez steel-work. He will come on board to-morrow, to explain and bid us farewell, and we shall hear all about it."

"About what?" asked the girl enigmatically.

Aylmer smiled again.

"About—what he chooses to tell us," he answered, and jerked the yoke-line energetically as a couple of oval, dark objects loomed up on the surface just ahead.

There was a dragging sound, and the dark objects disclosed themselves alongside as net-buoys. They hung below the gunwale persistently; the boat was obviously brought to a standstill.

"In spite of my warning the *señor* has

fouled the fishing-nets!" growled the boatman.

"On the contrary," retorted Aylmer, "your directions carried us straight into them. A direct course would have avoided this."

The man shipped his oar and stood up.

"The *señor* will permit me to pass him?" he said. "The rudder itself must be unshipped to clear us."

Aylmer shifted his seat to one side as the man leaned over him. The next instant he had cried out—a choking cry, smothered under the folds of the sail which the man had heaped bodily upon his head. Before he could extricate himself, his hands were grasped and drawn together in the loop of a rope. Lashings were knitted about his limbs with almost miraculous rapidity.

Stark and inert, he felt himself rolled into the bottom of the boat, his rage and horror almost suffocating him as he heard the quickly stifled cry which told him that his companion was suffering like treatment. And then for half a minute the rapid rumble of the rowlocks was evidence that the boat was being furiously rowed—whither he could not guess.

There was a shock of wood meeting wood. They had run alongside another vessel—or possibly the piles of a landing-place. Whispered voices joined those of their captors.

He felt himself lifted, borne staggeringly forward a few paces, and then lowered into arms which gripped him from below. There was the creak of reluctant hinges. He was placed not ungentle upon a floor of planking. The voices whispered again; something was laid beside him, touching him. The hinges grated; footsteps passed over a floor or deck above his head; and then there was silence.

But out in the bay, a few minutes later, the decent stillness of the night was torn into tatters of uproar. The voice of the Spanish boatman was uplifted in appeals for help to every listening saint in Paradise and to every inhabitant of Melilla's citadel and port.

The sounds reached—as they were meant to reach—the quay. Every guard-room was emptied; the roysterers surged into the street from a dozen inns and beer-shops. Half a score of boats put out into

the night, one manned by the naval police leading.

Lament guiding them, they reached within five minutes a point where El Avispa clung disconsolately to the keel of his upturned boat, bewailing the day of a birth which had developed for him into a life of unrelenting sorrow. He was dragged into the police boat and ordered to explain himself.

It was the fault of the foreign *señor*, he deposed. Justice to himself compelled him to admit it, though he had every regard for the reputation of a cavalier who was now without doubt drowned fathoms deep below the very spot on which the rescuing pinnace swam. Being careless—or perchance engrossed by the attractions of the *señora*, who was for beauty a very swan—the amateur steersman had, in spite of all warnings, precipitated them among the mackerel-nets. The rudder was fouled. He, Ignacio Baril, sometimes called El Avispa, had stood up to pass to the stern and release it. The *señora*, with entrancing but unfortunate timidity, had risen in her turn, and the *señor*, gesticulating in argument, had consummated the disaster. He had leaned sideways, lost his balance, and caused the boat to lurch completely over.

Yes, he himself had put forth the efforts of a Hercules to save, at least, the woman. In deference to the memory of his mother—who was already among the saints, after a lifetime of charity and benevolence—he must bear witness to the fact that her son met this crisis with energy and self-devotion. How was he defeated? The truth must out—again it was the foreign cavalier. In his panic he had clutched and drawn back from the brink of safety the *señora*—alas, to perdition!

The would-be rescuer had desisted from his efforts only when his overtaxed lungs failed him. In a state of semiunconsciousness, Providence had guided his aimless hand to reach and rest upon the keel of his overturned boat. He had been saved, it was very true, while his passengers had perished, but it was a question if death itself was not to be poignantly preferred to safety coupled with such a burden of grief. His days must be clouded to his life's end.

And thereupon the bay echoed with the

shouts of a hundred searchers, and the waters glittered in carnival gaiety below the glare of their lights. A couple of hours later one of them halted, as if to rest the rowers, in the shadow of the felucca Santa Margarita. From her bows a long, cord-lashed package was silently lifted on to the larger vessel's deck, while three figures scrambled hastily over the gunwale and crept below.

Then, laboriously, the clumsy anchor was hauled home, the broad sail spread to the western breeze, and Signor Luigi steered a straight course into the bosom of the night.

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THE torment of his tightly lashed limbs, the irk of the gag between his teeth, want of air, hunger, thirst—these had all done their work upon Aylmer, and, as the hours went by, had produced a partial unconsciousness.

It was not sleep which overpowered him; it was a thing less merciful than that. A numbness had seized both his limbs and his brain. He no longer felt the cutting pressure of his bonds; he scarcely realized where his powerlessness lay. Effort was paralyzed—that was all he understood. It was a nightmare. His brain refused to confront reasons; he was only sensitive to effects. Thus it was with a shock, as if sensibility itself was only then returning, that he heard the grating sound of hinges, was conscious of a gleam of light in the hitherto persistent darkness, felt fingers busy at his lips.

The gag fell from between them.

With the powers of speech his own again, his senses used them instinctively for primitive needs.

"Water!" he muttered hoarsely. "Water!"

"With pleasure, my dear cousin!" said a familiar voice. "Water—food—and even, under restrictions, a little liberty. Has that program attractions? Surely—after what, I fear, has been a monotonous night."

It was Landon who held a guttering lamp in his hand and looked down at them complacently—Landon, debonair, smiling, triumphant.

Aylmer's eyes searched past him after the first glance of surprise. Touching his feet lay Claire Van Arlen, bound as he

had been bound, the mark of the gag still grooving her lips and cheek.

Beyond her, propped against a bulkhead at the end of the narrow, oblong lazaret in which they all lay, was another figure. Aylmer blinked and frowned in his surprise. The face was unfamiliarly pale, the usually apathetic eyes dark with repressed emotion; but they both undoubtedly belonged to Mr. Miller.

This, then, was the meaning of the opening of their prison door for the second time the previous evening. This was the addition to their cargo which darkness had concealed from him.

Landon gave a pleasant little laugh.

"An unexpected reunion, is it not?" he suggested. "I have unavoidably deprived you of a few luxuries, my dear Miller, but I am not wholly thoughtless of your comfort. I have supplied what is far more important than mere luxuries—the society of true friends."

For a moment the other was silent. His glance reviewed his surroundings with careful intensity. He seemed to prime himself with all available information before he dealt with a situation which found him moved, indeed, but not by useless loss of temper.

"You will probably pay for this—highly," he said, in his usual level tones. "I do not know precisely what you expect to gain, my dear Landon; but believe me, the price of this exploit will be more than you can afford."

Landon made a gesture of protest.

"There will be a price—you are quick to jump to these conclusions," he agreed. "But I, dear friend, am the payee." He nodded, favoring each of them with a glance in turn. "Yes," he said. "That is the situation—please understand it. I am dictating terms—I! I am no longer the hunted, but the hunter. I have many debits in my mental ledger. I assure you that I propose to collect them once and for all—in full!"

The three regarded him without speaking, and he laughed again, amiably.

"Sister-in-law," he said, "your sex requires my first apologies. You must blame the wind, not me, for the discomforts of the night. While we remained within ear-shot of the land, or of passing ships, your silence was overwhelmingly desirable. This applied to all three of

you; and the contumacious wind forebore to rise. But the breeze of the last hour has given us an offing which frees you of all disabilities—of your bonds, to commence with."

He stooped and rapidly unlashed her wrists and ankles. He put out a hand to draw her to her feet. With an uncontrollable gesture of repulsion, she waved it away and rose unsteadily, clinging to the bulkhead. She faced him.

"Have you never asked yourself what the end will be—the end of all this?" she said suddenly, fiercely. "You win a trick here and there—you reckon up the points—you mock your adversaries. Do you never give a thought to what the price—the ultimate price—must be?"

He looked at her. His look held some curiosity—a tinge, indeed, of admiration.

"You are a little unexpected, my dear Claire," he answered. "Does not the more material question of food and drink engross you? Do you really wish to discuss abstractions?"

She gave a hopeless little shrug of her shoulders.

"It is because you are wholly evil—wholly—that you puzzle me. And yet you are not unintelligent—you must know—mere experience must teach you there is a price to be paid!"

"Certainly." Landon laughed again—a mocking laugh. "I sketched it in outline to your—your lover—may I have the felicity of calling him that?—when I enjoyed his company in the silo on the road to El Dibh."

The color flamed to her cheek.

"You are insolent!" she said, and again Landon laughed.

"Or merely premature?" he asked gaily. "After all, for the moment, hospitality must engross me, and nothing else." He turned and beckoned to some one unseen. He received a basket. "Bread—cheese—wine," he explained. "Will you help yourself, while I assist my other guests? Or, if they choose, they may assist themselves. But I must have your word, my friends, that you will not attempt violence or escape if I release your hands."

The two prisoners exchanged glances; then Miller held out his fettered wrists.

"As you will," he said quietly.

"Temporarily I give you my parole. I retain the right to withdraw it."

Landon nodded and looked at his cousin.

"And you?" he asked.

Aylmer met the look squarely.

"No! To you I will be beholden for nothing," he answered. "I give no word—I keep my independence."

Landon shrugged his shoulders.

"You only inconvenience yourself," he said indifferently. "Well, my Quixote, stay here, then, in the dark, shackled, and alone."

He held back the door, motioning the others into the outer cabin. Miss Van Arlen stood still, leaning against the bulkhead. Landon made another gesture toward the door.

"Ladies first," he smiled. "While we play at pirates, let us maintain the high standard of piratical courtesy."

She shook her head.

"I prefer to stay," she said quietly.

Landon's surprise escaped in an exclamation. Then he laughed—an evil, sneering laugh, which brimmed with insolence and suggestion.

"You—prefer—to stay?" he repeated, and looked from her to the man who lay at his feet. "Was my chance shot so far from the target?" he asked. "You will stay with—whom? *Not* a lover?"

Her eyes were stormy, but her voice restrained.

"Even your insolence does not turn me from my duty," she answered. "Captain Aylmer has served—and is suffering—for me and mine."

She turned her eyes from his as she spoke, and, as if some power outside herself compelled her, let them meet the glance which Aylmer flung at her from the level of the floor. Through a pregnant moment she read its message—surprise, incredulity, and then hope. These lit fires in it one by one, but the last eclipsed all other gleams, and remained.

He spoke.

"Thank you," he said simply. "But I am not here to add to your hardships. I cannot accept the sacrifice."

"The decision is with me," she said quietly, but with determination. "It is settled. I remain here—with Captain Aylmer."

(To be continued)

THE STAGE

FROHMAN, PLAY TESTS, AND THE NEW
THEATER

TO read about the activities of Charles Frohman is enough to make one's brain swim. He darts out West, one week, to ignite "The Fires of Fate" in Chicago. He hurries back at express speed to Atlantic City, to set in the theatrical heavens "A Lucky Star," the new comedy for Willie Collier. Next he rushes off to put the last polish on "The Brass Bottle," and to launch Ethel Barrymore in "Mid-Channel." A little later we shall find him in mid-Atlantic, bound for London on the fastest ship, there to concoct new productions for his three or four West End theaters.

Even on the ocean, this well-nicknamed Napoleon of the managers — for he looks not unlike the great little Corsican — is still at high tension. The other passengers seldom or never see him. He keeps to his cabin religiously—not praying, however, but reading manuscripts of plays, although it is hard to see why he sets himself such an apparently needless task, as he seldom produces anything that has not already seen the footlights somewhere else.

In a newspaper

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interview—a rare indulgence for Frohman in America, although in England he talks for the press continually—he asserted that he brought out successes only to make the necessary money for the production of failures. Now, this sounds to me very much like a pose. Mr. Frohman does not seem the sort of man to prefer the kind of drama we invariably



CHARLOTTE WALKER, STARRING IN "JUST A WIFE," THE NEWEST
PLAY BY HER HUSBAND, EUGENE WALTER

From her latest photograph by White, New York



EDITH DECKER, LEADING WOMAN WITH JAMES T. POWERS, IN HIS SECOND SEASON IN "HAVANA"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

associate with slender returns at the box-office to the sort that appeals strongly to the man in the street and to his wife.

Thus far in the present season Charles Frohman's big winner has been "The Dollar Princess." To show how managers must deal in "futures," I may remind you that the first announcement of his acquisition of the rights to this Viennese musical comedy was made in April, 1908, while it was playing in Berlin, with May de Sousa, an American girl who had acted much in London, in the title part.

"I think 'The Dollar Princess' is another 'Merry Widow,'" Mr. Frohman is reported to have said at that time. Managers so frequently fail in their predictions that it is a real pleasure to record the happy outcome of this one.

But why, you ask, must the man be so incessantly active? Where does his enjoyment of life come in, if he keeps dashing about from one part of the world to another, summer and winter, always on business bent? The question answers itself. This is Charles Frohman's enjoyment, for he is one of the few men whose

profession is also their hobby. Unmarried, absolutely simple in all his tastes—whether it be in regard to dress, to diet, or to dwelling-place—Charles Frohman is wholly wrapped up in his theaters, and in his plans for them.

Talking with a representative of the London *Telegraph* last July, Mr. Frohman said:

"I have my own particular hobbies—for example, while others construct theaters, I build plays—but the creation of stars is not numbered among them. Never in my life have I laid claim to having made a star or an author. If any of my players rise to an exalted position in the theatrical world, it is to themselves and the public that they owe the fact."

Another manager who does not to any wide extent trust to his own judgment of plays from seeing them in manuscript is Henry W. Savage, who returned from another trip abroad just before Christmas, and announced foreign acquisitions numerous enough to fill all our theaters for the rest of the season. But in reading statements of this sort, one must take into



EMILY STEVENS, WHO IS LEADING WOMAN AS EMMY OLDRIEVE IN "SEPTIMUS"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

account the fact that the more play titles a manager names, the more space he will get in the newspaper containing the report of his return to town. So it is quite

terview to a weekly periodical dealing with theatrical themes, in the course of which he waved a figurative American flag as vigorously as George Cohan bran-



ALLA NAZIMOVA, STARRING IN HER NEW PLAY, "THE PASSION FLOWER," BY BRANDON TYNAN, WHO IS ALSO HER LEADING MAN

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

possible that some of the dramas mentioned will not see the New York footlights for a year or more, and will meantime serve more than once to swell the dimensions of future prospectuses.

Henry B. Harris recently gave an in-

dishes a literal one in so many of his plays.

"This season," he said, "the two foreign pieces which I was forced to produce because I could not find good American plays to suit, have both been

failures, and I am determined never to use another foreign play."

The two foreign failures, it may be explained, were "The Noble Spaniard," which Robert Edeson discarded on December 4, and "The Earth," which lasted

manuscript. I am satisfied if one play out of ten which I produce pays."

An enterprise intended to render first aid to the manager in this respect was inaugurated in New York early in December, when the first performance of



CHRISTINE NORMAN, WHO IS HENRIETTE GISCOURT DE JOUVINS,
IN BERNSTEIN'S "ISRAEL"

From a photograph by White, New York

Edmund Breese only a few weeks in the West. Mr. Harris stated that in one recent year he read one hundred and twenty-nine plays, and that he expected to beat that record in 1909. He added, however, that "nobody living can judge accurately the value of a play in the

the American Dramatic Guild took place at the Comedy Theater—called, for the occasion, the Afternoon Theater, in compliment to a similar institution which has flourished since last spring at His Majesty's Theater, London. Frank Lea Short, the president and moving spirit of the



MARY MANNERING, STARRING IN HER NEW PLAY BY RACHEL CROTHERS, "A MAN'S WORLD"

From her latest photograph by Maffett, Chicago



GRACE ELLISTON, WHOSE LATEST VENTURE WAS A VERY BRIEF STARRING EXPERIENCE IN "JACQUELINE"

From her latest photograph by Mishkin, New York

guild, was once an actor, and for several years has staged the productions put on by the Yale students at New Haven. His idea is to produce any play selected for trial, first, say, at New Haven and one or two neighboring towns, then to bring it into New York after the rough edges are worn off.

which must have cost him a pretty penny before he finished with it.

Suppose this same device should be applied to the book-trade. A publisher, if in doubt over a manuscript novel, might have it set up in the cheapest way, and sent out to as many names as he could procure, unbound, with an invitation to

It is a pity that this preliminary canter for "In the Long Run" did not result in the excision of several pages of superfluous dialogue; but even at its best this play is hopeless from the commercial or any other view-point. It offers absolutely nothing new. Its main theme—the love of a member of the household for a trained nurse—formed the basic idea of Paul Bourget's "Divorce," revealed in New York at a series of special matinées in the very same week.

Of course, I suppose it is natural for the aspiring and as yet unacted playwright to grasp at a chance of having his work produced anywhere and under any conditions, but the records still fail to show any winner unearthed by this semi-amateur incubating process. London abounds in enterprises of the sort; but even where a matinée production makes a sufficiently favorable impression to gain a position somewhere in the evening bill, it never lasts for long. Such was the case last summer with "What the Public Wants," over which Charles Hawtrey lost his head, and

the reader to express his opinion as to whether he thought the story worthy of cloth covers. Would not every person into whose hands this makeshift volume fell be prejudiced against it in advance? Would he not think that if the publisher had no more faith in the thing than to submit it for judgment in this tentative fashion, there could be very little merit in the book?

Similarly, it must be that almost every one who has written a play, and has confidence in its merit, realizes the handicap an experimental performance places on the work, and prefers to wait patiently for some one of the regular doors to swing open. Surely, if such were not the case, one would think that now and again a real success would be discovered at these numerous try-outs.



rita sacchetto, the italo-german dancer who came to this country with loie fuller, and has joined the metropolitan opera company

From a photograph

Now that New York has the New Theater, America requires this extraneous aid to the dramatist less than ever. With such an adequate stock-company as that stage boasts, and no handicap of the long

public at large is not cognizant of the fact, as would be the case at one of the regular theaters, where the removal of an unsuccessful drama cannot be concealed. At the New Theater, with a change of



ALICE CRAWFORD, LEADING WOMAN AS LADY EFFINGTON, IN MILTON ROYLE'S
"THESE ARE MY PEOPLE"

From a photograph by Dreyfoos, New York

run to glut the bill, production in the beautiful house on Central Park West forms an ideal fashion in which to test the worth of a play. It offers another advantage to the sensitive dramatist, too—in the event of the piece falling short, the

program every night, one must pay close attention to the repertory to make certain how many performances of any given production are made.

The latest addition to the New Theater's list, at this writing, is "The Nig-

ger," by the young American dramatist, Edward Sheldon, who was introduced to the footlights last season by Mrs. Fiske with his "Salvation Nell." "The Nigger" is a much better play than his first piece, although, as might be inferred from the title, in theme it is far from cheerful. Its construction is more closely knit, and there is less playing to the gallery for mere theatrical effect. There are several spots where one would think the pruning-knife might be applied; but there is much of real human nature in the impulsive actions of Mr. Sheldon's people. We must remember the New Theater's motto—"To hold as 't were the mirror up to nature"—which is emblazoned over the proscenium arch, and engraved on all its stationery and programs.

As most of the reviews hastened to point out, there is nothing new in Mr. Sheldon's theme. Many footlight heroes have discovered negro blood in their veins, some of them before this young playwright was born. A stage heroine did the same thing as late as November, 1908, when, within three blocks of the New Theater, "The Great Question" was brought out at the Majestic—now, by the bye, gone the way of another neighbor, the Circle, into the moving-picture field. Thus, without originality of theme or charm of subject-matter, the author of "The Nigger" had more than the usual handicaps to overcome. His was, moreover, the first distinctively American play to be brought out on this new stage, and as such, of course, was likely to be subjected to more severe judgment than might otherwise be the case.

For one thing Mr. Sheldon is to be highly commended—he did not suffer himself to be led away by the happy ending sop. He gave his hero convictions and allowed him to stick by them to the extent of losing the girl he loves; for although she is willing to throw in her lot with his after her first outburst of horror at his revelation, she is not permitted to do so.

Arthur Warren, the *Tribune* critic, who praised the play, takes exception to the abrupt ending, which leaves *Governor Morrow* on the portico of the executive mansion about to begin the speech in which, as he has told the girl, he will publicly announce his negro descent, and will

declare his intention of resigning, in order to ally himself wholly with the people from whom he sprang. Mr. Warren, as well as one of the other reviewers, thinks the audience should be permitted to hear this address. I do not agree. To my mind, this would spoil the splendidly effective climax provided by George Foster Platt, who staged the piece.

As the governor steps out on the portico, you hear the cheers of the citizens assembled in the street below, and then the band of the Fifth Militia strikes up "America." At this point the curtains close, and at the same instant the theater band in the orchestra pit—which has been mute all the evening, for the New Theater follows the Continental system of doing without *entr'acte* music—sounds the same air, and the play is over, leaving the audience with a great deal to think about.

A word about the New Theater audiences. They are noticeably well-behaved. They do not interrupt the performances to applaud at ill-timed moments, but reserve their enthusiasm for the close of scenes. Nor is there any of that wild reaching after wraps and overcoats as the play is seen to approach its end. Instead, the people remain in their seats for some little time after the final curtain, as if loath to leave this beautiful house.

Annie Russell, her husband, Oswald Yorke, and Guy Bates Post were added to the stock company as the heroine, the lynched negro, and the hero respectively in "The Nigger." Miss Russell, best remembered, perhaps, as starring at the old Fourth Avenue Lyceum in "The Royal Family" and "Miss Hobbs," seemed a trifle too saccharine for the Southern girl; but Post—from "The Virginian," "The Heir to the Hoorah," and, during the autumn, the star of "The Bridge"—made an effective *Philip Morrow*. This last rôle is of the kind dear to an actor's soul, as it permits him to run the gamut of varied emotions, from ardent love to impassioned eloquence and sublime resignation.

Several surprises were occasioned by the New Theater's revival of "The School for Scandal." The first came with the announcement that Grace George would interrupt her successful tour in "A Woman's Way" to play *Lady Teazle*. She was

assuredly excellent in a rôle handicapped with the memories of many famous predecessors, one of whom—Rose Coghlan—now trod the same boards with her, this time as *Mrs. Candour*. Both these impersonations, by the bye, were superior to those I saw in Beerbohm Tree's production of the play in London last year with Marie Löhr and Suzanne Sheldon in these parts.

Another surprise was the inadequacy of Louis Calvert for *Sir Peter*—played in London by Mr. Tree. Mr. Calvert failed to give the character sufficient emphasis. Indeed, he seemed to be afraid of it. But still greater amazement was aroused by the mishaps *en scène*. The curtains balked, parting when they shouldn't, and failing to close promptly when they should. Off-stage cues missed the mark, as when *Trip* was forced to say, "Well, I suppose I might as well answer it," before the bell rang to summon him.

After all, these were but slight marrings of a performance which, to my mind, was superior to that put forward at His Majesty's; and the New York revival certainly met with an enthusiastic welcome from the public. In criticizing minor mishaps at the New Theater, one should recollect that here is a playhouse where matters cannot fall into a groove, as on stages where a single piece runs for weeks or months, so that stage-hands and curtain-boys know to a dot how and when to do their work. With a different bill almost every night, only the practise that comes with time can drill the mechanical department to the necessary perfection.

Meanwhile, New York should be abundantly grateful to an enterprise that gave them a cast for the Sheridan classic which not only included the people already mentioned, as excelling, but also Henry Stanford as *Careless*, Albert Bruning for *Mr. Crabtree*, E. M. Holland in the part of *Sir Oliver*, and Ferdinand Gottschalk as *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, to say nothing of Oswald Yorke's *Trip*.

Charles Surface served as the début with the company of Matheson Lang, imported from London. Mr. Lang has lately been playing at Irving's old house, the Lyceum, where, last winter, he brought forward a *Hamlet* of many new conceptions. His *Charles* ranks, I should say, with that of Robert Loraine, whom I saw

in the Tree performance last summer—which means that he was gay, debonair, lovable. The *Joseph* was A. E. Anson, who, as will be remembered, captured the best of the notices in "Antony and Cleopatra." Olive Wyndham made an appealing *Maria*.

Act divisions were omitted, the play being given in eight scenes, with an intermission after the fifth. The New Theater's revolving stage made possible quick changes, and the brief intervals were punctuated with music appropriate to the piece, old English ballads and the like. *Sir Harry Bumper's* song was accompanied by the playing of a real harpsichord in the hands of one of *Charles's* guests. Mr. Tree's London production was divided into three acts, presenting three scenes each.

MORE FUN AND STILL THE MUCK-RAKE

After "The Fortune-Hunter," "Seven Days"; after "Seven Days," not the deluge, but still another avalanche of fun in "The Lottery Man." And thus the wish I expressed in the December MUNSEY, that some one would write Cyril Scott a play of his own, has come true.

Some three years ago, however, when Rida Johnson Young completed the comedy, she probably had no idea that Mr. Scott would play in it. It was accepted by Henry Miller soon after Mrs. Young's "Brown of Harvard" had made such a hit at the old Princess; but Mr. Miller could not see his way clear to bringing it out, and eventually the manuscript passed into possession of the Shuberts, who have now turned a double trick with the play—lifting the hoodoo that has rested over the Bijou ever since the present season opened, and giving Scott the best opportunity he has had since "The Prince Chap."

Much of "The Lottery Man" is but little removed from farce, but other parts of it border closely on pathos—as, for instance, the love episodes between the twin pairs of mothers and sons—so the balance is nicely adjusted. Mr. Scott's rôle is that of a young newspaper man, full of ideas, which always seem to make more money for other people than for himself. He has a good friend, about his own age, who has inherited a newspaper property, and it is in this paper that *Jack Wright's* brain-storm of offering himself

to the winner of a lottery at a dollar a ticket is tested. The fact that the scheme succeeds beyond the fondest hopes only complicates matters the more, as the ink is not yet dry on the first announcement before *Jack* falls in love, and thus now cares very decidedly as to who becomes the future *Mrs. Wright*.

Mr. Scott is thoroughly delightful in the part, and it is to be hoped that he enjoys playing it as much as the public enjoys watching him, for he will probably be kept in the piece for the next two years at least. The star is nobly aided and abetted by a capital cast, in which the chief fun-maker is our old friend Helen Lowell, the *Miss Hazy* of "*Mrs. Wiggs*." As the long-suffering and attenuated companion of the rich *Mrs. Peyton*, who tries all her face preparations and food-fads on "*Lizzie*" first, Miss Lowell has the part of her career. With hair tightly drawn back, she would easily draw the booby prize in any beauty contest, and when she proves to possess the winning ticket you can imagine the screaming curtain this discovery forms for the end of the second act.

"His Name on the Door," the play that was replaced at the Bijou by "*The Lottery Man*," was the work of a new writer, Frank Lord, but had no more novel motif than the overworked idea of exposing some fraud. This time it was the insurance business that was called upon to furnish the necessary material, with a trimming of rascality on the part of a lawyer. The best thing in the play was the office atmosphere, which at times almost reminded one of Dickens, particularly in the case of the old bookkeeper who was so perfect in his position that he had no hope of ever being promoted to something better. But the main plot was weakly illogical, and its characters an unconvincing set of artificial puppets.

"A bad plot," says John Galsworthy, the Englishman who wrote "*Strife*," in a recent essay for an American magazine, "is simply a row of stakes, with a character empaled on each—characters who would have liked to live, but came to untimely grief; who started bravely, but fell on these stakes, placed beforehand in a row, and were transfixed one by one, while their ghosts stride on, squeaking and gibbering through the play."

Speaking of plots, the critics complained that "*Old Dutch*," the new vehicle with which Lew Fields recently returned to his Herald Square Theater, gave the star himself too little to do. This is a rare charge to bring against a production when the star is not only the chief personage in the cast, but also the owner of the show—as well as of several others. For my part, I found the play as it stands a very entertaining specimen of its kind. In genre it does not even aspire to comedy, but is set down as "musical farce"—rather a modest claim, when one considers some of the episodes with the children, which come pretty near jostling laughter with tears.

Mr. Fields has surrounded himself with such a good cast that it would have been churlish to leave his capable aids with little to do, while he himself worked overtime. There are Ada Lewis, once the famed *Tough Girl* with Harrigan; Eva Davenport, always to be remembered as the Spanish duenna in "*The Yankee Consul*," and more recently something of a Cuban conspirator in "*Havana*." Then there is William Raymond, the tenor, who was with Fritz Scheff in "*The Prima Donna*"; and an attractive new leading woman has been found in Alice Dovey. An innovation that would make the fortunes of almost any piece is the travesty of a love duet between these two enacted by a couple of clever children, whose attitudes, gestures, and mouthings in imitation of the grown-ups are among the funniest things that any stage has lately shown us.

By an odd coincidence, the setting of "*Old Dutch*" is in the Tyrol, as is that of the Shuberts' other musical show—"*The Girl and the Wizard*," in which Sam Bernard is starring.

A BELATED BOOK PLAY

That "*St. Elmo*" is a money-maker may be inferred from the frequent airing of its rights and royalties in the courts. "*The Climax*," the little play with a mere quartet of players and one set, has also reached the legal stage, as perhaps might be expected after reading that at one time eight companies were giving it. There are two companies out with "*St. Elmo*," and both of them were playing before the piece had a New York show-

ing. Indeed, the metropolitan engagement was limited to a fortnight in the worst theatrical period of the year—the two weeks preceding Christmas—at the barnlike Academy of Music, on which the moving-picture men have already set avaricious eyes. But you must remember that "St. Elmo" was a best-seller years before that term was ever applied to popular novels, and the name itself is a title to conjure with in the memories of the middle-aged; so that beyond Broadway, with its jaded theatrical appetite, very little advance work is necessary to draw audiences.

The dramatization of Augusta Evans's famous story was made by Willard Holcomb, formerly press representative for the Lieblers, and since dramatic critic of the *Washington Post*. I can well imagine what a herculean task it was to reduce the flowing periods of the book to something like the vernacular of the boards; and probably Mr. Holcomb is to be congratulated on having no more than half a dozen occasions where a stealthy eavesdropper pushes the action ahead by chancing to steal behind a portière at the psychological moment.

Vaughan Glaser, who was the *St. Elmo* in the Academy cast, filled all the part's requirements on its sterner side. Big-voiced and big-framed, one could easily figure why the darky *Shadrach* should prefer to keep in his good graces. And assuredly Mr. Glaser's method of delivery is far better adapted to the grandiloquent utterances of this old-time hero than it would be, say, to one of Pinero's or Carton's or Eugene Walter's men of the hour.

Which reminds me that plays by Pinero and Carton have failed George Alexander at the London St. James's in quick succession. "Mid-Channel," by the former, proved as short-lived after the author's knighthood as was his "Thunderbolt," just previous to his receipt of a title; and "Lorrimer Sabiston, Dramatist," by R. C. Carton, lived for even a briefer period. In the emergency, Mr. Alexander fell back on a second revival of "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, whose plays appear to possess a vitality rare among the dramas of the Victorian period. Whether it be the brilliancy of their dialogue or the simplicity of their construction, there is something

about them which makes them seem as fresh at a revival as when first put on the scene.

George Alexander, you know, was the original producer of "The Importance of Being Earnest," perhaps the most scintillating of Wilde's quartet of society dramas. This was in 1895, just before the dark shadow fell over the author's life and banished his plays for a time from every stage.

A GOOD PLAY FOR MARIE TEMPEST

Simply because she wished to continue wearing tights, contrary to the desire of her manager, an actress who ten years ago was a universal favorite in musical plays is now preeminent in high-class comedy. It was in mid-December, 1899, when "San Toy" was the bill, that the following cable despatch from London appeared in the *New York Herald*:

Marie Tempest has left Daly's because George Edwardes objected to her tights, requesting her to substitute knickerbockers for them. Miss Tempest now announces that she has abandoned light opera entirely, and will devote herself to the higher branches of her art.

Theatergoers on both sides of the Atlantic, who have reveled in this English artist's capital work in "The Marriage of Kitty," "The Freedom of Suzanne," and "Penelope," owe much to her difference with Manager Edwardes's sartorial preference. American audiences have not yet seen her in "Mrs. Dot," and now that "Penelope" appears to have made as big a hit in New York as it scored in London, it is doubtful if we ever shall. Indeed, Mr. Frohman has already assigned this delightful comedy by Somerset Maugham—which Miss Tempest played so successfully in London during 1908—to Billie Burke. Miss Tempest's first visit to this country was made in the nineties, as prima donna in two light operas—"The Fencing Master" and "The Algerian."

A third view of "Penelope"—I saw it twice in London last summer—reveals that this play of Maugham's, though built on an oft-worked theme, wears well. I found it more enjoyable on this last visit than on the first, and that, too, with the handicap of a less capable cast than it had at the London Comedy. As has been

noted in this place, Mr. Frohman robbed Miss Tempest of her leading man—Graham Browne—to put him forward here as *Thibault* in "Israel." Philip Desborough, who replaces him in "Penelope," fails to impart distinction to the rôle of the doctor who has been philandering with another woman. He played all on one key, too.

The other members of the cast, although not one of them was in the London bill, are acceptable enough, and New York audiences have evidently decided to overlook any shortcomings in their pleasure at seeing Miss Tempest again—and seeing her placed, as to her own rôle, more happily than she has ever been since deserting the lyric stage.

As to the comedy itself, it transgresses some of the technical rules of play construction. At least two of its characters have no connection whatever with the plot, but they serve well the ends of entertainment, showing what takes place behind the closed doors of a physician's consulting-room. One may be assured, moreover, that they follow the lines of plausibility, inasmuch as Mr. Maugham studied medicine, and I believe took his degree, before he turned his attention to play-writing.

I wonder, by the bye, if he is superstitious as to the titles of his plays. The only one which has not been called after the proper name of its leading character was also the only one that has failed to prove popular. This was "The Explorer," which Lewis Waller brought out in London in June, 1908. It was also, I may add, Mr. Maugham's only serious drama to reach the evening bill.

A POOR PLAY FOR DUSTIN FARNUM

A penchant for naming one's plays after their chief character is, however, a harmless idiosyncrasy compared with the inclination that Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson have developed for laying their scenes in old-time Louisiana. In mid-autumn they give us, at one theater on Forty-Second Street, a pretty little idyl of girlhood and "Springtime," to which the charm of Mabel Taliaferro imparts a reality that the manuscript might otherwise fail to convey. In Christmas week, at the very next theater on the same street, they father another play, laid in the same lo-

cality, also in antebellum days, and with romance gushing forth all over it.

This time a man, not a woman, is the star—Dustin Farnum, who, poor fellow, has been able to find no real successor to "The Virginian," although he has sought it diligently and under various managements. "Cameo Kirby" had already been tried and found wanting by Nat Goodwin when Mr. Farnum took it up. As a matter of fact, I cannot imagine a man less suited to the rôle of the gambler who proves so fascinating to women than Goodwin. Farnum at least looks the part—though I hope he will not think me too personal if I advise him not to take on any more flesh. "Cameo Kirby" may not last long enough to make this danger a menacing one. As a piece of constructive work, I have seldom seen a more thoroughly botched job than the Tarkington-Wilson piece. The authors sacrifice vraisemblance to atmosphere at every turn. To see such a play is like being asked to sit down to a dinner set forth with all the most appropriate devices suitable to a banquet, such as dinner-cards of exquisite design, china and glassware of the best, table damask of the finest, and—nothing to eat.

CLYDE FITCH'S LAST AND BEST

It is a strange, almost an uncanny coincidence that in the play with which Clyde Fitch really came into his big vogue—"The Climbers"—and also in the one which was destined to be the last he wrote—"The City"—death should figure with marked prominence. "The Climbers" opened with the return of a funeral party from the cemetery—a scene which caused the piece to be rejected on all sides before Amelia Bingham saw its big possibilities. "The City" involves a death off stage in the first act, shows the breaking of the news to certain members of the family, and later on a young girl is shot down in a library in full view of the audience.

Almost nine years of rapid achievement and remarkable success lay between these two plays for the young American dramatist who was stricken down last summer at the age of forty-four. That his posthumous work should prove to be his finest, and should meet with instant recognition as such, is the consoling echo to a call for the author which can never be answered in the flesh.

"The City" is a conclusive refutation from the playwright's grave to the charge that he could not write convincingly, grippingly, about men; that he was essentially a dramatist of the tea-table, the ball-room, and the conservatory. Its men dominate "The City"—men with red blood in their veins, and with things to do that stir an audience to its depths. Its motif is frightfully unpleasant, but culminates in a scene that has seldom been equaled for strength.

For this most powerful of all the Fitch plays, the Messrs. Shubert have provided a cast of correspondingly fine material. Tully Marshall, who will never be forgotten as the caddish husband in "Paid in Full," brings to the drug-crazed half-brother a vividness of impersonation almost repellantly realistic. Superb work is also done by Lucile Watson, recalling in voice and manner the late Clara Bloodgood. Walter Hampden, from "The Servant in the House," is generally a little stagy, but comes out splendidly in the delivery of some especially well-written lines, near the end of the play, in defense of the city. Two men recruited from "The Ringmaster"—George Howell and Edward Emery—equip comparatively small parts with such capital interpretations as to suggest the New Theater in all-round excellence of casting.

"THE LILY" AND NANCE O'NEIL

Two nights after "The City" was revealed, David Belasco produced at the Stuyvesant another play that deals with an unpleasant phase of family life. "The Lily," adapted by Mr. Belasco from the French, resembles "The City" in another respect—it is presented with a superb cast. Indeed, in this case it might well be described by that often abused term, "all star," as Nance O'Neil, Bruce McCrae, Leo Ditrichstein, and Charles Cartwright are all actors of real stellar degree. Besides this fine quartet of players, there are in "The Lily's" roster Dodson Mitchell, Alfred Hickman, and Julia Dean.

But if "The Lily" discounts "The City" a trifle in this respect, it falls behind it in cumulative strength of story. The first act, beautifully set in an old French park, is little more than a prologue. The second trends rather deliberately toward what promises to be a sit-

uation of rare intensity. The third is tense, powerful, and leads up to an amazing outburst for the hitherto quiet elder sister, the old maid of the family. This last character is played by Miss O'Neil with such fine discretion and such correctly proportioned intensity that at the première it aroused a scene of enthusiasm seldom equaled except at a college football game. The last act—said to have been entirely rewritten in deference to Anglo-Saxon prejudices—proved a distinct let-down, although it ends with a delicious little scene over the after-dinner coffee-cups that goes far toward atoning for previous defects. But by reason of its transcendent third act and the great art displayed by Nance O'Neil, hitherto refused adequate recognition by New York, "The Lily" will without doubt achieve the usual Belasco success.

NOVELTIES IN A MILITARY MELODRAMA

"The Commanding Officer," by Theodore Burt Sayre, has a most ingenious plot. More than once it stretches the probabilities almost to the breaking-point, but the listener becomes so absorbed in the story that he is likely to overlook minor drawbacks in the thrill of wondering where the innocent people who are made to appear so hideously guilty are going to find a loophole of escape.

The piece has a capital cast, headed by Isabel Irving, whose charming comedy capabilities have abundant opportunity to assert themselves, with just a sufficient blending of serious work to display her versatility. Robert T. Haines, who used to be in "The Darling of the Gods," makes a first-class villain, with a touch of the milk of human kindness in the climax. Edward Martindel—a name new to me—is a manly lieutenant, quite fit to win so charming a girl as Miss Irving makes of *Floyd Carroll*.

Some of the novelties in "The Commanding Officer" are a murder without either a pistol-shot heard or a knife flashed; an assignation in a man's room after midnight which never comes off; a military atmosphere minus a comedy sergeant; and, instead of the moth-eaten stolen papers giving plans of defense, the film of a photograph which has nothing whatever to do with the War Department.

Matthew White, Jr.

STORIETTES

A Methodical Courtship

BY BLANCHE I. GOELL

I HAVE been engaged to Alice Hill for two years. She used to spell her name "Alyse." I was able to convince her of the folly of this. I do not approve of silly fancies. I succeeded in bringing Alice to my way of thinking—that plain, substantial things are best.

I am a plain, substantial man myself. By "plain" I do not mean ill-favored. It does not become me to give a category of such good features as I possess, but do not jump to the conclusion that I lack them. I am also substantial—not in my figure, which I may safely term a good one, but in my methods. Alice's father hit upon this when I first spoke to him about marrying his daughter.

"You're a good, substantial sort, Phineas Jenkins," he said. "You don't drink or run after chorus-girls." Well, I should think not! "You'll make Alice a good husband. I've no objection."

So Alice and I became engaged. Alice has many good points; but there are little things about her which are annoying at times. She is quiet. Now, I like quiet girls. They're not—figuratively speaking—sticking pins in your brain all the time. Alice was quiet before our engagement. Then, for a while, she seemed to stare at life with wide-open eyes. There was expectancy in her face when she looked at me. Yet she was rather shy, too. I remember thinking it foolish for girls to keep on being shy after they're engaged. It doesn't fool a man!

The marriage will be an excellent thing for me in a business way. Old Hill is close-fisted. He doesn't advance a man till he's forced to promote him or else lose him. This has kept me down, for I've never seen my way clear to present an ultimatum to my employer; but when I'm his son-in-law things will be different. Hill thinks well of me.

"You're shrewd, my boy," he once said approvingly. "You keep track of the pennies. You'll get on!"

Well, I intend to get on. As for keeping track of the pennies, I consider it every man's duty to keep a personal cash account. I have done so since the age of ten. Of late my gifts and attentions to Alice have figured very largely in the account. Look at this week's items:

Half pound chocolates for Alice.....	.20
Bunch purple asters for Alice.....	.15
Copy "Universal Cook-Book" for Alice	.59
Two tickets church social, self and Alice	.30

It is amazing how much it costs a man to be engaged! Sometimes I have even considered discontinuing my account during my courtship; but it is better to begin in the way in which we shall continue. Too many lovers, in the enthusiasm of an engagement, create false impressions as to their incomes. Why should I deceive Alice by sending her a dollar's worth of violets now, when I could not possibly afford it after marriage? Or by giving her two-pound boxes of confections? It would only derange her internal organs, and make her forget the cost of the beef and cereals which will be essential to our household.

We shall keep house, of course. It is the proper thing. Boarding gives a woman too much fictitious leisure, which she is sure to employ unwisely. We shall not be able to afford a maid, but Alice has been well trained in the arts of house-keeping. She will have full opportunity of displaying her skill in the excellent womanly arts of cooking, darning, and dusting. I wish Alice could have known my revered and lamented mother.

"I've no talents," my parent often said. "I've no parlor tricks. I'm only a plain duster—a plain duster!"

A very excellent woman was my late mother. I consider that her example would have been most beneficial to Alice.

I believe Alice thinks with me in all subjects; yet sometimes she makes me a trifle uneasy. She has strange ideas. She has a most unaccountable liking for verses. Verses often have a deleterious influence upon the young—especially upon young women. She asked me to read out loud these extracts:

A Book of Verses, underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

A most peculiar and unseemly manner of setting up housekeeping! And—still more startling—this:

Ask nothing more of me, sweet,
All I can give you, I give;
Heart of my heart were it more,
More would be laid at your feet—

I shut the book in amazement. I cannot imagine what delirium possessed Alice. Her blue eyes were all ablaze, her delicate skin flushed pink, a quiver of intense excitement ran over her entire frame. I feared she had a fever, and, conquering my indignation, dealt gently with her.

"This is not beneficial reading for a young woman, Alice," I said. "In fact, I think it hardly feminine or delicate. Where did you get this book, Alice?"

I fingered the leaves, and found it was a collection of just such fever-inducing, jingling rimes. On the fly-leaf was written, in bold, black characters, "Roger Wentworth Russell."

I frowned. This young Russell is a wild, reckless spendthrift. I have heard that he recently inherited a small patrimony. Here was his chance in life. Many of our most successful men have impressed upon the mind of youth the importance of the first one thousand dollars. Young Russell might have acquired an interest in some business, purchased a house, or invested in gilt-edged stocks. But what did he do? He bought a smelly, noisy, law-breaking automobile! In it he goes tearing round the country.

Gently but firmly I talked with Alice, and painted young Russell's character in

the blackness it deserved. I told her that he was an extravagant ne'er-do-well who would inevitably come to disaster. Then, tactfully and delicately, I pointed out how much more benefit could be derived from a perusal of the books which I had given her—the "Universal Cook-Book," the "Self-Help Library," the "History of All Nations." These were volumes whose study brought practical benefits.

Thus gently expostulating, I brought Alice back to realms of reason. The hectic flush faded from her cheek, her blue eyes grew more quiet—so far as I could ascertain beneath her drooping eyelids; and when I reassured her of my forgiveness by a kindly pressure of the hand, I found that her pulse was beating quite normally.

Since coming home I have taken it upon me, as Alice's affianced husband, to write a note to this graceless youth. I have before me the carbon copy. The original I despatched an hour ago. I save a carbon copy of every letter I write. It is the protection which every careful man owes himself. In the cabinet over my wash-stand are filed copies of all my letters to Alice, and arranged below are her answers. I have written on instructive subjects. In the time of our great-grandchildren my letters may prove to be of historic value.

There is a most untoward commotion at the door below. What can this disturbance mean at such a late hour—10.37 p.m.? A special delivery letter! Who has anything to say to warrant such extravagance? I spread it before me.

PHINEAS:

When you read this, I shall be Roger's wife. Don't protest. It had to be. Phineas, you never understood me. You never understood—love! Love has nothing in common with cash accounts and carbon copies. Love is madness and heaven! Love is the luxury of lavishing all! Phineas, don't blame me. I've been reared in an atmosphere of economy all my life. I've had all the necessities, but nothing more. When you came, I thought for a time things would be different. I waited and waited—just for you to do once some foolish and extravagant and adorable thing! But you never did.

Then Roger came. He hasn't much money, and I've got none, for father will side with you; but we're going for our

honeymoon in the auto, and when it's over we're going to face poverty cheerfully! We may always be poor, but Roger says we'll always have enough for an occasional silly and heavenly extravagance. When that's over, we'll laugh and settle down to work

and poverty very cheerfully—oh, so cheerfully! So happily!

ALYSE HILL RUSSELL

A most unaccountable letter—that is all I care to say about it.

Lone Trail

BY JENNIE HARRIS OLIVER

IN the keen freshness of an Arizona morning, Rodney Burk groped his way out of the ranch-house and lifted his blackened face to the light. For three days—since the explosion of a gun—he had been in total darkness, eagerly waiting for the swelling to leave his sealed eyelids, that the extent of his injury might become known. Now he was resolved to endure the isolation no longer. Blind or not blind, he would hit the breeze for town.

He complacently hitched his belt over the roll that represented a season's earnings. There were many ways in which a blind man might enjoy money at Tony's Place; and, besides, his blindness might not be for so long. The darting pains in his eyeballs were growing lighter, and he could tell by touching his lids that the puffiness was lessening.

He turned back to grope for the hat he had forgotten. When he failed to locate it, he absently lighted a match to aid his search. Smiling satirically at his forgetfulness, he threw down the match and felt his way out again, bareheaded. Without much difficulty he found the corral, and, whistling for Slabsides, clapped on the saddle and loped down the trail, the breeze fanning his fevered face.

Slabsides had never thrown his master; but from the moment when Rodney's hand groped on his neck, and he felt his rider square in the saddle instead of hanging in the stirrup, he resolved to break the record. It was strangely easy—so simple, in fact, that when the bronco found himself a hundred and fifty pounds lighter, he stood for an instant in bewilderment before clipping the air with his heels, squealing defiantly, and plunging away into the scrubby chaparral.

Rodney, picking himself up from his

ignominious resting-place, instantly understood his predicament. He stood up and shook a warning fist toward the crackling brush, and turned obstinately down the trail, on foot. It was only ten miles farther, and hoofing it was better than another day of poultices and confinement while the rest of the bunch were roistering away their brief holiday in town.

It was hours after, when the sun was dropping redly down, that the young man's groping became plodding and doubtful. He had expected about this time to strike the white alkali dust of the stage line, to turn west, and follow it straight into town—a journey of minutes. Now he was feeling for certain rocky landmarks that failed to materialize. It was so baffling that he came to a standstill on a sharp rise, and stood foolishly prying at the lids that clung with burning tenacity to his swollen eyeballs.

As he stood there, raging at his helplessness, something that he had put from him for years, or only thought of with tolerant amusement, sprang up within the sealed curtain of his outer vision. Vividly he saw a red, rambling farmhouse, many-porticoed, and cloaked in friendly vines. In one shady nook sat a stooped old man, his sightless eyes fastened upon the worn Bible on the stand before him, while his querulous voice demanded:

"Roddie, find grandpap that place in the thirty-eighth chapter of Job."

And when the stubby, wrinkled finger had been placed on the first line, the querulous voice had interrogated shrilly:

Where is the way where light dwelleth? And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,

That thou shouldst take it to the bound thereof, and that thou shouldst know the paths to the house thereof?

Rodney laughed harshly as he strove to banish the memory, for with it came other pictures and other voices. He set his lips in a tuneless whistle and groped his way on down the defile. He was not sorry for his venture, foolhardy though it was, but he would sure make Slabsides pay up when he got back to the ranch! Tony's Place was the spot to regain one's nerve. He could hear the cheerful clink of glasses on the sloppy bar; the scraping of One-eyed Pete's fiddle; the rolling of balls and clipping of chips.

Instinctively he hastened onward, caught his toe under a projecting root, and plunged heavily to the ground. He picked himself up, bruised and shaken, and limped gropingly on. Rocks hindered him aggravatingly, and he felt his way around angles that he could in no way account for. Night was falling, he knew, for it made him shiver, and brought to his nostrils earthy odors not born of moisture, but of subtle darkness.

He stopped, panting, and hunched himself down in an angle of the rocks till the moon should rise. It would be full and big and golden—he was certain he could sense it through the netted veins of his eyelids. Munching at some dried beef and biscuits—remnants of an old lunch that disputed with the "makings" in a big outside pocket—he grew such a victim to thirst that the pictures came trooping back. He saw the open well, mossy and frog-haunted, by the kitchen door of the red farmhouse, and his pretty mother, her sleeves shoved well up on her rounded arms, drawing up the rusted bucket hand over hand, stopping to let him drink greedily from one side before filling the pan for the scrambling chicks. From the shady porch the old voice rasped out peevishly:

The night shineth as the day the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Grandfather's insistent recitations were nearly all about blindness and light. Rodney remembered that he had not paid much respect to the old man's infirmity. He had laughed aloud once, when the

sightless one put salt in his coffee and drank it gallantly to cover his blunder. He had seen the old gnarled cane hanging in plain sight, and had held his peace, while grandfather had searched diligently in many odd places.

The old man, though childish in some things, had been a keen manager of the farm, which he had controlled since Rodney's father had been found dead in the pasture-lot, with a hoof-mark in his breast. Rodney had often felt the power of the aged man's decrees; but nothing irked him so much as the potato-patch. There he must work without ceasing, it seemed; even when the circus came he must do his stint. He remembered that he had sometimes slashed the potatoes to fine bits and wished—yes, he did—that they were grandfather!

Grandfather was opposed to skylarking, and thought cards a sin. He did not approve of a boy of eighteen "running after gyurls." He had never seen shy little Martha—at least, not since she was in baby-clothes, for he had walked in darkness fifteen long years. He did not know of the stolen kiss in the dim church porch, nor the exchange of the little coral ring for the big bone one with the hearts carved on it. Mother knew, but she too decreed that Sunday night was enough, and then he had—pshaw, what childish thoughts for a man of twenty-five! That was all in the dim, hateful past. Here were wideness, freedom, creaking leather, the round-up, and—Tony's Place.

He sighed, and passed light, probing touches over the lids that had begun to sense a luminous glow. Softly and white-ly the light had come among the glimmering rocks, pressing pencils of topaz splendor here and there in the crevices, searching out the man in the angle of the shelving boulders. He was so grateful for the comforting radiance that somehow it unmanned him—the seasoned rancher who had slept many nights beneath the stars. He felt very, very young—but not the boy who had rebelled at an old man's authority. That lad had enjoyed his freedom to the full; he had entered the wild, wide ways, more because of his vow to be free than of his love of ungodliness. This chap was tired of belonging to no one, of caring for no one, of saving for no one.

Over at Tony's Place were most of the friends of the five lost years—anchorless, purposeless, most of them, like himself. Where their money was going his would have gone, this very night, but for the accident that held him prisoner. Was the freedom worth while? What would be the end of it all? Who would care when there came an end?

When memories began thus to probe and question, Rodney felt keenly each separate little appeal. He recalled incidents foolish for a grown man to consider—the rain dripping from the red eaves; his mother's soft clatter in the kitchen, stirring cakes for breakfast, chiding the cat, winding the clock; the thick, shuddery darkness through which an old voice sounded up from the parlor, bold as daylight, strangely comforting:

And I will bring the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in the path they have not known: I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

He wondered if the old man were still alive, and if he still read with his sightless eyes the battered leathern Bible with the family record in the queer, faded writing. He wondered, too, if a boy might still have a chance with the mother he had deserted, and if little Martha still wore the ring with the clumsy work of his jack-knife. He wished he were as sure of the rest as he was of the ring.

Five years to atone for! What had five years wrought in the old red farm-

house? How could a lad do the things he had done with all that back there?

His head dropped on his drawn-up knees in hungering thought. In fancy he was creeping back between the pasture-bars, vaulting the whitewashed pickets to pick up the hoe from the grubby rows where he had dropped it; he was watching his mother bake brown, crispy cakes for the morning meal; he was listening with pleasure to the querulous voice that had set his teeth on edge; he was slipping back, back between the cuddly blankets under the red eaves, while the rasping old voice floated up:

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life to the bitter in soul.

He slept soundly, and awoke with a bewildered start. A narrow slit of light filtered between his sore eyelids—the soft, purple gray of a Western morning. With a whoop of delight, he sprang erect and strained his blurred vision eastward. Below the rocks that had been his fastness, zigzagging whitely, glimmered the old stage-road, with the drunken lurch of the early stage to Tombstone wagging a dingy farewell.

Whooping wildly, bareheaded, haggard, and powder-stained, Rodney limped rapidly down the trail to greet the gaping stage-driver.

"Just as far east as you go!" he panted, climbing stiffly to a seat.

And the stage rumbled on.

The End of the Game

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

CORDIS played football late in the eighties, and was probably the first hero of the game to have a national reputation. At any rate, I remember our surprise one morning, twenty years or so ago, when Berril brought to the college eating-club a newspaper with a four-column picture on the front page, entitled "Ewan Cordis, America's King of Football."

Everybody around the breakfast-table

laughed at the picture, except Cordis himself. He merely stared at his plate in thoughtful silence; and on the way to class-room Berril spoke about it.

"You don't imagine Cordis is getting a swelled head at last, do you?" he inquired.

"Not him," said Kent; "he's only taking it seriously."

"Well, it's a serious business for a fellow at our age," argued Berril. "Think

of it, will you? Think of the people all over the country who know about him! No wonder his reputation makes him serious. It's an asset he can put to use, just as he could brains or money."

The manager of the Glee Club had an eye for press-notices, and he asked Cordis, who never sang a note in his life, to travel with the club for the Christmas concerts. Cordis refused, which we thought was a good sign. It appeared that he had agreed to a proposal from a mission league to deliver speeches, during the holidays, to young men in New York.

"And yet he knows he can't make a speech to save his neck," complained Kent.

"His name will draw," Berril said. "The sight of him on a missionary platform will do good. His reputation—"

"Oh, his reputation!" sniffed Kent; but he was forced to admit that Ewan might do worse with it.

After he graduated, Cordis selected a job with a Wall Street trust company, whose president had been a half-back for the college in prehistoric days. The president took Cordis often to lunch that summer, and occasionally to Newport for a Sunday. But one autumn evening Ewan dropped in on Berril, and said that he had quit the trust company.

"I think, with my—my advantages, I ought to do better than that," explained Cordis.

Berril puffed at his pipe. Excepting for Ewan's wonderful football record, Berril knew that Cordis was endowed with no special advantages of any sort.

"Anything in view?" asked Berril.

"Oh, yes," answered Cordis eagerly. "Senator Paget."

"How's that?" asked Berril.

"Why, the father of Bud Paget, this year's quarter-back," said Cordis, with some impatience. "The Senator wants me to go abroad with Bud. After our trip is over, he's going to get me a job in the Congressional Library."

Berril had to laugh outright at that.

"Good Heavens, Ewan! You don't care any more about books than I do about kicking a goal from the field!"

"Of course, I don't intend to stay in the library," said Cordis. "But if I can land in Washington—with my acquaintance—don't you see? They say that Ana-

ble, the old end-rush, is going to be Assistant Secretary of State, or something." Cordis jumped out of his chair and began to walk up and down the room. "I tell you, Berril," he resumed, "I came out of college with something nobody ever had before. I'm not stuck on myself about it, but it's there—it's my capital. Why shouldn't I put it to work?"

When Cordis returned from abroad, however, another Senator had grabbed the Congressional Library job, and Mr. Anable had retired from the Department of State. So Cordis became a writer of sporting news for the *Evening Star*. A little picture of Cordis was printed every day at the top of his column. He was thoroughly honest in his belief that journalism offered him a useful career.

But when Bud Paget was made manager of one of his father's silver-mines, Cordis decided to go to Colorado. We gave him a little dinner on his last night in New York.

"It seems as if there's a lot of good a fellow can do out there," he said. "Those mining-hands are a hard bunch. They don't know how to live right, I guess. Bud has got up an athletic club for them. Swears he'll name it after me, if I'll take hold. Says that will make them all want to join."

Kent gave a sarcastic chuckle, but Berril booted him under the table. After Cordis had said good-by, Kent tried to justify his scorn.

"Poor Ewan," he declared, "is so plaguy absurd about that reputation of his! He ought to get the blamed thing out of his system."

Berril shook his head.

"Cordis has been taught from the beginning that his reputation is the essential part of his 'system,' as you call it, Kent. And who taught him? Why, college men, business men, newspaper men, everybody he runs up against. Poor Ewan? Yes, by thunder, that's right!"

II

It was a year after he went to the West that we lost track of Cordis. At our decennial reunion, however, the class secretary read a short, sensible note from him, to the effect that he was employed in a Tacoma store, where athletic supplies were sold. Judge Berril and Dr.

Kent and I wrote him a joint letter, but we received no reply. The secretary could not give any news of Cordis when we met for our twentieth anniversary.

Berril and I went that year to the last football-game in the college town—the big game. The judge strained every effort of his celebrated legal and political genius, and finally succeeded in obtaining a couple of side-line badges. Within the fence around the arena, we shivered sublimely on a six-inch board; and, between the halves, we walked about. At the end of the field we saw Ewan Cordis, leaning alone against a goal-post. He had not changed much; but almost the first words he spoke were odd.

"They didn't balk a minute on giving me a badge," said he, "although I haven't been here for twenty years."

"Well, I should hope they wouldn't," rejoined Berril heartily.

Cordis squinted against the chilly wind at our side-line, where jubilant groups of old players were laughing, shouting, hailing one another with mighty handshakes and slapping of backs; and occasionally the crowd on the bleachers would identify a favorite veteran and cheer him until the stands rocked.

"Sha'n't we go down there with the rest of 'em?" suggested the judge.

"No," said Cordis. "I was a fool to come here, I guess. Where will you men be after the game?"

We made an appointment with him at the hotel, and, to our surprise, he hurried for the gate, pulling down the brim of his rusty hat and turning up the collar of his faded overcoat—a solitary, mournful figure. The last time he had left that field, hundreds of triumphant boys and men were fighting for the privilege of carrying him.

"Down on his luck!" sighed Berril.

In spite of the excitements of the second half of the game, I fancy that we both thought more of schemes for helping Cordis than of the score.

He was waiting for us outside the hotel. He wouldn't go to any club or place where we could sit down and talk, so we strolled along a quiet street leading toward the railway station.

"Are you—settled in this part of the country, Ewan?" I hinted lamely.

"Sure." He darted a suspicious glance

at each of us. "I'm getting a living," he said. "Can't complain."

"Well, just recollect that we've been here longer than you," said Berril. "If there's anything we can do—or that Kent can do—to help—"

"Oh, that's all right, thank you," broke in Cordis. "Maybe I expected more of myself. I know I left college with a better chance than the average fellow. I take no credit for that, but I tried to make the most of it. I'm trying now. But—hold on a minute."

We had reached a corner where a low stone wall fronted an apartment-house, and Ewan leaned against the coping. It was becoming dark. A street light above us sputtered into a glow, and the leafless trees cast a network of shadows on the wet pavement.

"Well, I'm a failure," said Cordis quietly. "I'm down and out. I honestly tried to pick the work I was best fitted for, and I've worked hard, and I've failed. I'm down and out."

"Oh, not yet!" I faltered, and I saw Berril press Ewan's hand.

"I never had any special head for anything," went on Cordis, giving us a queer impression of talking about somebody else; "but as far as that goes, I was no worse off than plenty of others who've made good. Something's been the matter—I don't know. I'm sick and tired of it. I'm about ready to—to—"

"None of that, Ewan!" said Berril.

A window was open behind us, and some boys inside were shouting the refrain of a football chorus. Across the street a little girl stopped on the curb to listen, and she waved a flag of our college colors in time to the music. She was a child of six or seven, and she made a pretty picture, laughing and waving the flag.

"Something's been the matter with me—I don't know what," repeated Cordis.

"I know," said Berril. "We know. I don't believe it's all your fault. Ever since prep school you've been led to believe that your chief asset was—what? A mere boyish bubble of reputation. You've imagined that you could bank on it—yes, that you ought to bank on it. Lord, Ewan, the world has never given you a chance to grow up!"

It seemed as if Cordis was not quite sure what Berril meant. He raised his eyes in a sort of bewildered way, and they chanced to fall on the little girl. She laughed, and waved her flag at him, and Cordis nodded mechanically and waved back at her with his hand. She left the curb and started to cross the asphalt. Perhaps she thought that Ewan was beckoning.

"Oh, I see!" said Cordis to Berril. "You mean that if I'd never played the game, maybe then—"

An automobile skidded swiftly around the corner. It was entirely beyond control. In the middle of the street the child halted, bewildered and helpless. Cor-

dis threw himself forward, exactly as he used to go through the line. We remember the sickening uplift of the car, and the mother's scream from the sidewalk, when she caught her girl safely from Ewan's strong arms. But after that my own recollection is indistinct.

The murmur of the horrified people in the porch where Cordis died, the clang of the ambulance, the set face of the surgeon, the bared heads of the police, even the smile on Ewan's lips, are confused memories. It was a phrase of Berril's which brought me clearly to myself.

"We can't tell," he said softly. "The end of Ewan's game may have been the winning part of it."

The Heroism of Herkimer Jones

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

MR. HERKIMER JONES lived in the fourth-floor back of a fashionable boarding-house in that affluent district of the city known as the "Burglars' Best Bet," because there the elegant jewelry and the real silver are never locked up overnight, and the spare change is set out in cut-glass finger-bowls convenient to midnight callers who need money.

The supply of jewelry and spare change was not excessive in the Jones apartment; but Mr. Jones, being a bachelor free to gratify his own untrammelled tastes, had furnished his room in a fashion to communicate an esthetic shock to the eternal feminine idea of interior decoration. It was a bachelorized boudoir, an idealized junk-shop. Among its delirious trimmings were several murderous-looking spears from the South Sea Islands, a dozen or more feet in length and as big around as a rolling-pin. These formidable implements had broad heads cunningly barbed, so that when a Pacific warrior transfixed a foe he could slide him up the spear out of the way, thus adding to his string, as a lucky fisherman does with his fish.

On the floor below Mr. Jones's apartment lived Miss Jane Van Twiller, a lineal descendant of the original Dutch, and a well-preserved example of that famous school. Miss Van Twiller was a spinster of many years' growth, but not many

enough to convince her that her spinsterhood had arrived to remain permanently. One never quite loses hope until after one is married. She was a lady of heroic mold, and Mr. Jones, although a man of no small physical courage, stood in deep awe of her.

At the same time, foolish fellow, he dreamed dreams of her—tender dreams; and one day the alert chambermaid found on his table a sheet of pink, perfumed paper, on which was written:

Love is real, Love is earnest,
And perhaps 'tis not in vain
If the joy for which it yearnest
Should be duly labeled "Jane."

As Mr. Jones was in the drug business, it is no more than logical that he should expect to have everything duly labeled. Whether he expected the alert chambermaid to find the fervid lines and show them to their fair inspiration is another matter.

One soft September night, as Mr. Jones lay drowsily dreaming, half aroused—as sleepers sometimes are, yet not awakened quite—he became conscious of a definite noise at his open window. Drowsiness is speedily dispelled under such circumstances. Peering sharply forth, Mr. Jones discerned, in the dim light of the stars, the figure of a surreptitious person seeking en-

trance by way of a rope from the roof—a method so common that residents of burglarious neighborhoods almost yearn for something different.

Whether the caller intended entering by the fourth-floor window or descending lower Mr. Jones did not wait to determine. It was enough that Miss Van Twiller's room was next below, and into that sanctified seclusion no profane marauder should enter.

At the moment of discovery, the predatory prowler was dangling in front of Mr. Jones's window, having twisted the rope around his leg after the most approved fashion of his profession. Some burglars have rope ladders, but they are awkward and cumbersome compared with the single rope in the leg of a skilled operator.

Mr. Jones crept out of bed, caught up one of the South Sea spears, and before the burglar outside knew what was coming to him, Mr. Jones had empaled him. Not through any vital part, however, though Mr. Jones did not pause to consider a trifling matter of that kind. He was thoroughly aroused, and he jabbed at the burglar indiscriminately and with no consideration whatever for the man's comfort. Fortunately, the spear passed through the burglar's clothes, under his arm, and his empalement was more embarrassing than injurious. It was also wholly unexpected, and in the surprise of the moment the burglar lost the twist from his leg, the rope swung out of reach, and he found himself stuck on the end of a pole between heaven and earth.

Mr. Jones, being a novice at burglar-catching, was too much excited to speak. The burglar was the first to recover his articulation.

"What in thunder are you about?" he gasped in a hoarse whisper, cautious even in captivity. "You let me go, or I'll shoot your fool head off!"

He had a gun in his coat-pocket, with the butt sticking out handily. Mr. Jones saw it, and the possibilities of danger steadied his nerves and quickened his wits.

"All right!" he responded cheerfully from his position inside the window. "Shoot away, old chap; and when you knock me off this end of the teeter-board, down you go to the cold, hard stones in the back yard. It's fifty feet, if it's an inch; and, after you've hit bottom, you won't be

able to respond when you are asked if it didn't jar you. Now, bang away!"

The object of Mr. Jones's levity did not enjoy it as much as Mr. Jones did. The situation began to impress itself upon the burglar, and he wriggled and clung desperately to his end of the spear. In his struggles he kicked the rope within reach, and caught it.

"Leggo that rope," commanded Mr. Jones, "or I'll leggo this end of the seesaw!"

The burglar obeyed, with a muttered curse, and was silent.

Mr. Jones began to reflect. He had captured his burglar, but how was he to make good? He was afraid to pull him in, because he knew there would be trouble if they got together, and there was no way of anchoring his end of the spear while he went for assistance. But there is a destiny which shapes our ends.

Miss Van Twiller, having heard the racket, poked her head out of the window below. Her first and natural impulse was to scream; but she restrained herself, remembering that it was not good form to betray one's emotions. She peered upward with a commendable degree of calmness and dignity, although her nightcap did not look the part.

"Who is that?" she called out.

The burglar was not prepared to answer.

"Who is that?" she called again; this time a little shakily, as one always feels when this inquiry, addressed to some unknown person in the dead of night, is not promptly and satisfactorily met.

Mr. Jones heard her voice each time; but at first the joy of it overcame him. At the second call he found his tongue.

"Oh, Miss Van Twiller," he shouted, "don't be alarmed! It's a burglar, but he can't harm you. I've got him on the hook, and I need help. Please send some of the men in the house up here in a hurry!"

Evidently she had not waited for this suggestion, for in a minute she came pattering up-stairs and opened Mr. Jones's door, quite forgetting the formality of knocking, as one is likely to do when there is a fire or a burglar in the house.

"Mr. Jones — Herkimer!" she called, not being able to see clearly in the darkness, and trembling lest some evil should have befallen him.

"Oh, Miss Jane — dear Miss Jane!"

implored Mr. Jones, so agitated that the burglar on the other end of the teeter yelled to him to be careful. "Please don't come in! I've only got on—I—I'm not dressed to receive ladies!"

"Herkimer—Mr. Jones," she said, recovering her wonted manner—Miss Van Twiller had taken time down-stairs to throw on a wrapper and remove her night-cap—"this is no time to talk about proper attire. Can I be of any service?"

"Yes, yes," he begged, feeling relieved because she really couldn't see him in the dark. "Call some of the men in the house, quick!"

"You are the only one here. The others have gone to the country for the week-end. What must I do?"

"Telephone to the police, please, Miss Jane, and tell them to hurry. I can't hold on much longer!"

"Say, don't let me drop!" pleaded the burglar.

"The telephone is out of order," Miss Van Twiller reported in a couple of minutes. "Let me help you!"

"Keep away! Please keep away!" implored Mr. Jones, trying to conceal himself and almost falling off of his end of the spear.

The burglar swore ominously.

"Yell for the police!" Mr. Jones shouted to him.

This was such an unusual and extraordinary proceeding for the burglar that, apparently, he didn't know how to set about it.

"Yell for the police and shoot that gun of yours!" Mr. Jones insisted strenuously. "And be darned quick about it!" he added, forgetting, in the intense strain of the situation, the presence of Miss Van Twiller. The lady gave a little scream and scurried out of the room—not so much, possibly, on account of Mr. Jones's language as in fear of something dreadful happening. Outside she remembered that there was a night-watchman on the block.

The burglar, feeling his end of the teeter-board slowly drooping, began to shoot and yell for the police. He shot as far away from the other end of the teeter as he could.

"Who's that shooting?" a strong voice shouted from a window opposite.

The owner of the voice hadn't heard the call for police. When he did, he joined in

the cry; and soon every window in sight had a head out of it, and everybody was shouting. There was such a pandemonium in the back yard that the cats departed hastily for the simpler life.

After a brief season of it, Miss Van Twiller came back, escorting a stalwart man in gray to Mr. Jones's door. As the newcomer scratched a match to light the gas, she discreetly disappeared. When the big fellow saw Mr. Jones in his pajamas holding down the end of the teeter-board he guffawed raucously.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired Mr. Jones indignantly, catching a fresh grip on the spear.

"Where's your burglar?" asked the watchman in fine scorn. "You've got the d. t.'s—that's what's the matter with you, I guess!" he added pleasantly.

"Look out the window and see if I have, you slob!" said Mr. Jones, adapting his language to his environment.

The grayback obeyed, and what he saw gave him the jar of his life.

"Well, I'll be blamed!" he gasped, and made a hasty reach for the pendent thief, who by now was in a state of collapse. In short order the policeman had him pulled in and disarmed. Mr. Jones had dropped into a chair, almost as far gone as his late *vis-à-vis*.

"Say, cully," said the burglar, after a deep breath of relief, "it's the foist time I was ever glad to see a cop when I was at work!"

Mr. Jones pulled himself together and hastily got into some needed attire. Miss Van Twiller was waiting in the hall, all the other women being afraid to come above the third floor.

"Oh, Mr. Jones—Herkimer—Herky!" she cried anxiously as he appeared. "Are you safe—quite safe?"

"Quite, Miss Jane—dear Jane," Mr. Jones replied assuringly, tenderly, and they extended their hands to each other as if they had been separated for a long time.

The burglar glanced them over and winked slyly at his preserver. Then they went down-stairs together.

"By-by, Herky and Miss Jane—dear Jane!" he called back, as he passed out of the front door.

The watchman threatened him with his night-stick and laughed.